THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EDITION OF THE WORST FROM

MAD

OUR PRICE 50c CHEAP

A Collection of Humor, Satire and Garbage from Past Issues

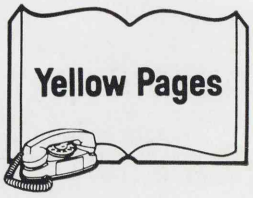
Clark

PLUS A FREE FULL-COLOR POP-OUT BONUS Build Your Own Hanging Model of THE MAD ZEPPELIN!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER KRAUSS

After you let your fingers do the walking!

Yep, after you shop the Yellow Pages way, you'll have to soak your fingers in Epsom salts! Why? Because fingers just aren't made for all that walking! We'll show you what we mean: Let's say you're out of Epsom salts. Okay, you'll shop by phone for some. Simply look up "Epsom Salts" in the handy Yellow Pages. There it is—No, that's an "Epsom Salts Manufacturer"! Now what? Try "Drug Stores"—they should carry it! Let's see: "Drug Importers," "Drug Manufacturers," "Drug Store Fixtures"—Ahh, here it is: "Druggists, Retail—See 'Pharmacists'"! More walking! Okay—"Pharmacists"—Hmmm—"Pharmaceutical Machinery," "Pharmaceutical Research Laboratories," "Pharmaceutical Manufacturers"—Ahh! At last! "Pharmacists"! Ho-Boy! Did you ever see so many "Pharmacists"? Okay, let's find one nearby. Start walking down the list. By now, your poor sore fingers are really killing you! See what we mean? You better let your feet do the walking next time. They're made for it!



THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EDITION OF

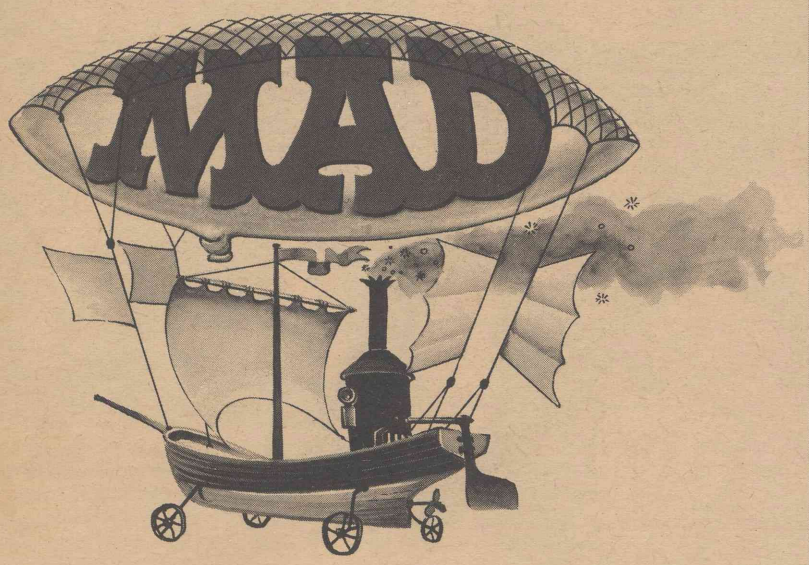
THE *WORST* FROM MAD

A Collection Of Humor, Satire and Garbage From Past Issues

"If Communism is such a big success, why don't they put up a 'picture window' instead of an 'iron curtain'?"—Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William. M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang Of Idiots



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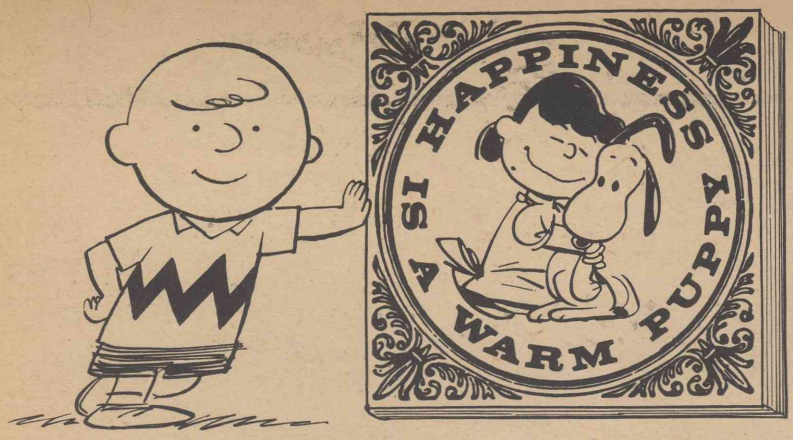
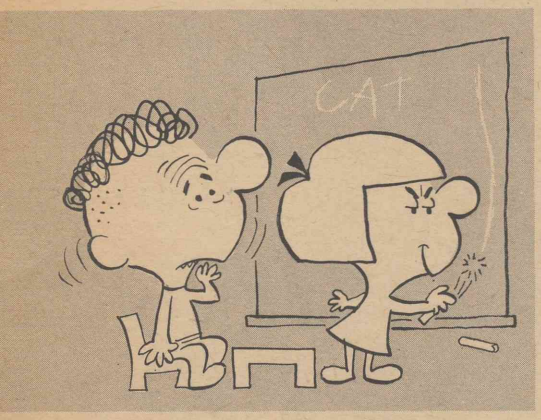


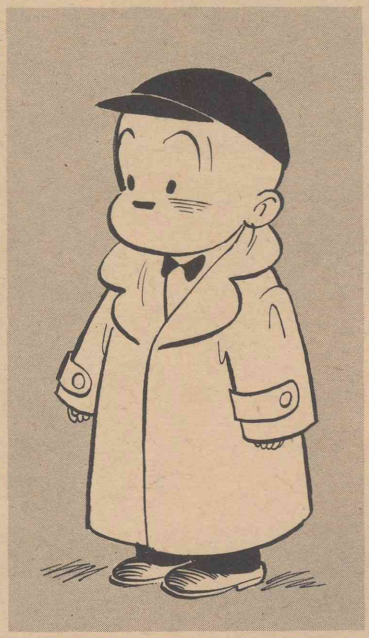
ROASTED PEANUTS DEPT.

One of the popular best-sellers of the past year has been a charming little book by the creator of "Peanuts," Charles M. Schulz, called "Happiness Is A Warm Puppy." Using his "Peanuts" characters, Mr. Schulz explores the little things of childhood that

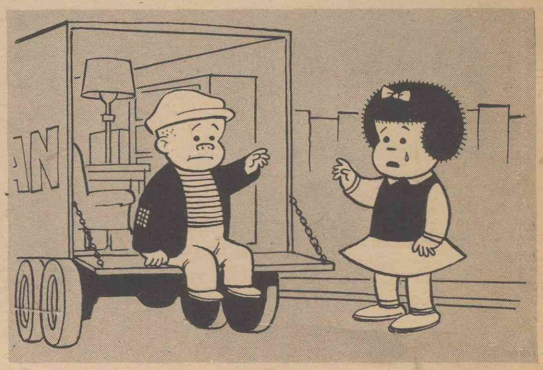
MISERY I



Misery is a classmate screeching nails on a blackboard.

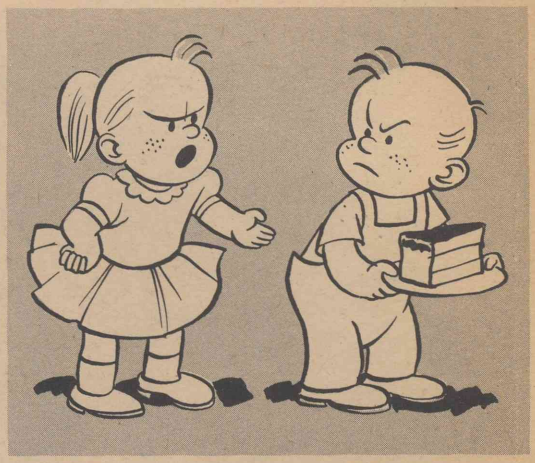


Misery is an overcoat that has to last for two seasons.



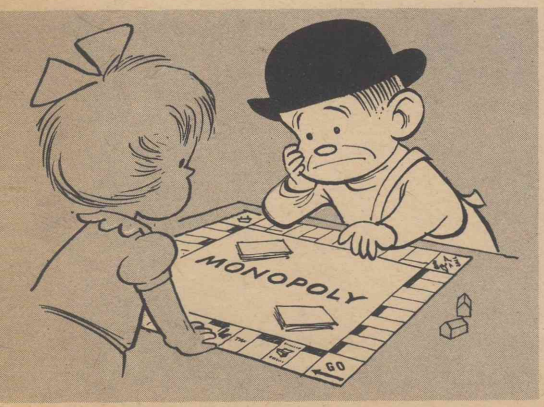
Misery is moving.

Misery is your ball down the sewer.



Misery is a sister.

Misery is having to share.



Misery is landing on *Boardwalk* with a *hotel*, just when you've gotten enough money to afford a house on *Ventnor Avenue*.

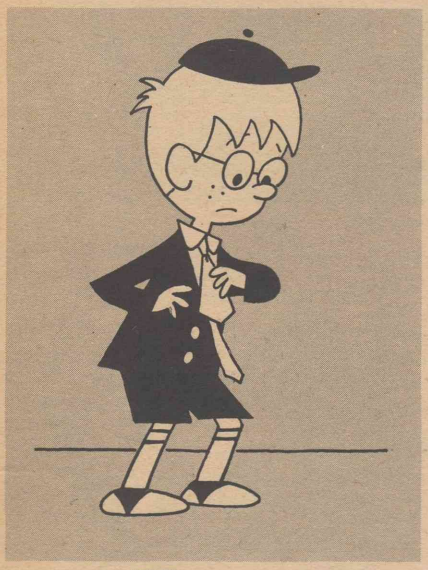
Misery is an ice cream pop falling off the stick.

Misery is a knot in your hair.

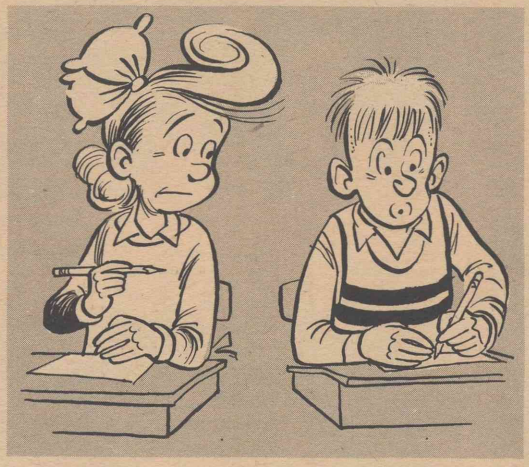
bring happiness. For example: "Happiness is walking on the grass in your bare feet," "Happiness is three friends in a sand box . . . with no fighting," "Happiness is a bread and butter sandwich folded over," etc. Which is all very well if you remember childhood being full of happiness. We at MAD have the distinct recollection of childhood being pretty miserable. So here is our version of how the rest of the comic strip kid-characters would show the other side of the coin in this MAD children's book called . . .

S A COLD HOT DOG

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

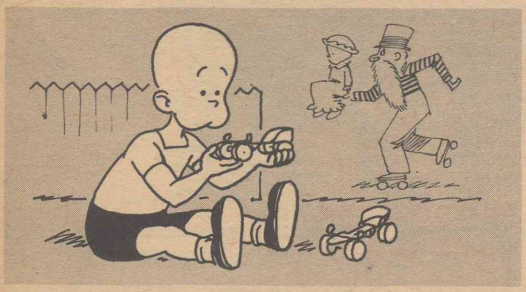


Misery is the skinny end of your tie sticking out.



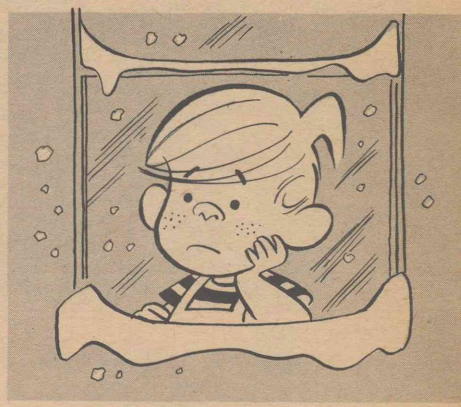
Misery is a left-handed kid sitting next to you, whose paper is impossible to copy from, during a test.

Misery is eating a peanut butter sandwich with braces on your teeth.

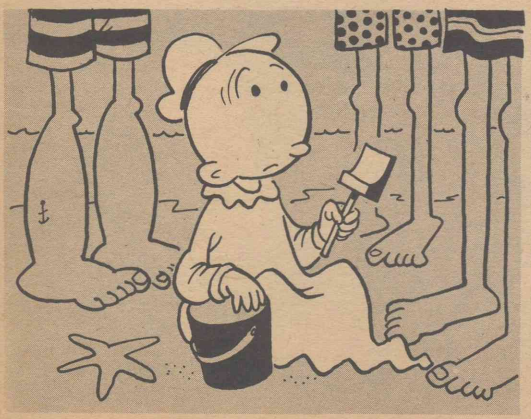


Misery is no skate key.

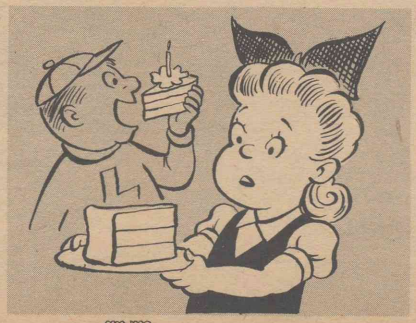
Misery is finding your pet goldfish floating.



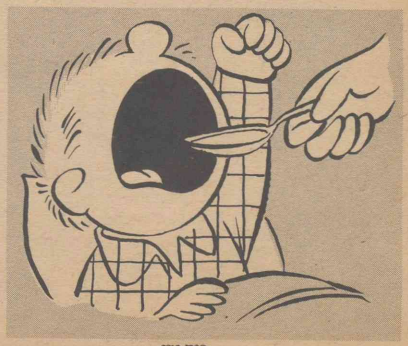
Misery is the first snowfall of Winter—and you have a cold.



Misery is getting lost at the beach.

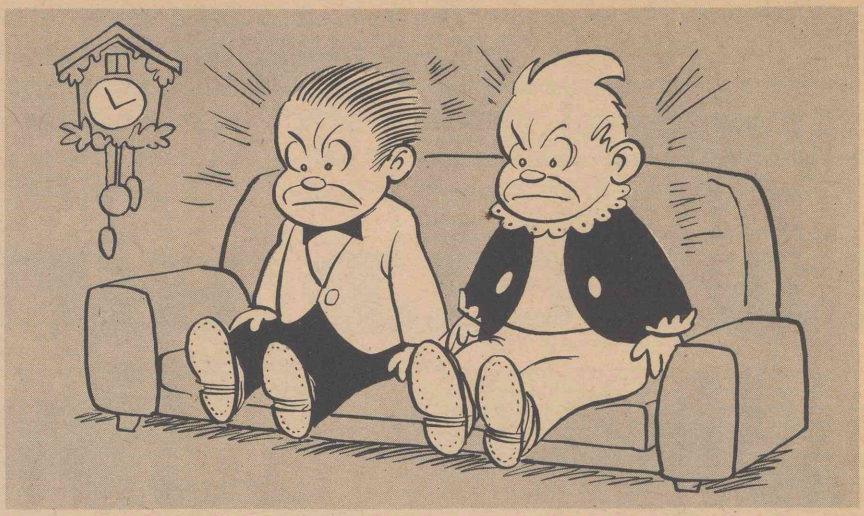


Misery is a piece of birthday cake with no flower.

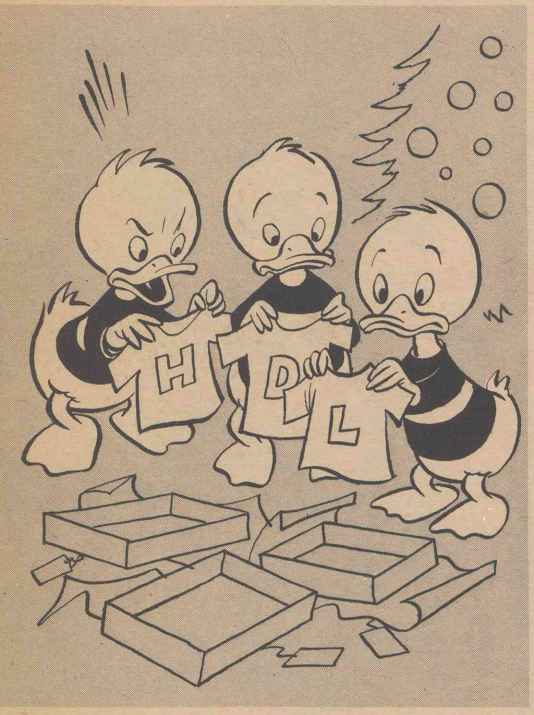


Misery is Milk of Magnesia.

Misery is having to change out of a wet bathing suit under a towel at the beach.



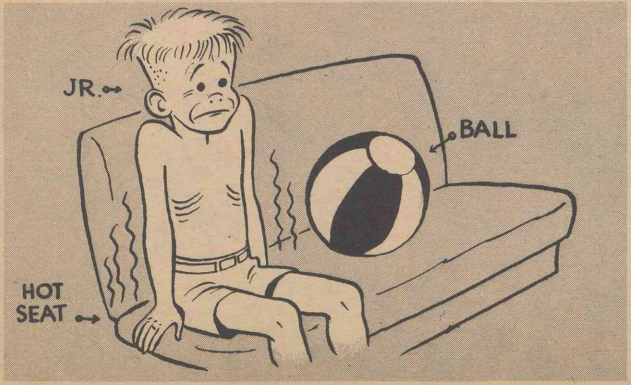
Misery is being dressed up and waiting an hour before the rest of the family is ready to go out.



Misery is getting clothes instead of toys for Christmas.

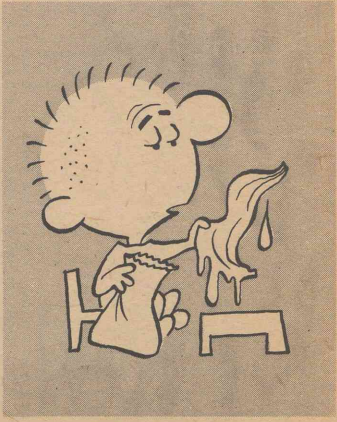
Misery is a wet kiss on the face by an aunt with a mustache.

Misery is having to eat the watery part of a loose soft-boiled egg.

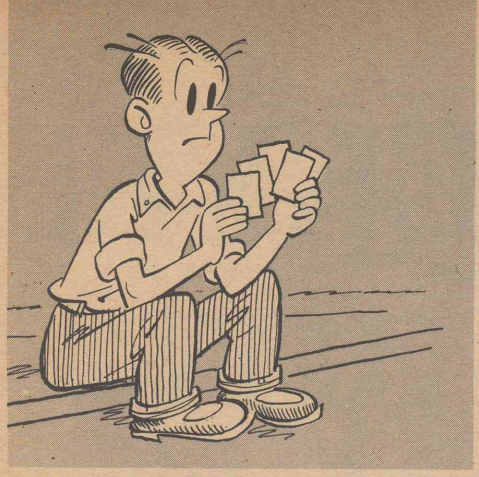


Misery is coming home from the beach and sitting on hot plastic auto seat covers wearing nothing but swim trunks.

Misery is a tongue-depressor.



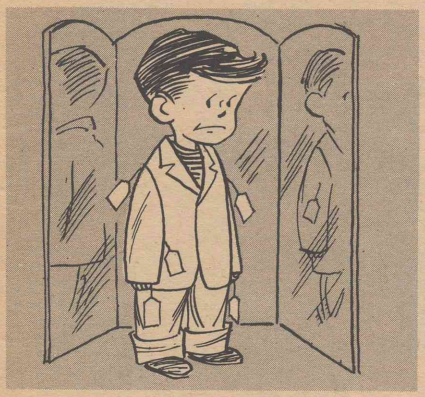
Misery is finding a squashed banana in your school lunch bag.



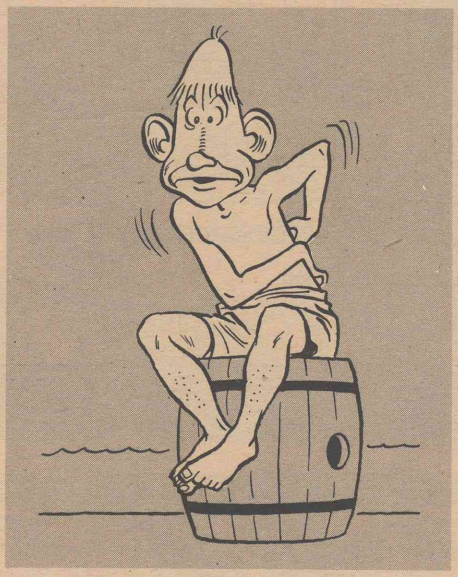
Misery is buying five baseball gum cards and getting five Marv Throneberrys of the New York Mets.

Misery is coming home with a rip in your best suit.

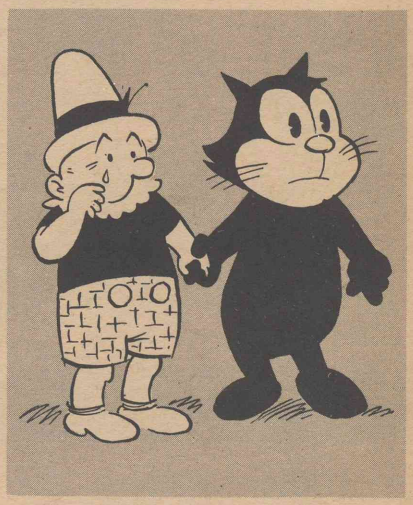
Misery is a roll of damp caps.



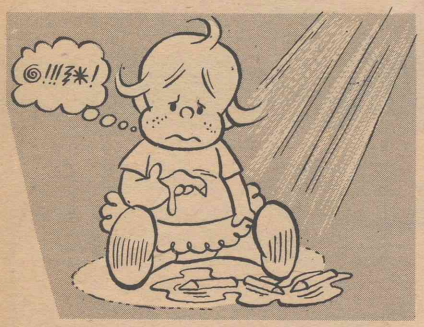
Misery is trying on clothes.



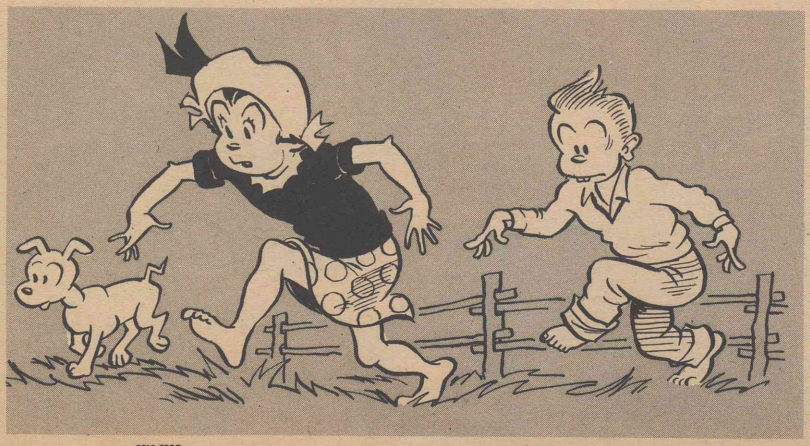
Misery is a sun-burned back, and then not being able to reach the good spots when it starts peeling.



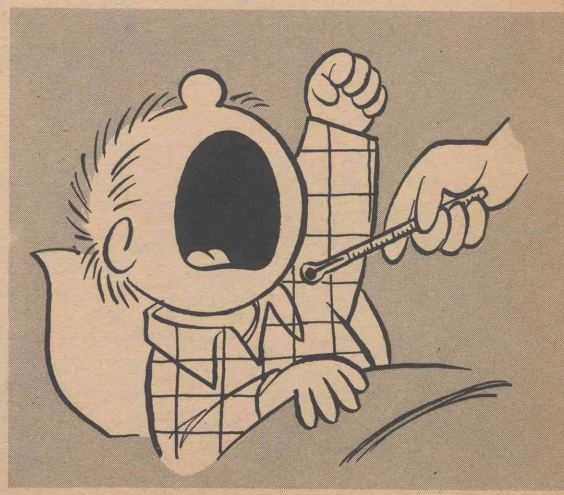
Misery is when your parents won't let you keep a kitten you found.



Misery is crayons left out in the sun.



Misery is walking in the grass in your bare feet—and then discovering you're in a cow pasture.

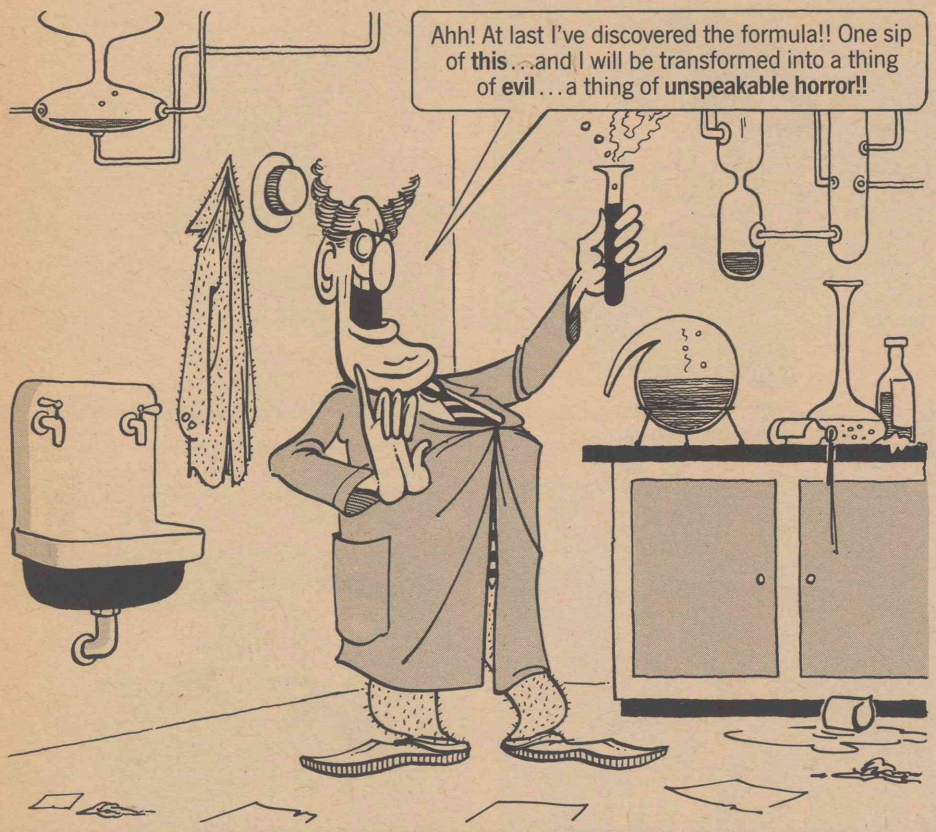


Misery is a rectal thermometer.

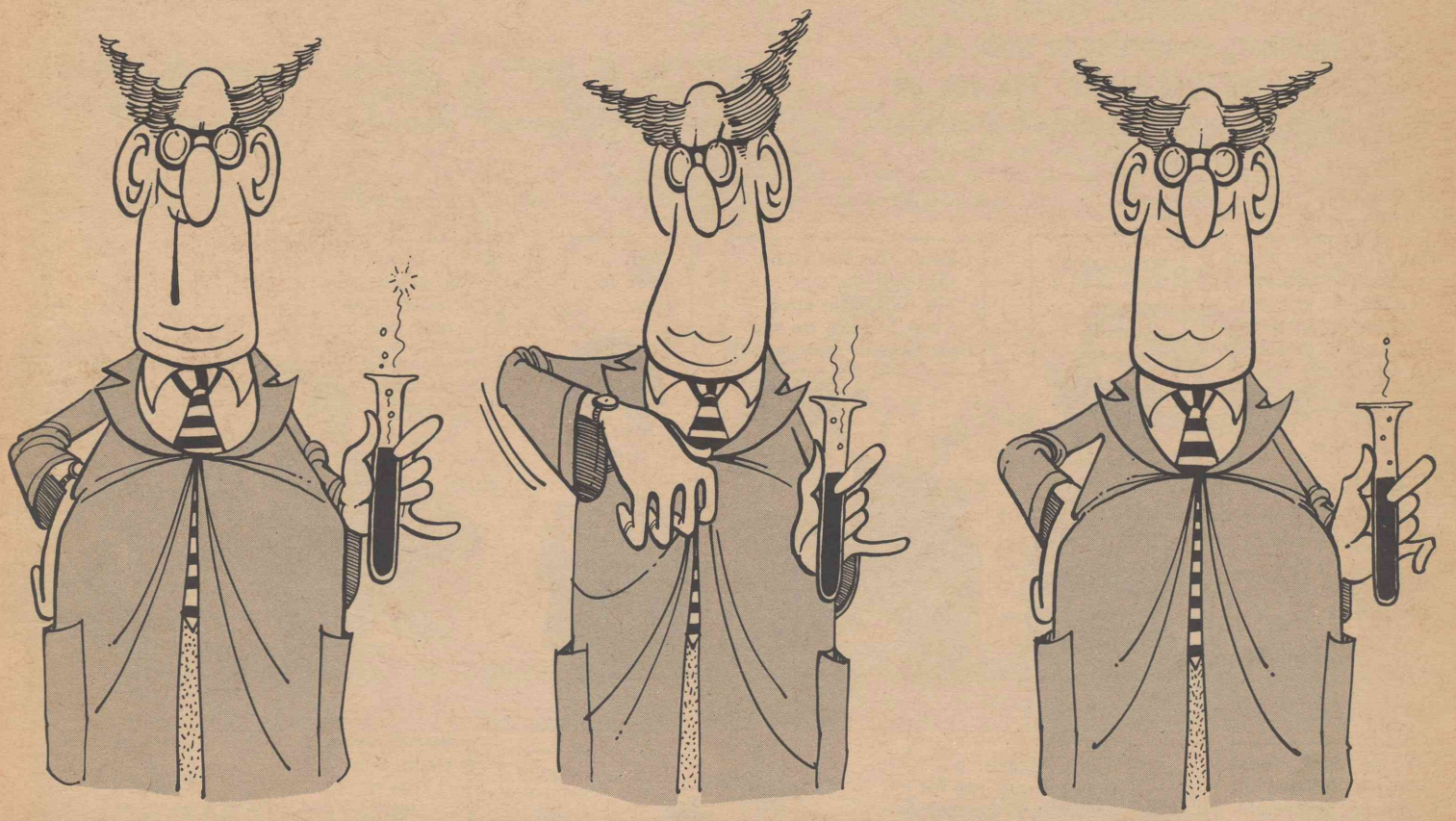
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

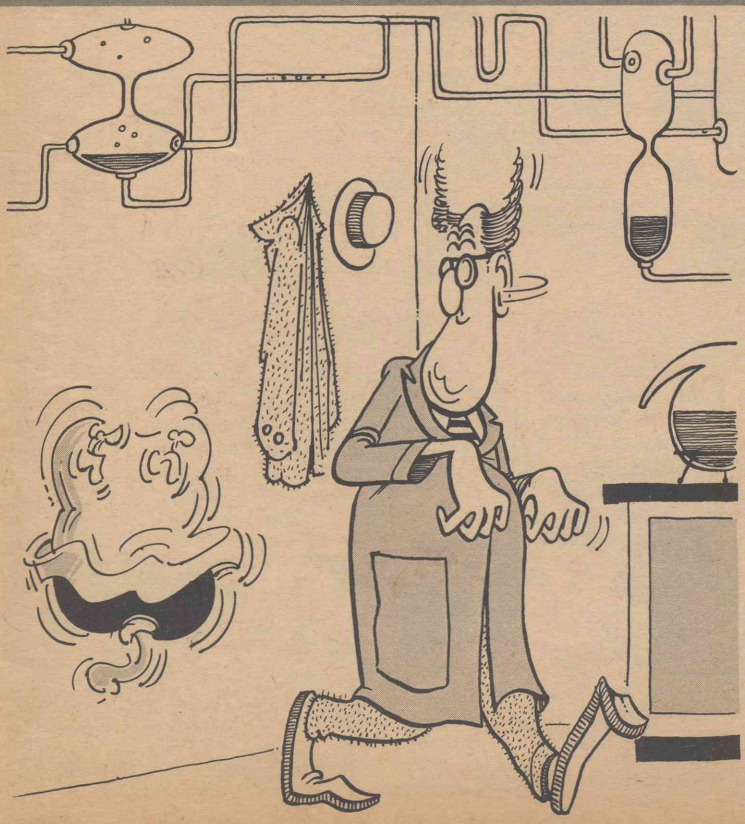
When Don Martin is mixing the drinks, you can rest assured that the results will be "Bottoms Up!" . . . especially when he tries to duplicate the experiments of his idols:

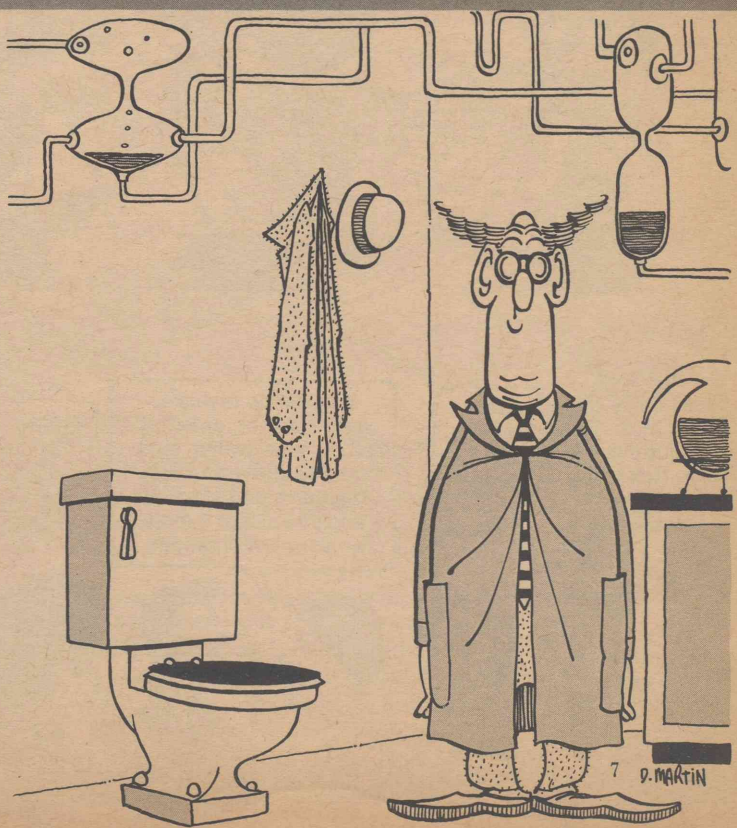
DR. JEKYLL



AND MR. HYDE



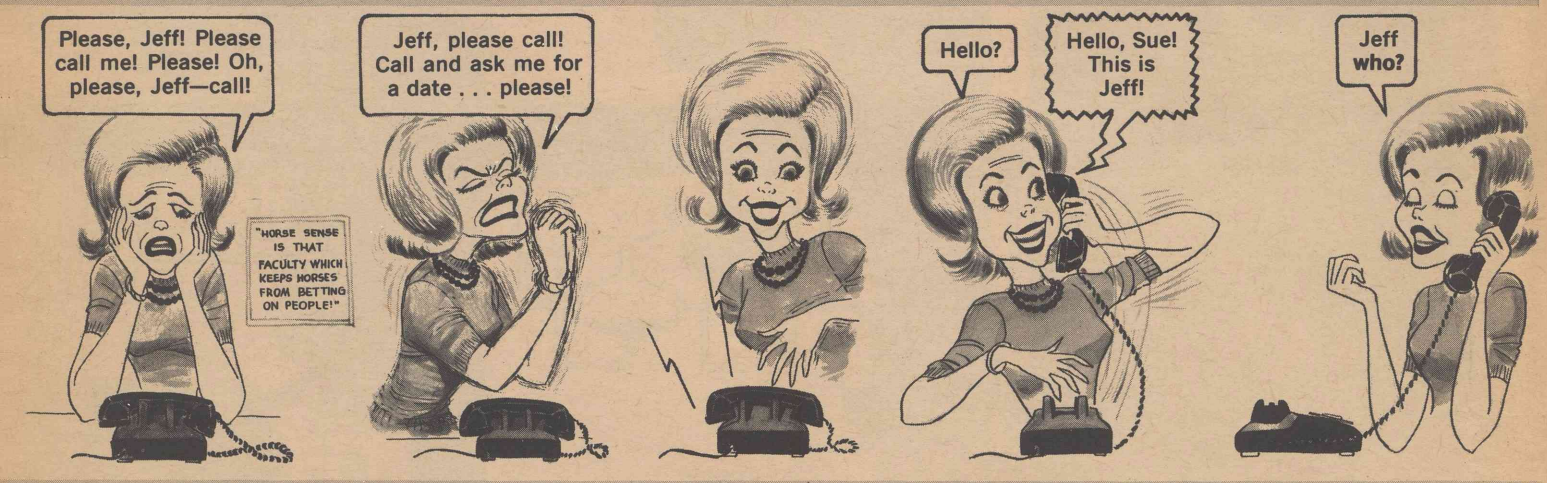


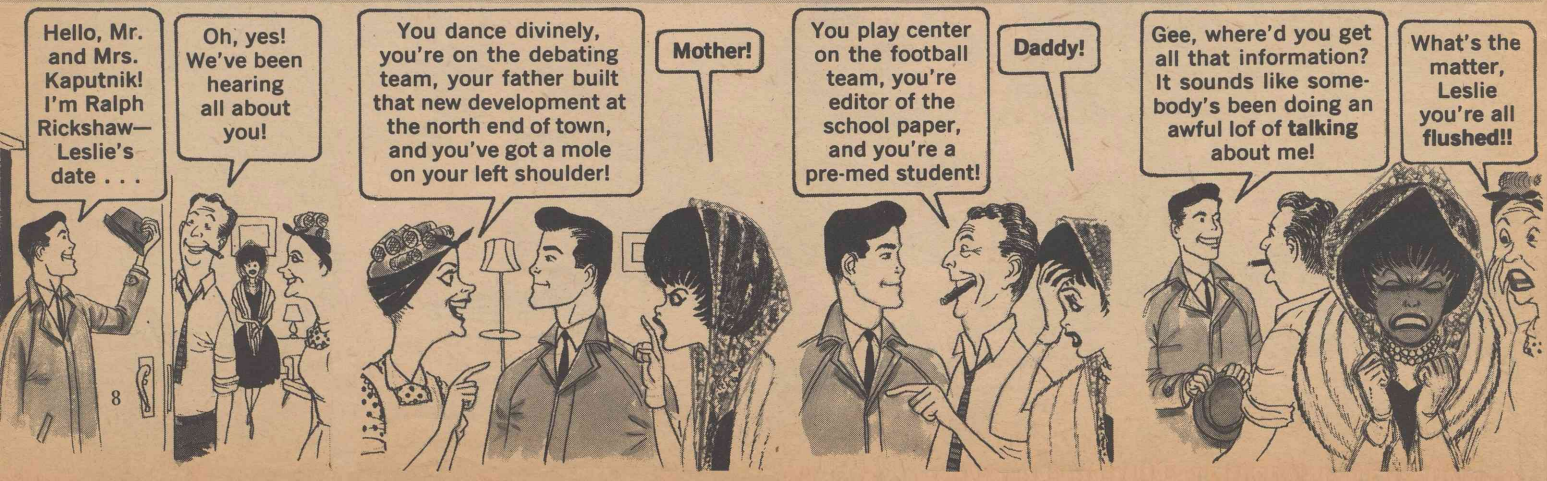


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

There's a big hullabaloo going on in this country about whether our young people are starting to date too early in life. Well, we don't mean to enter into this touchy controversy . . . but merely start another: Mainly, whether David Berg is starting to write about dating *too late* in life. You can all judge for yourselves as MAD presents

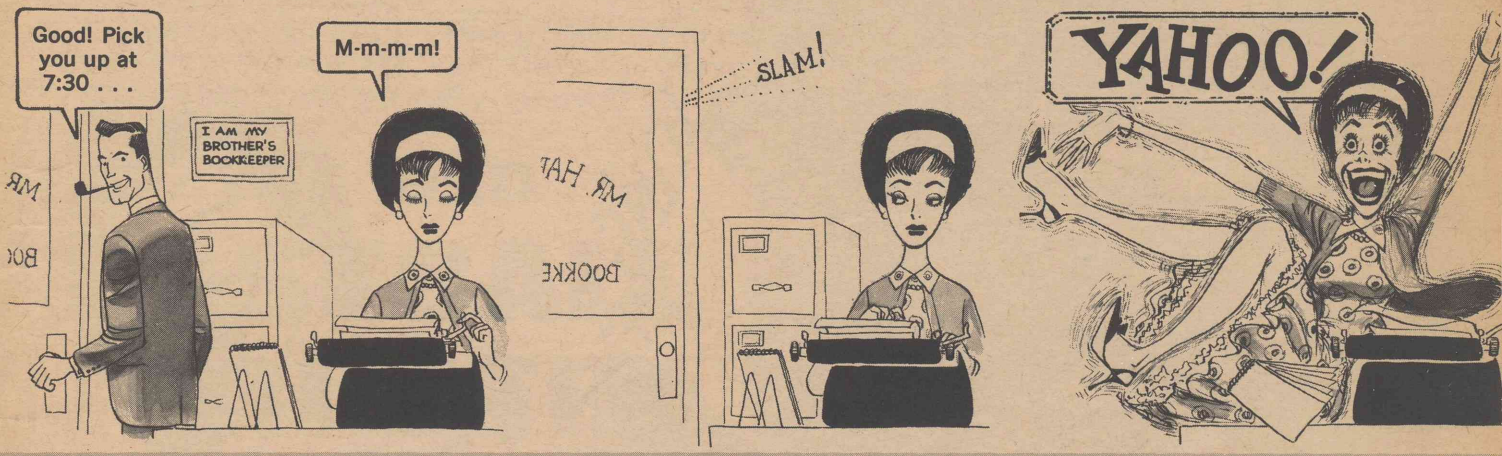
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

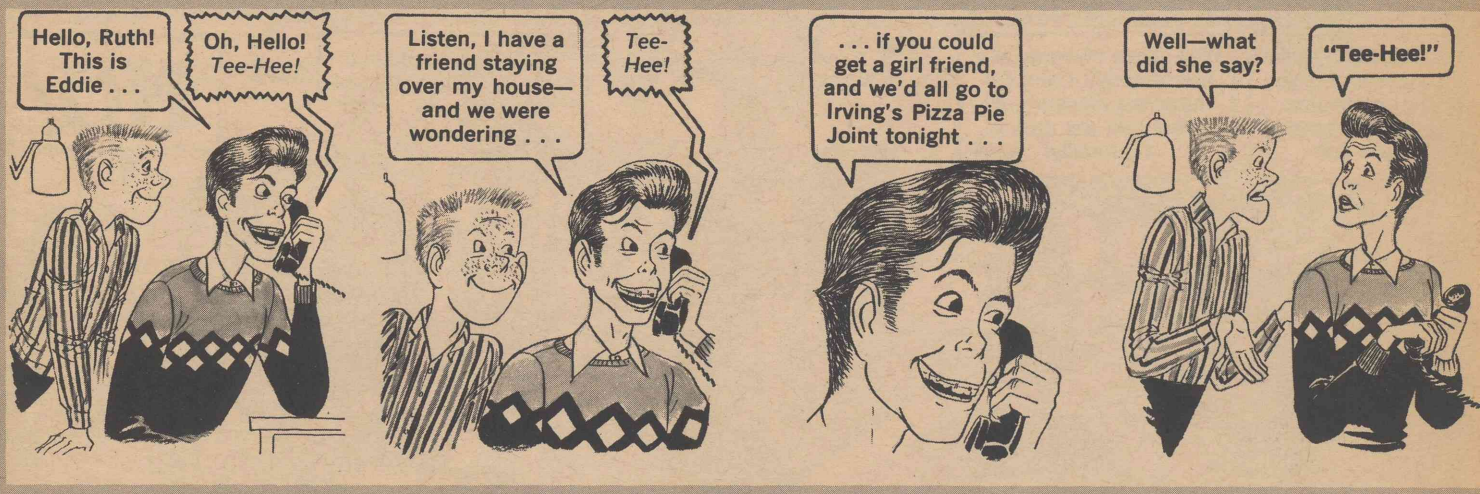


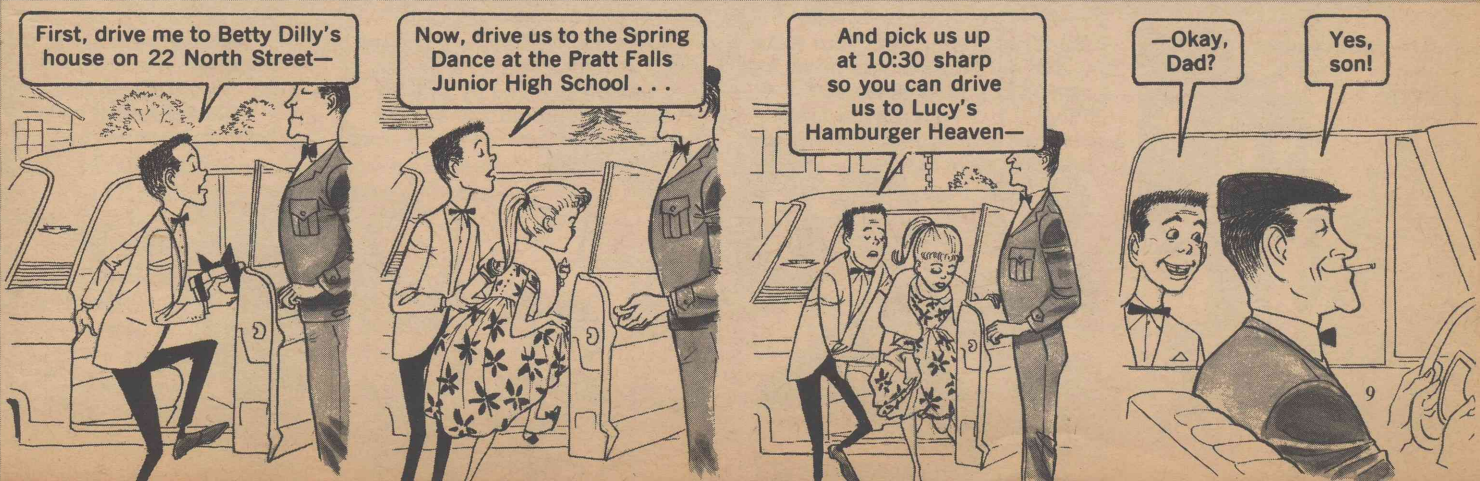


DATING

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG





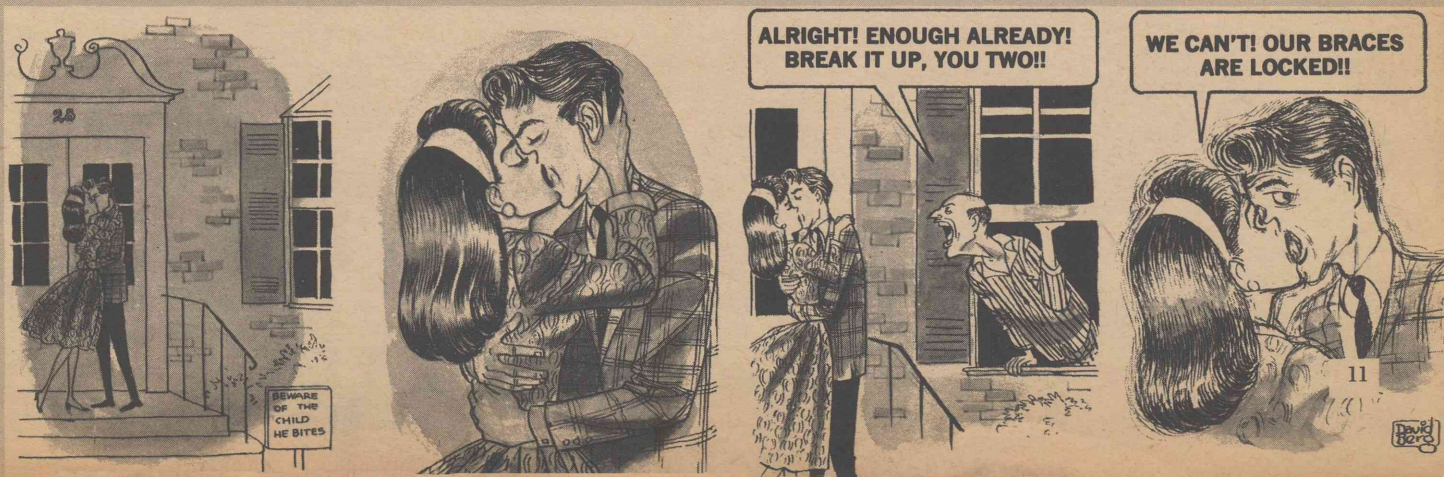


Imagine! I have a daughter old enough to go on a date! Oh, Sam, I'm so worried!
Calm down! She's only 12, and the boy isn't much older! Besides, it's her very first date! What could happen?
"ALL THAT I AM OR EVER WILL BE, I OWE"
Look! Look! Sam! Here she comes!!
Well, Judy—how did it go?
He's so inexperienced!
What's wrong? Saturday night and no date?
Yeah! I was hoping Paul Horn would call me for a date, but he didn't! Gee, I'm miserable!
I'LL GET IT!
RING
HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH BADDER
Hello?
Hello, Rita? This is Paul Horn! You doing anything this evening??
Hey, Kathy! If George asked you to go bowling with him, would you go?
Why doesn't George ask me himself? Then, I'll have the pleasure of giving him my answer personally!
MAIN HIGHWAY OPEN WHILE DETOUR IS REPAIRED
Hi, Kathy! Would you come bowling with me?
NO!
Hurry! Hurry!
What's the rush?
I promised your folks I'd have you home by 11 o'clock—and it's quarter to, now!
I must say, Herman is a man of his word. He said he'd get you home by 11—and by golly he delivered you on the button!
PUFF
PUFF
Herman! It's about time you got home! When I said I wanted you home by 10:30, I meant by 10:30!

Hello?
H—H—H—H-hello?
"TO BE OR NOT TO BE," THIS IS A QUESTION!
Yes?
Er—uh—ah—I mean . . .
Speak up, young man! Is there anything I can do for you?
Er—uh—Y-yes! Can I—ah—speak to—to—
Is—Is—Uh—
Carol! It's for you! Some boy wants to ask you for a date, I guess . . .

Sorry . . . but I'm busy!
Will you explain to me why you turned him down after you were hoping so hard that he'd call and ask you??
What?!—And let him know I didn't have a date for tonight?

Mind if I cut in . . .?
I want to thank you for a lovely evening Milton . . .
Why, if it weren't for you, I would never have met Harold Sharpstuff!

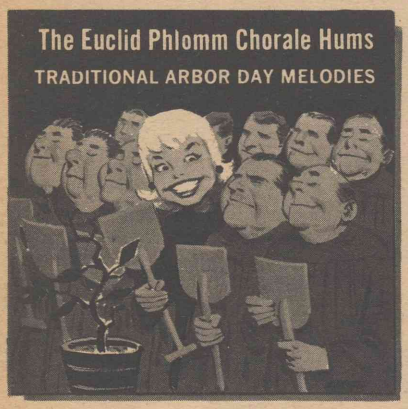

28
BEWARE OF THE CHILD HE BITES
ALRIGHT! ENOUGH ALREADY! BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO!!
WE CAN'T! OUR BRACES ARE LOCKED!!

SLIPPED DISC DEPT.

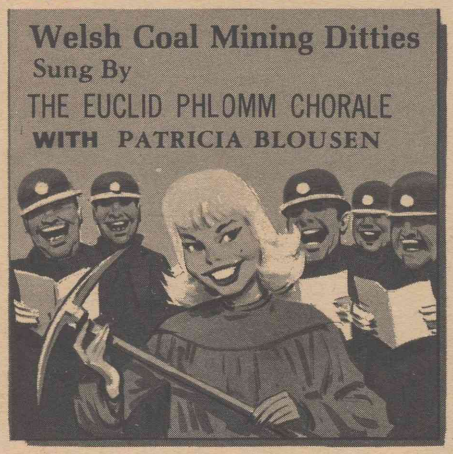
Everybody knows that record album covers are designed chiefly to sell the records inside. But, for a few discerning collectors, they also serve another purpose. Through the billings on the covers, it is possible to trace . . .

THE RISE . . .

1948



1950

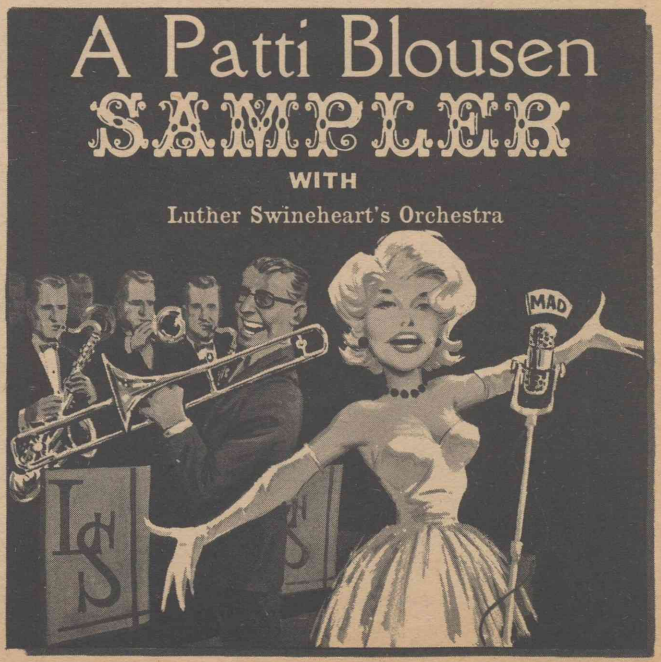


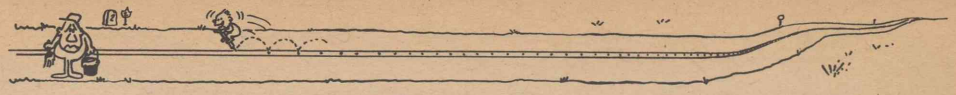
1952

. . . AND FALL

1956

1957





ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: TOM KOCH

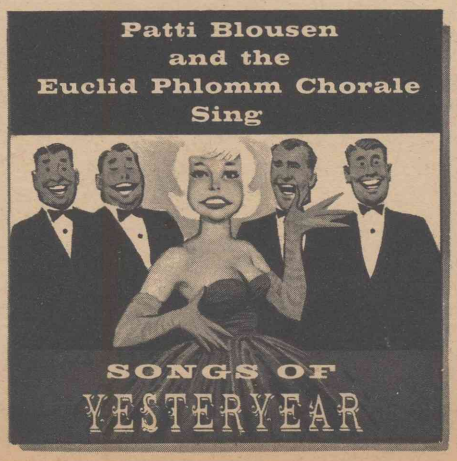
1954

1955

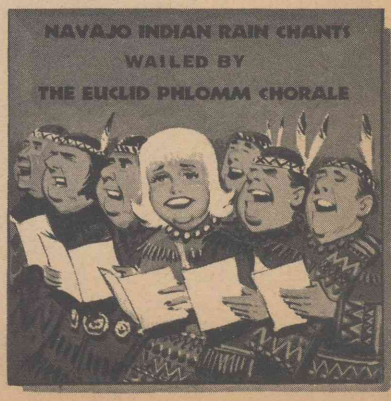
# of a RECORDING STAR

1959

1961



1963



CORN POEM DEPT.

Following are some new versions of popular old poems. Well, so much for the introduction. Er — come to think of it, maybe we'd better pad the introduction. The MAD reader, being a creature of habit, expects long introductions. The MAD reader, also being a lazy slob, never reads the introductions. So, since it doesn't really matter what we put here, this is as good a time as any to list Jack Armstrong's 3 important training rules: First, make a friend of soap and water because dirt breeds germs and germs can make people sickly and weak. Second, get plenty of fresh air, sleep, and exercise. And third, every morning, eat a heaping bowl of Wheaties with plenty of milk, cream, sugar, and your favorite fruit. Oh, we almost forgot. We call this article

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF WEEDS

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

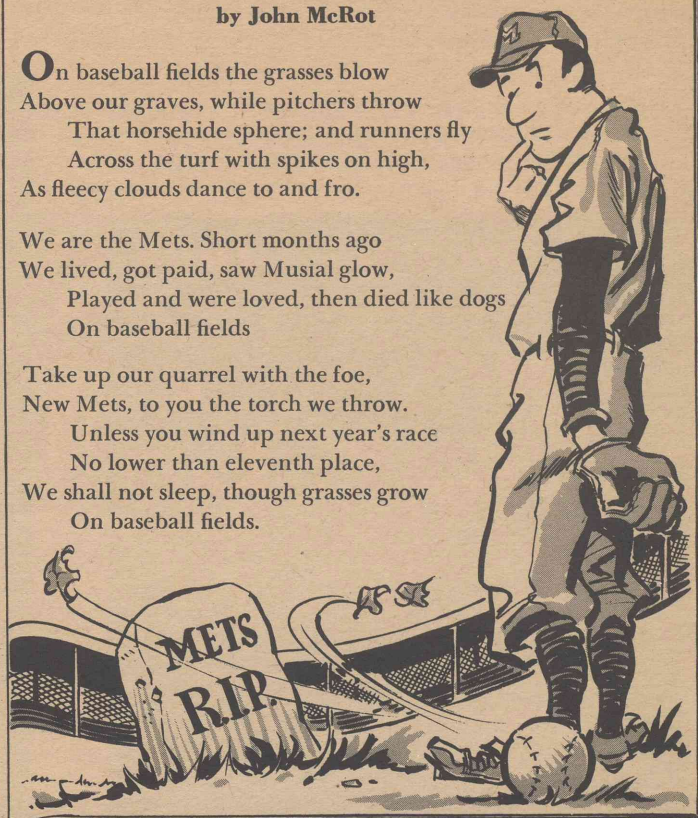
On Baseball Fields

by John McRot

On baseball fields the grasses blow
Above our graves, while pitchers throw
That horsehide sphere; and runners fly
Across the turf with spikes on high,
As fleecy clouds dance to and fro.

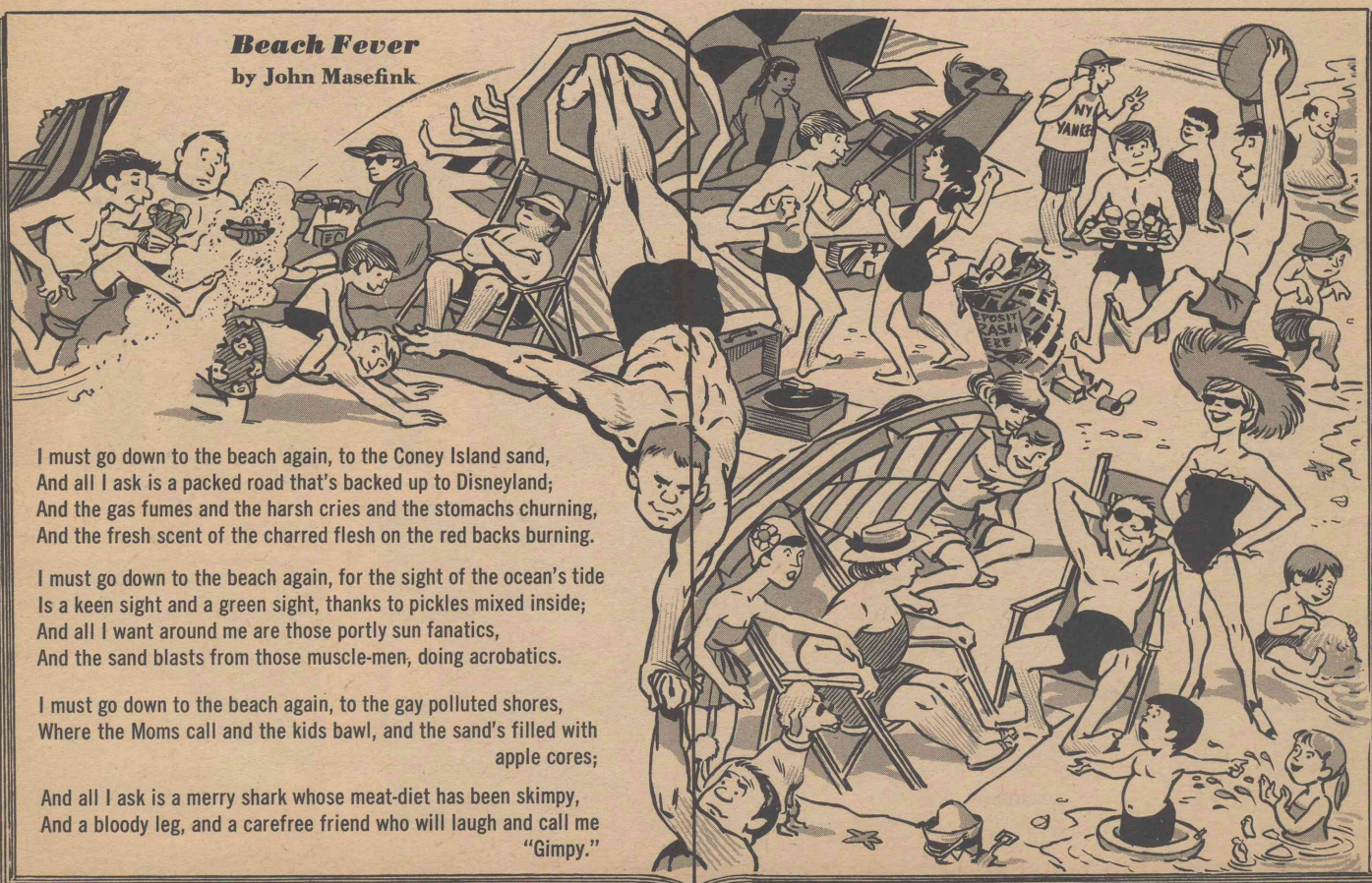
We are the Mets. Short months ago
We lived, got paid, saw Musial glow,
Played and were loved, then died like dogs
On baseball fields

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
New Mets, to you the torch we throw.
Unless you wind up next year's race
No lower than eleventh place,
We shall not sleep, though grasses grow
On baseball fields.



Beach Fever

by John Masefink



I must go down to the beach again, to the Coney Island sand,
And all I ask is a packed road that's backed up to Disneyland;
And the gas fumes and the harsh cries and the stomachs churning,
And the fresh scent of the charred flesh on the red backs burning.

I must go down to the beach again, for the sight of the ocean's tide
Is a keen sight and a green sight, thanks to pickles mixed inside;
And all I want around me are those portly sun fanatics,
And the sand blasts from those muscle-men, doing acrobatics.

I must go down to the beach again, to the gay polluted shores,
Where the Moms call and the kids bawl, and the sand's filled with apple cores;

And all I ask is a merry shark whose meat-diet has been skimpy,
And a bloody leg, and a carefree friend who will laugh and call me "Gimpy."

I Remember

by Thomas Hoot

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little bathroom down the hall
Where 19 raced each morn.
My 13 brothers hated me,
My sisters felt the same.
Mom never called me up to eat;
She didn't know my name.

I remember, I remember,
The walls so pale and white
That turned a vivid bloody red
When Mom and Dad would fight.
I learned about the birds and bees
When I was ten and three.
But I was so confused I thought
That I should wed a bee.

I remember, I remember,
The joys my schoolhouse gave,
How I came late for second grade
Because I had to shave.
I think that I shall ne'er forget
A girl named Emmy Lou.
I carried home her books from school
(Her boy friend told me to).

I remember, I remember,
All kinds of boyhood things.
How glad I am these memories
Can launch my heart on wings.
They bring much pleasure to my life
And give me quite a kick.
They also help my analyst
To find out why I'm sick.

Courage

by Robert W. Tsouris

When you're lost in the wood, and things don't look too good,
And defeat is smack in your sight,
When you're scared as all hell, a voice in you may yell,
"Get right in there, fellow, and fight!"
Perseverance persists, so you knot up your fists,
To battle with life, come what may;
But you might just get hurt rollin' there in the dirt . . .
Have you thought about runnin' away?

When you find life a chore, and the wolf's at your door,
And you're faced with a terrible plight,
And your back's to the wall and your chances are small . . .
Run off like a thief in the night!
Just learn how to quit and you'll never get hit,
And your eyes won't be moistened by tears.
Heroes' songs may be sung, but those suckers die young . . .
While you—you'll live ninety-eight years!

The Hunter's Hour

by Henry W. Lungfellow

Between the dawn and the sunset,
When the day is a-bloom like a flower,
Comes a pause in card-playing and drinking
That is known as the Hunter's Hour.

We hear in the woods there before us
An ominous forest beat,
The sound of Nature erupting,
The rumble of animals' feet.

From our tent flaps we see in the sunlight,
While sipping our golden Schlitz beers,
A chipmunk, a man-eating squirrel,
And a bunny with floppy ears.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet they know by our merry eyes
We are plotting and planning together
To blast them down like flies.

A sudden dash for machine guns,
A sudden rush for grenades!
A pause while our rifles are fixed with
The bayonets' shiny blades.

Then into the forest we scamper,
Our firearms blazing their flames,
We jolly good fellows and sportsmen
Engaged in our glorious games.

Do you think, O foolish law-makers
Who are fighting to see our sport fall,
That the nation's noble gun lobbies
Are not a match for you all?

We'll all go on hunting forever,
Yes, forever we'll blast away—
Till the forests resemble North Clark Street
In Chicago, that Valentine's Day.

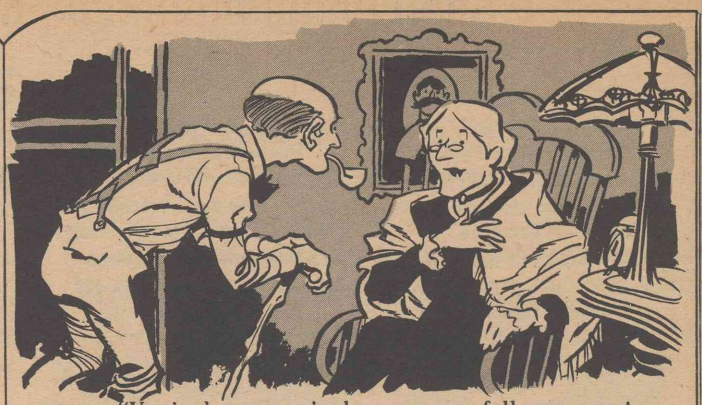
Young Fellow My Son

by Robert W. Servecorn

"Where are you going, young fellow my son
On this beautiful day in May?"
"I'm going to find me a wife now, Mom;
There are women around, they say!"
"But you're only a child, young fellow my son!
You aren't obliged to wed!"
"I'm forty-five-and-a-half now, Mom!
Who knows, I may soon be dead!"

"So you're off to wed, young fellow my son,
To desert your mother, you mean?"
"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Mom,
But I've been home since June '17!"
"You're breaking my heart, young fellow my son,
You're causing your mother torment."
"I'm forty-five-and-a-half now, Mom;
I'm as old as the President!"

"Why don't you call, young fellow my son?
I sit by the phone and pray.
I miss you so, and I'm awfully glum,
It's an hour since you've gone away.
And I've had the fire in the parlor lit,
And I'm holding your teddy bear tight!
Till my baby comes home, here I will sit
Into the quiet night."



"You're home, you're home, young fellow my son!
You've changed! Do you feel all right?
I haven't seen you since 7:01;
Why didn't you call or write?"
"I've found me a beautiful woman, Mom,
And would like to make her my wife!"
"My heart! I'm dying, young fellow my son!
My baby is ending my life!"

"Where are you going, young fellow my son
On this beautiful day in May?"
"I'd still like to find me a wife, dear Mom;
There are girls yet around, they say!"
"But you're only a child, young fellow my son!
You're causing your mother torment!"
"I'm sixty-eight! But forget it, Mom—
Er—have you seen my Polident?"

The Village Druggist

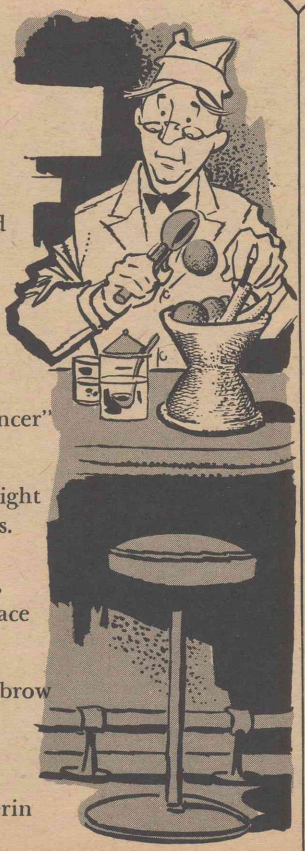
by Henry Wadsworth Longswallow

Under the towering Rx sign
The village druggist stands.
Oh what a mighty man is he,
Unbowed by his job's demands.
Yes, many's the ham and rye I've had
Made by his sinewy hands.

His hair is long and coarse and grey,
His face is etched with pain.
His eyes are dark, but kindly yet,
Though crises fog his brain:
Shall he re-stock "The Tropic of Cancer"
Or switch to Mickey Spillane?

Week in, week out, from morn till night
With his tools of trade he camps.
A modern Grecian god is he
There 'neath fluorescent lamps,
As he looks the whole world in the face
And tears off postage stamps.

When the pains of life weigh on his brow
And he's filled with misery,
I take my druggist by the hand
(The one more sinewy)
And he finds some Bromo and Bufferin
Down at the A&P.



It Cannot Be Done

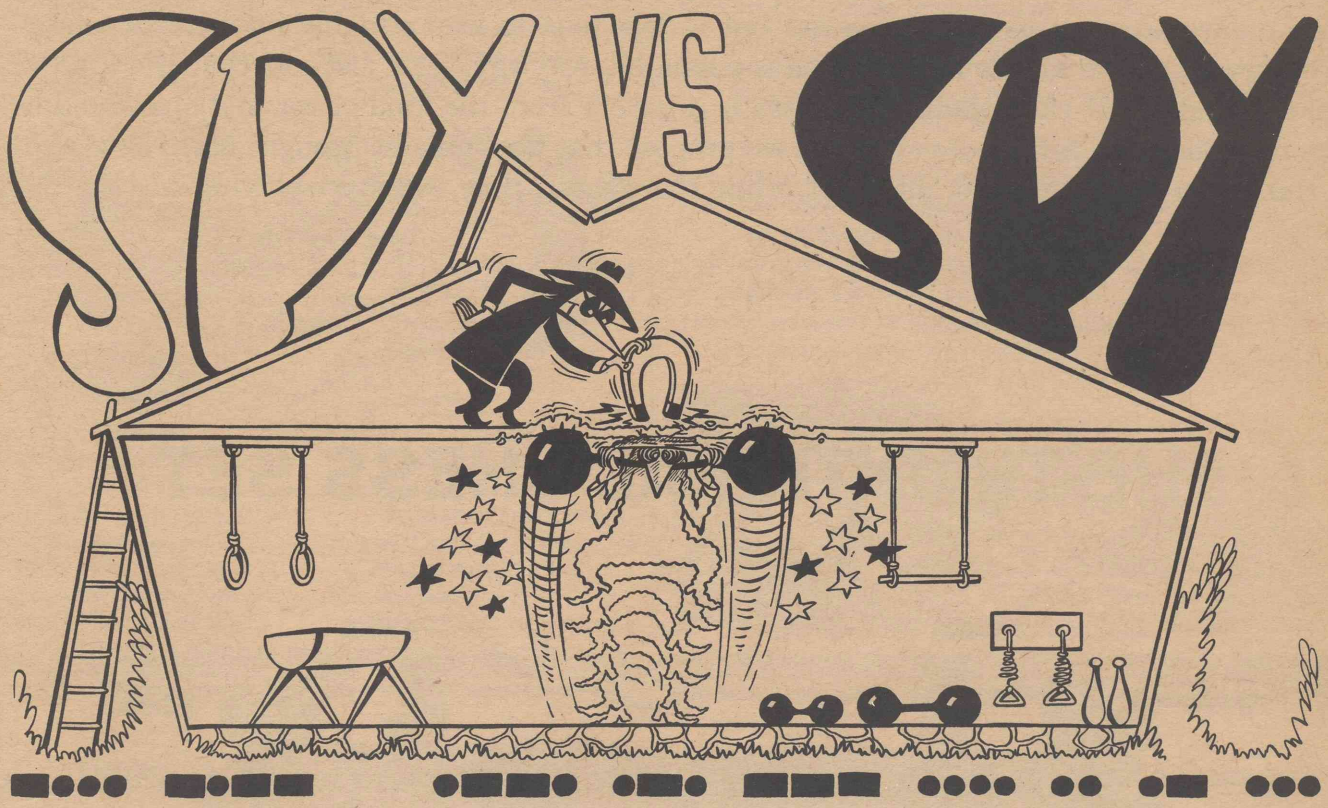
by Edgar A. Gassed

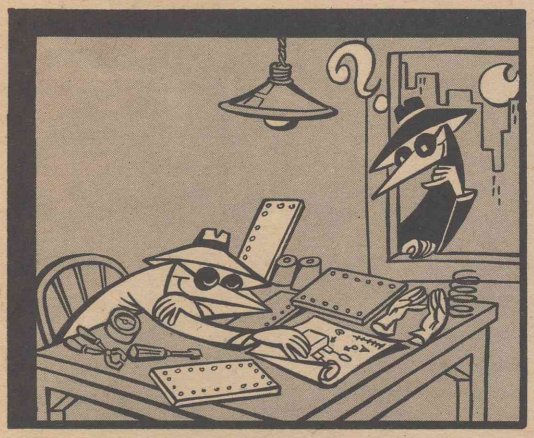
A fellow once said it cannot be done,
But I gave a laugh and cried out
That "maybe it's true, but I would be one
To give it a good healthy bout!"
So I spit on my palms, rolled my sleeves up my arms,
In a second or two I'd begun it.
I started to sing as I tackled the thing
That cannot be done, And I Done It!

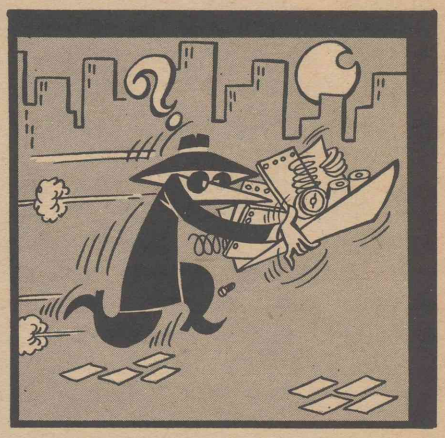
(So what did you expect, the obvious trick ending where the guy *wouldn't* be able to do it? Besides, since this is an Edgar A. Gassed poem, it's just as funny, straight!)

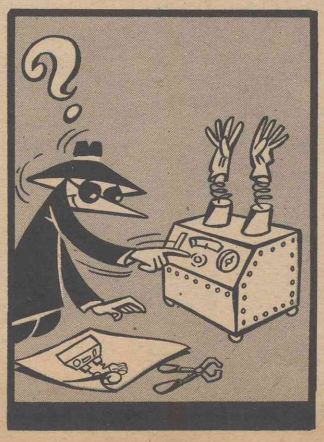
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

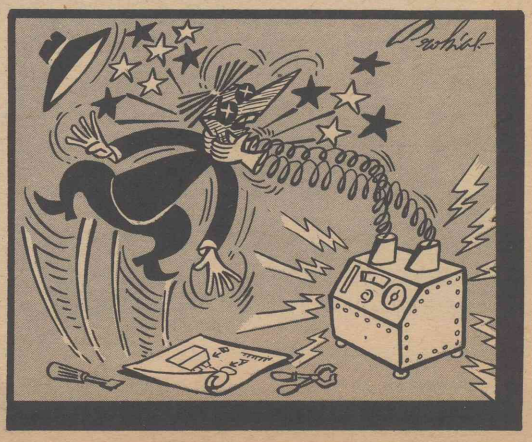
Antonio Prohias, who was forced to flee Cuba because he refused to become a "Castro Convertible", brings us another MAD installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white—better known as . . .





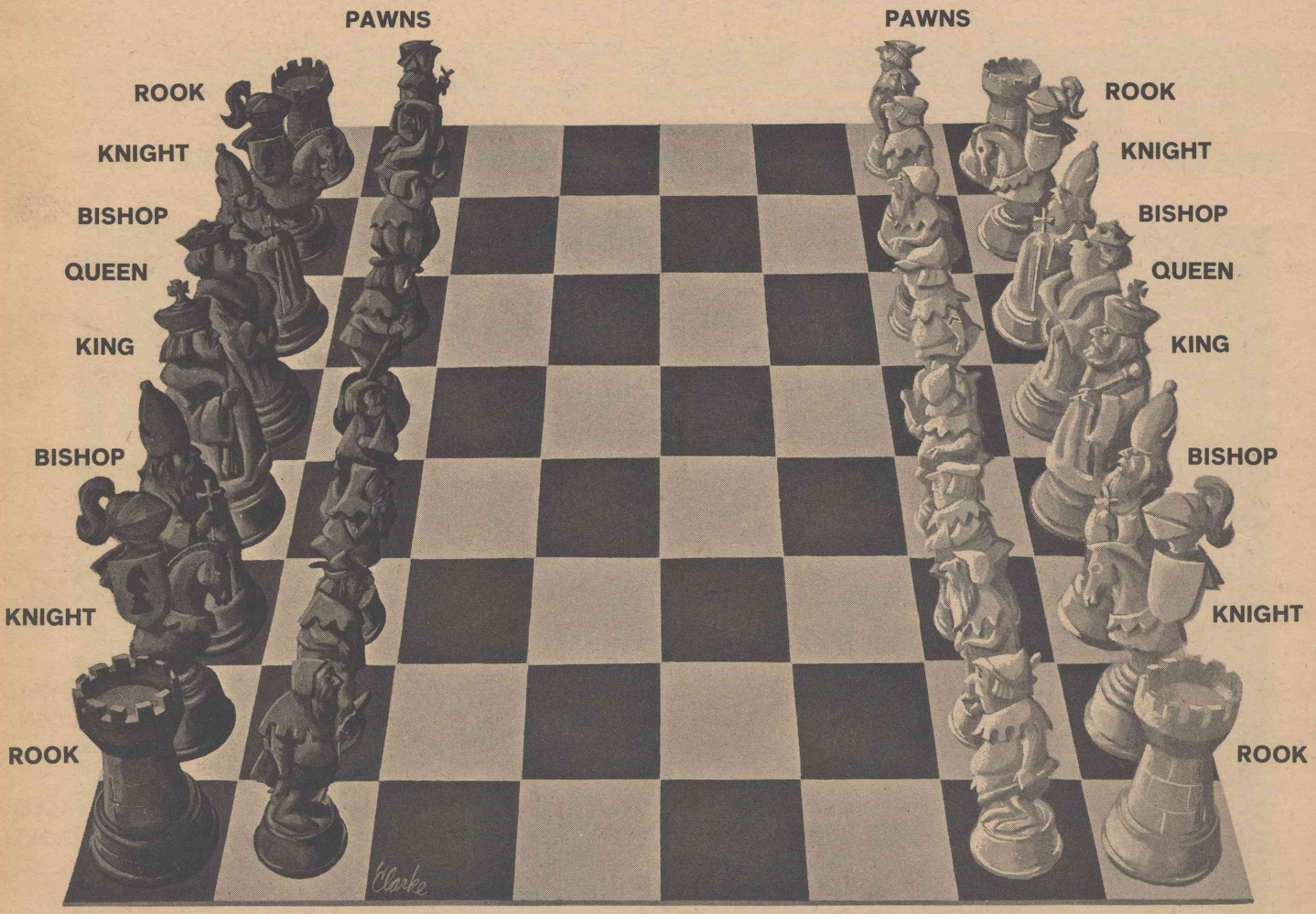






Basically, the game of chess is a game of "war." It was created many centuries ago, and so it was naturally based on war as it was waged in those times. The stratagems employed, though classic, are completely anachronistic in the light of modern military science. That last sentence makes no sense to us whatsoever, but it does tend to lend a highly intellectual tone to an otherwise stupid article like this one is gonna be. Anyway, let's just say that the kind of war the traditional chess game represents is a far cry from the kind of war nations would be moronic enough to fight today. And so, we propose that the game be brought up to date, that all the pieces be re-designed, and that, while there's still time, we start playing MAD's . . .

THE TRADITIONAL CHESS SET

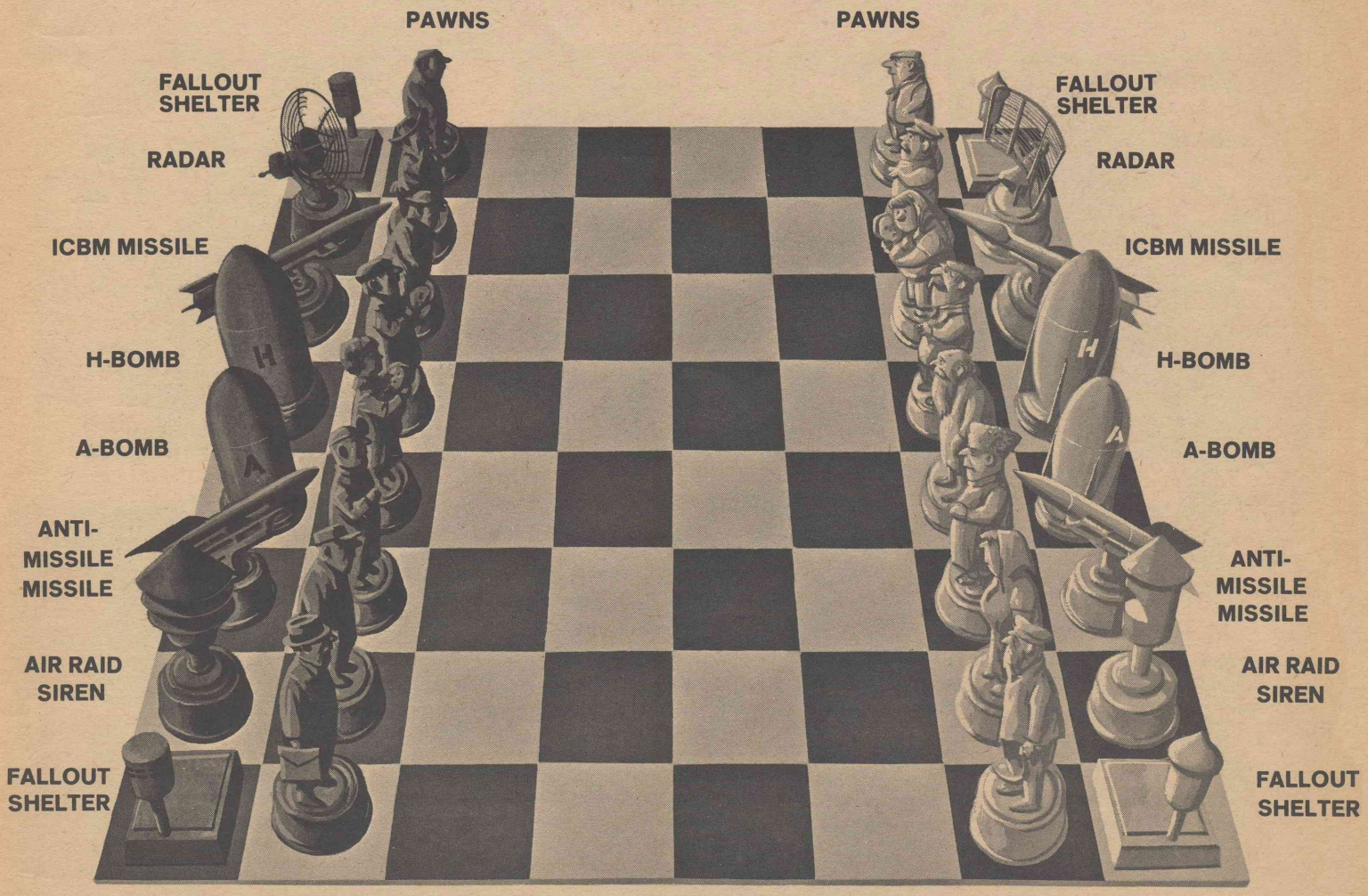


Note how accurately this fine old antique chess set depicts the glory of ancient war. Note splendid royalty. Note bold knights. Note proud bishops. Note grand castles. Note haggard, tattered, hungry pawns who are in the front rows . . . and have to take most of the beating.

MODERN CHESS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

MAD'S MODERN CHESS SET



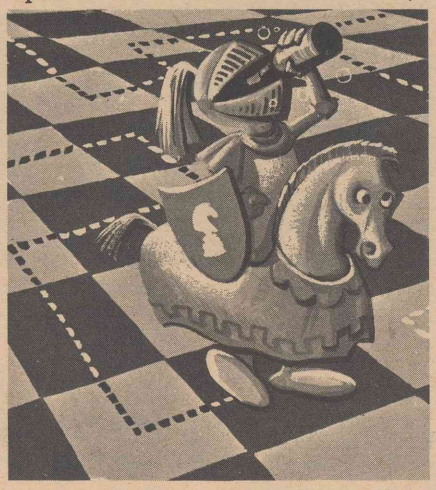
Note how accurately this modern chess set depicts current cold war tactics. Note brilliant scientific pieces. Note terrified, neurotic pawns on brink of cracking up. Note one thing that hasn't changed. Pawns are still in front rows . . . and have to take most of the beating.

MOVES
The Old Way

Each traditional chess piece moves in a particular direction. This permits special intricate strategies that have fascinated brilliant minds for centuries. It also permits clods like us to come along with silly explanations of these intricate moves for clods like you.

PAWNS move ahead one square at a time except first move when two is optional. They move diagonally one square to capture opposing pieces.

KNIGHTS move in L-shape patterns in any direction — two squares ahead and one to the side (or is it one square ahead and two to the side?).



BISHOPS can move in any direction diagonally. A black bishop moves on black squares, and a red bishop is a terrible thing to call a bishop.

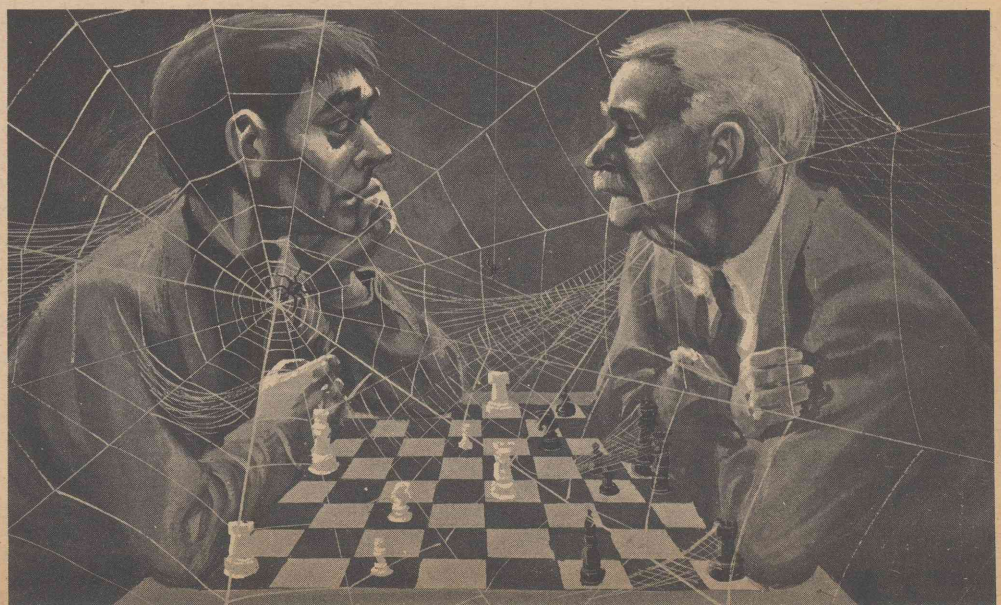
ROOKS (Castles) move in any direction in a straight line. Idea began when cheap ancient castle builders used to skimp on foundation mortar.

THE KING can make any kind of a move he might suddenly get an urge to make . . . but only one at a time. Game is over when King is captured.

THE QUEEN can make any move in any direction she wants to make in order to protect the King. His little game is over when she shows up.

PLAY
The Old Way

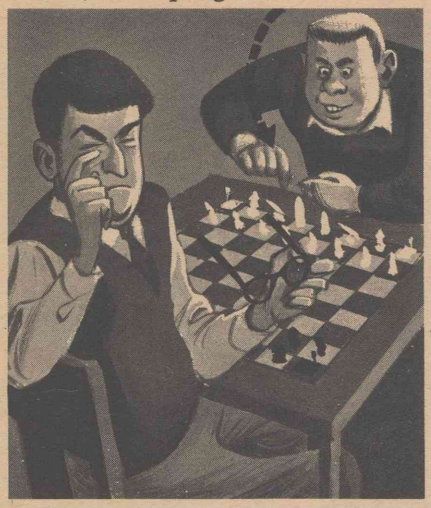
The exciting stimulation of ancient battle, realistically recreated on a game board with all of its clever strategies, has been thrilling the chess enthusiast for centuries. In the picture at the right, we see a typical spine-tingling competition. Note the wide-eyed concentration — Note the intense emotional strain — Note the anxious expectancy of the player on the right as he waits for the player on the left to make his move. Note that the player on the left has been dead for three years.



MOVES
The **NEW** Way

MAD's modern chess pieces are not limited to special moves. In fact, each move is completely unpredictable. Cunning, trickery, accident, sneakiness, surprise, fear, anxiety . . . any of these could play a vital part in the game. F'rinstance, a game might work like this—

Player on left blinks momentarily. Opponent quickly launches his ICBM Missile, attempting a sneak attack.

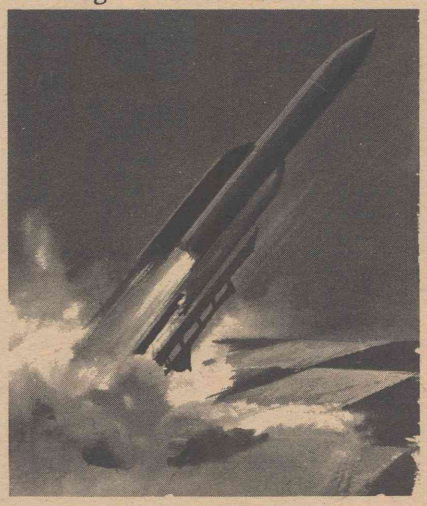


Player's early warning system, i.e. his Radar piece, picks up blips of opponent's approaching ICBM Missile.

Radar piece signals Air Raid Siren piece to sound alarm, and Fallout Shelter doors open automatically.

Pawns are then triggered to jump wildly into opened Fallout Shelters, but most are shot by first Pawn in.

Anti-Missile Missiles are launched automatically, thus automatically launching other offensive missiles.



Action continues until both sides' entire nuclear arsenal is launched—at which point, game is concluded.

PLAY
The **NEW** Way

MAD's Modern Chess Game is played pretty much as described above when it finally gets going. Strategy is limited to each player waiting for the other to make the first move. End of game is followed by deathly silence. Unlike old-fashioned chess, there is no winner. There is also no loser. After several years, the radiation subsides enough to permit another game to begin . . . if there's anyone left to play it. Also, a new chess set is used which MAD is now designing—with caveman-type pieces.

I figure it's really up to the individual to decide for *himself* where the engine should be!

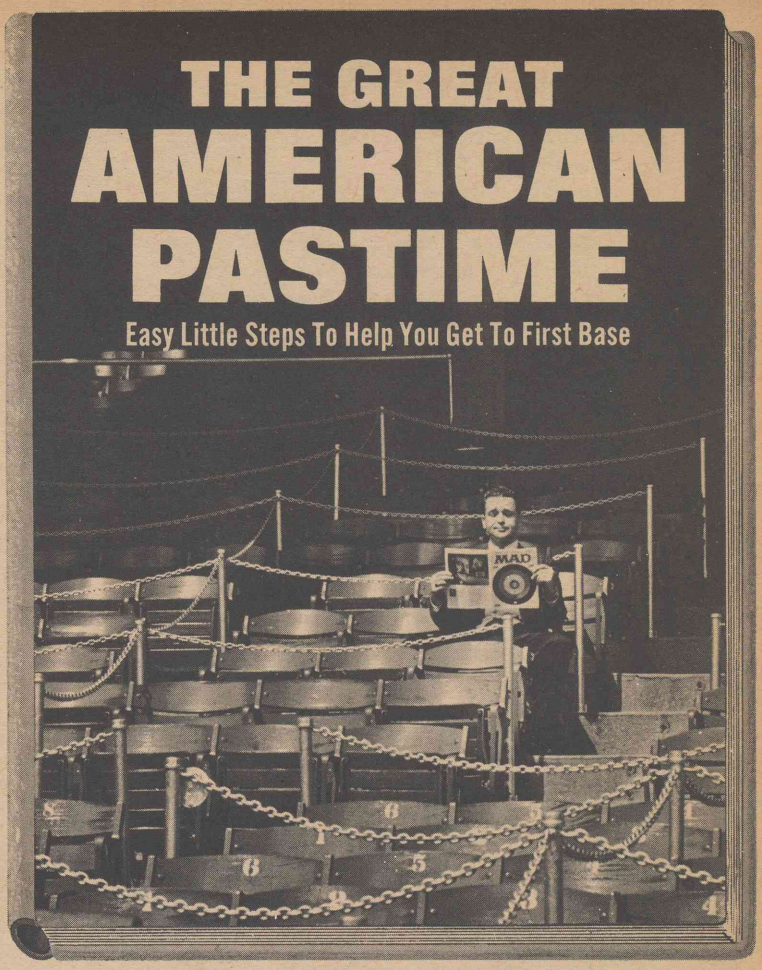
And now, Mr. Martin shows us what happened when he took part in a

BALCONY SCENE

LEARNING THE SCORE DEPT.

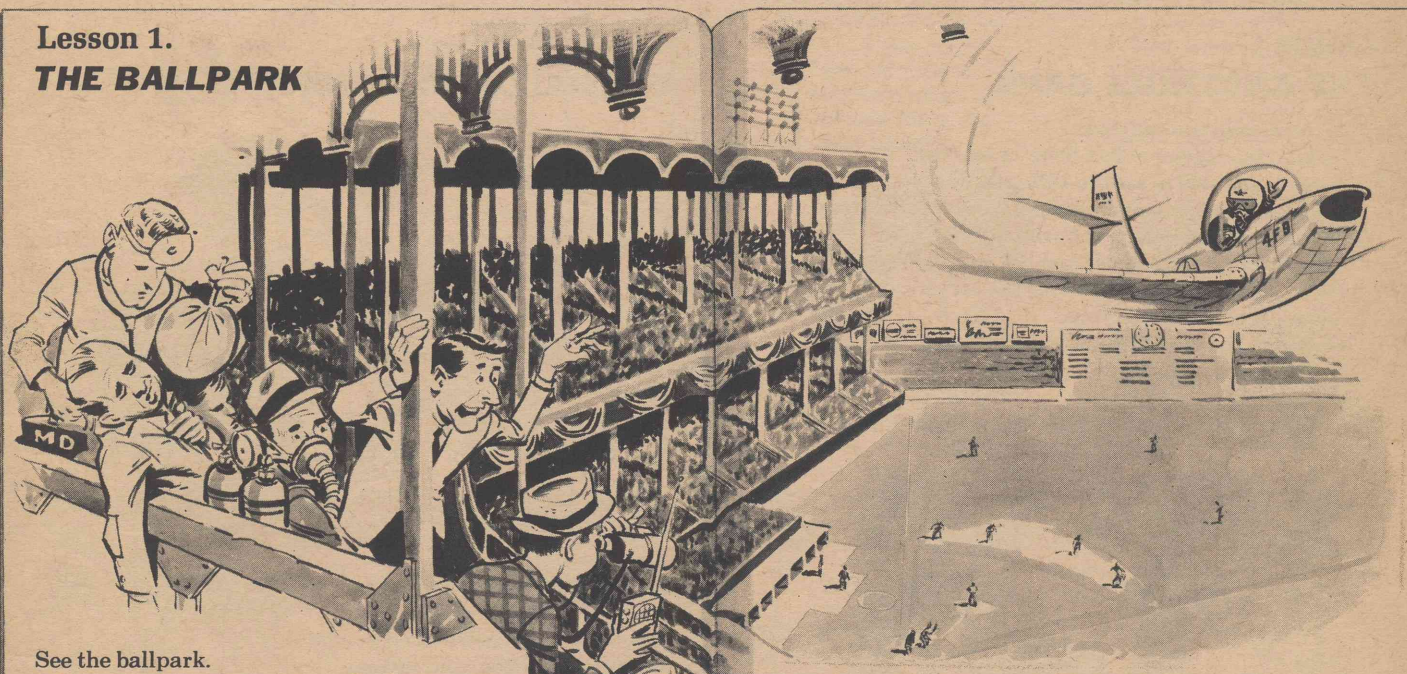
We could've done this next article as a "Baseball Coloring Book," but everybody's doing Coloring Books! And we could've done this article as a "Baseball Photo-Caption Book," but everybody's doing Photo-Caption Books. So we've decided to do it as a "Primer" which nobody's doing yet. Except us! We've done them . . . and done them . . . and done them! It may not be an original format, but it's seasonal. And so, with the cry of "Play ball!" being heard throughout the land . . . followed by the cry of "So what!", we proudly present . . .

THE MAD BASEBALL PRIMER



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: STAN HART

Lesson 1.
THE BALLPARK

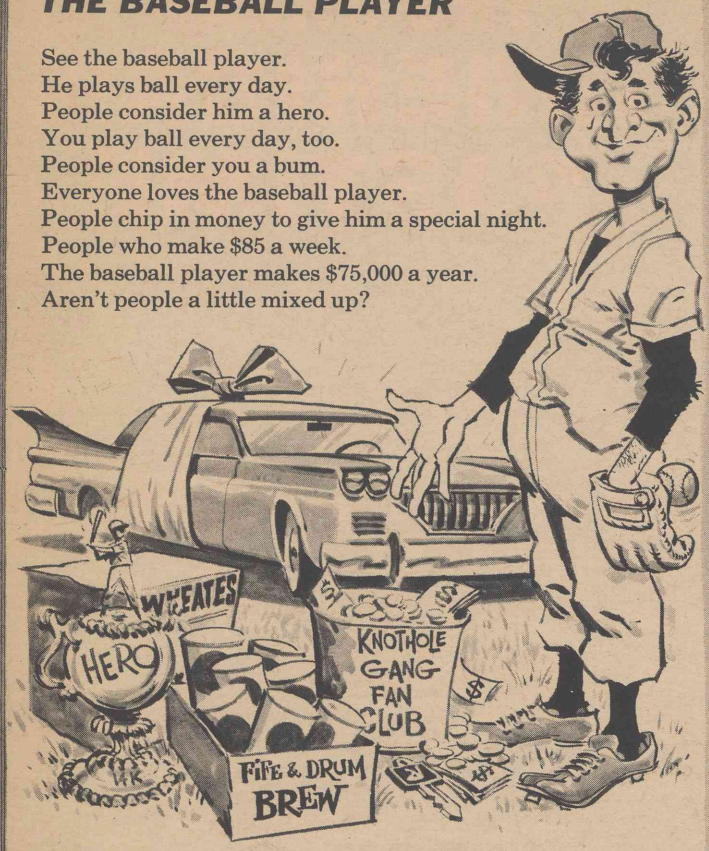


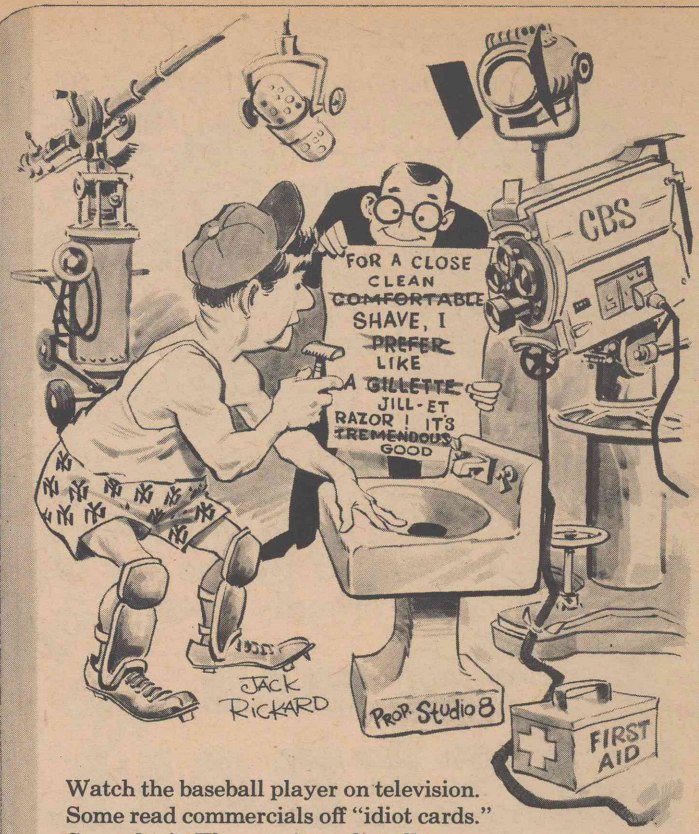
See the ballpark.
The expensive seats are down front.
When the sun shines, the people in them sweat.
When it rains, the people in them get wet.
This is known as soaking the rich.
Walk up the ramp to *your* seat.
Pass the 1st tier. Pass the 2nd tier.
When you get to the top, hear the announcer.
He says, "Is there a doctor in the house?"
That's because you've just had a heart attack!

See the teams come out on the field.
Do not bother to wave "hello" to the ballplayers.
They will not wave back.
They cannot see you.
Wave "hello" to the passing airplanes.
The pilots will wave back.
They *can* see you!
How will you know what's happening down on the field?
Simple! Listen to the game on your portable radio!

Lesson 2.
THE BASEBALL PLAYER

See the baseball player.
He plays ball every day.
People consider him a hero.
You play ball every day, too.
People consider you a bum.
Everyone loves the baseball player.
People chip in money to give him a special night.
People who make $85 a week.
The baseball player makes $75,000 a year.
Aren't people a little mixed up?

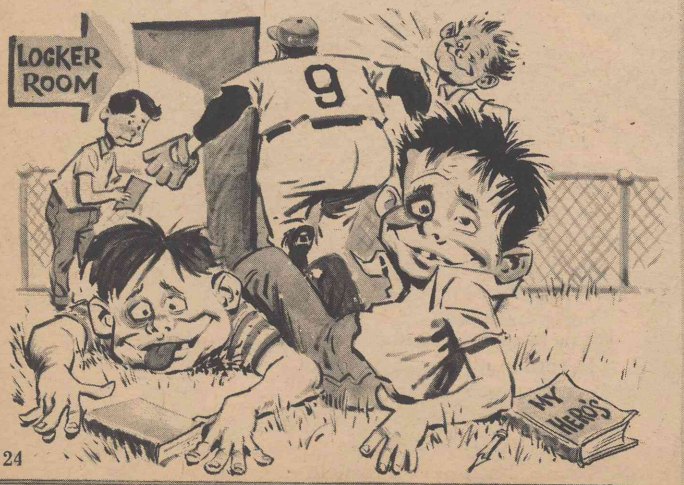




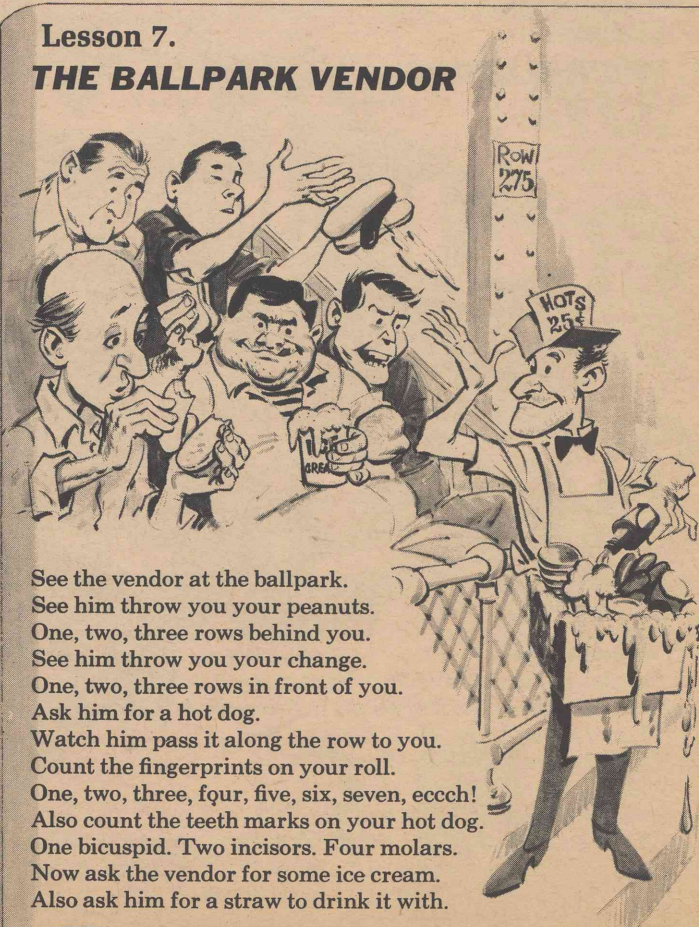
Watch the baseball player on television.
Some read commercials off "idiot cards."
Some don't. They can't read at all!
Most kids want to be baseball players when they grow up.
What do baseball players want to be when they grow up?

Lesson 6.
THE KNOTHOLE GANG

See the kids in the ballpark.
The kind management lets them in for free.
No one else wants to see the 10th-place team play.
The management wants to keep the kids off the street.
Because on the streets, a kid can't buy
$10 worth of hot dogs from the management.
After the game, the kids wait for the players.
They want to get autographs.
Sometimes the poor ballplayer has to push his
way through the crowd of kids.
Maybe you will be lucky.
Maybe you will get knocked down by Roger Maris.

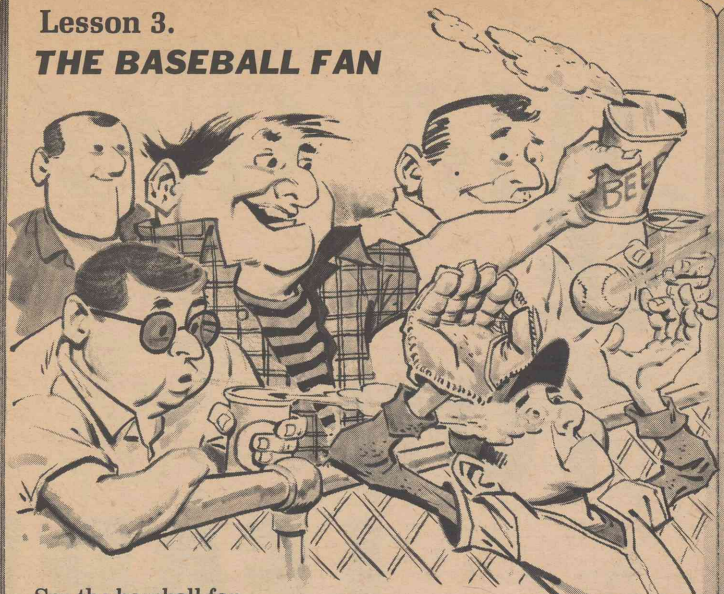


Lesson 7.
THE BALLPARK VENDOR



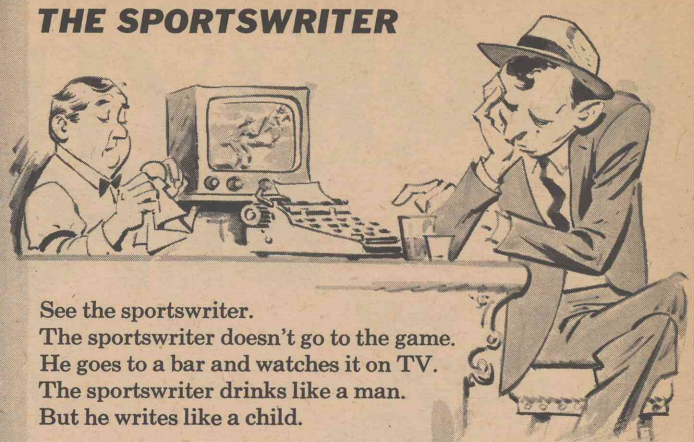
See the vendor at the ballpark.
See him throw you your peanuts.
One, two, three rows behind you.
See him throw you your change.
One, two, three rows in front of you.
Ask him for a hot dog.
Watch him pass it along the row to you.
Count the fingerprints on your roll.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eccch!
Also count the teeth marks on your hot dog.
One bicuspid. Two incisors. Four molars.
Now ask the vendor for some ice cream.
Also ask him for a straw to drink it with.

Lesson 3.
THE BASEBALL FAN



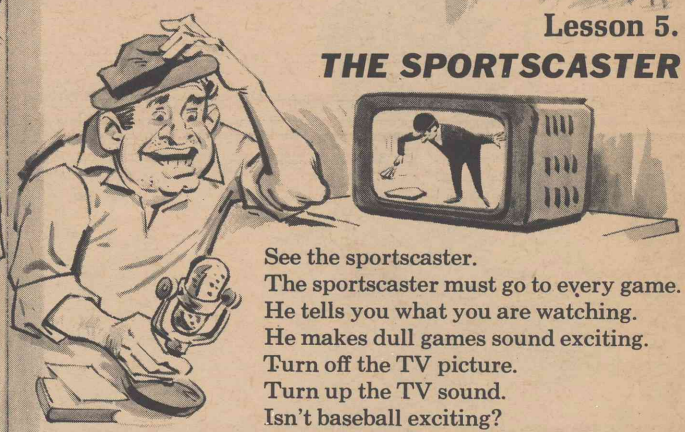
See the baseball fan.
He knows the names of all the baseball players.
He doesn't know the names of his children.
The baseball fan has a head for figures.
He knows everyone's batting average.
He doesn't know his own telephone number.
He knows the 3rd-string catcher for the Mets.
He doesn't know who Kennedy is.
The baseball fan is over 21.
He can vote in elections.
He can sit on juries.
It makes you stop and think!

Lesson 4.
THE SPORTSWRITER



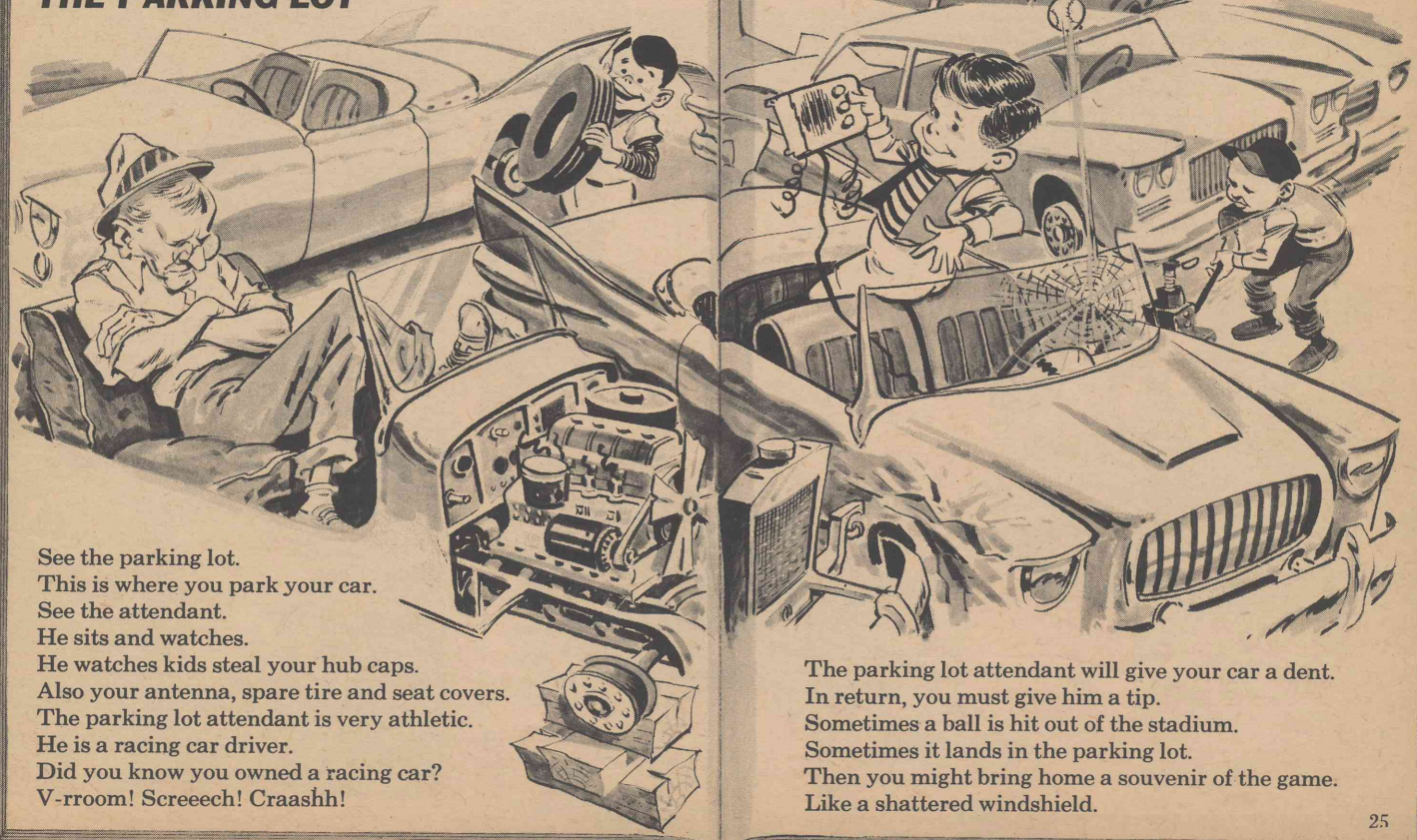
See the sportswriter.
The sportswriter doesn't go to the game.
He goes to a bar and watches it on TV.
The sportswriter drinks like a man.
But he writes like a child.

Lesson 5.
THE SPORTSCASTER



See the sportscaster.
The sportscaster must go to every game.
He tells you what you are watching.
He makes dull games sound exciting.
Turn off the TV picture.
Turn up the TV sound.
Isn't baseball exciting?

Lesson 8.
THE PARKING LOT



See the parking lot.
This is where you park your car.
See the attendant.
He sits and watches.
He watches kids steal your hub caps.
Also your antenna, spare tire and seat covers.
The parking lot attendant is very athletic.
He is a racing car driver.
Did you know you owned a racing car?
V-rroom! Screeech! Craashh!

The parking lot attendant will give your car a dent.
In return, you must give him a tip.
Sometimes a ball is hit out of the stadium.
Sometimes it lands in the parking lot.
Then you might bring home a souvenir of the game.
Like a shattered windshield.

SINKING FUND DEPT.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!

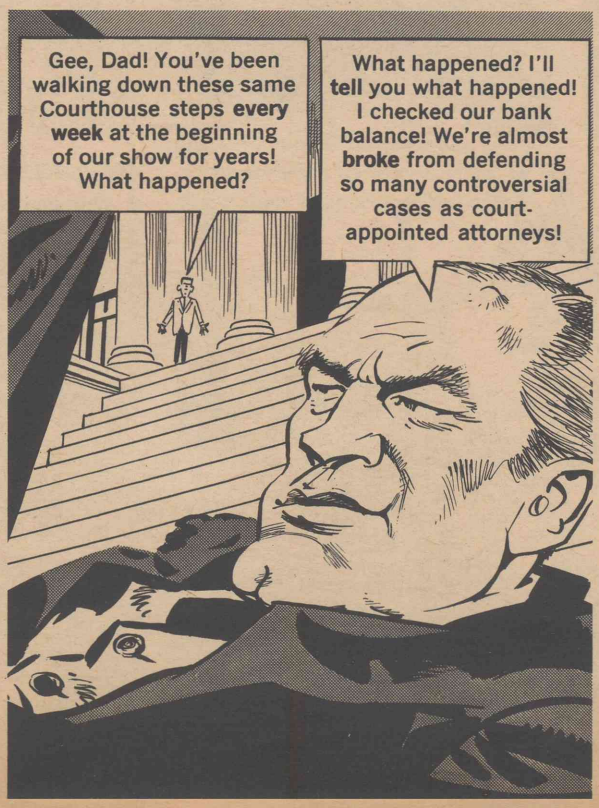
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO
WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

DRIBBLE ACROSS THE COURT DEPT.

For many years, the "Lawyer Field" on television was dominated by the famous Perry "I-Never-Lose-A-Case" Mason. Then, last season, a new "Legal Eagle" came upon the scene, dragging his son along with him. This novel "TV Lawyer Team" threatened to unseat King Mason with a fantastic new approach . . . mainly that some of their clients were obviously guilty, and they actually lost a case once in a while. Here, then, is MAD's version of what looks like a new trend on TV: "Adult Lawyer Shows" – this one, a sort of legal "Father Knows Best" called . . .

THE DEFENSERS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



One black coffee, and one glass of milk—

I OBJECT! Why can't I have coffee, Dad?

Objection overruled! Son, you're still a growing boy! You have your whole life ahead of you! There's plenty of time for coffee—

And girls?

Shut your dirty mouth!

Ouch! I'm sorry, Dad! It's just that I'm supposed to be your partner, and you never let me try a case!

SLAP!

Kenny, Boy! Come here to Daddy! It's time I taught you a few facts!

You gonna tell me about the broads?

Again with the dirty mouth . . . !

IF YOU FALL-- LIE DOWN! NO CASE IS TOO SMALL!

WIND ME UP AND CHASE ME!

Kenny, boy—someday this whole practice will be yours! I want you to follow in my footsteps and become a great attorney! Remember, you're all I have . . .

Yes, Daddy . . .

Though there may be gray skies, I don't mind the gray skies— I'll still have you—

What's my name . . . ?

Ken-ny, boy!

AN IDEAL LAWYER WITH CONNECTIONS

Here's your coffee, Mr. Pressedham— and your milk, Kenny!

Ta-ta!

What's on the docket for this afternoon, Dad?

Well, first we'll file suit against the courthouse for personal injury due to negligence . . . and then I've got that case I'm defending as a personal favor to Judge Littagate—

WE CAN WIN IF YOU LIE!

Which case is that, Dad?

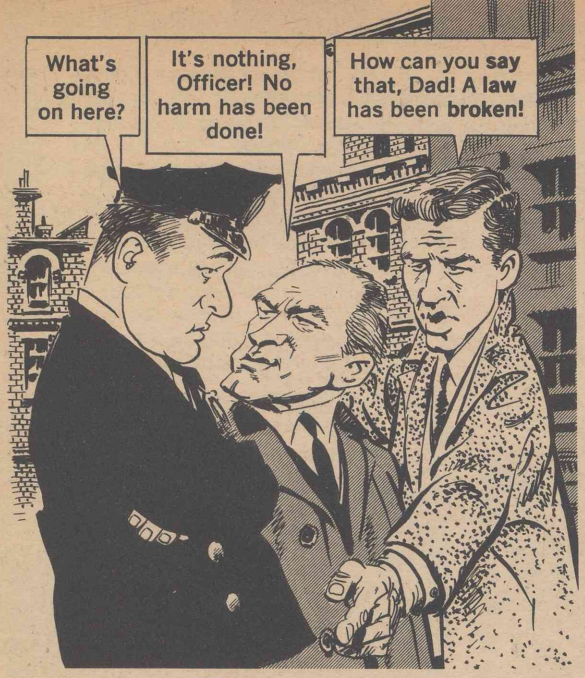
You know—that case where they caught an official accepting bribes! I hope I can get the Judge off!

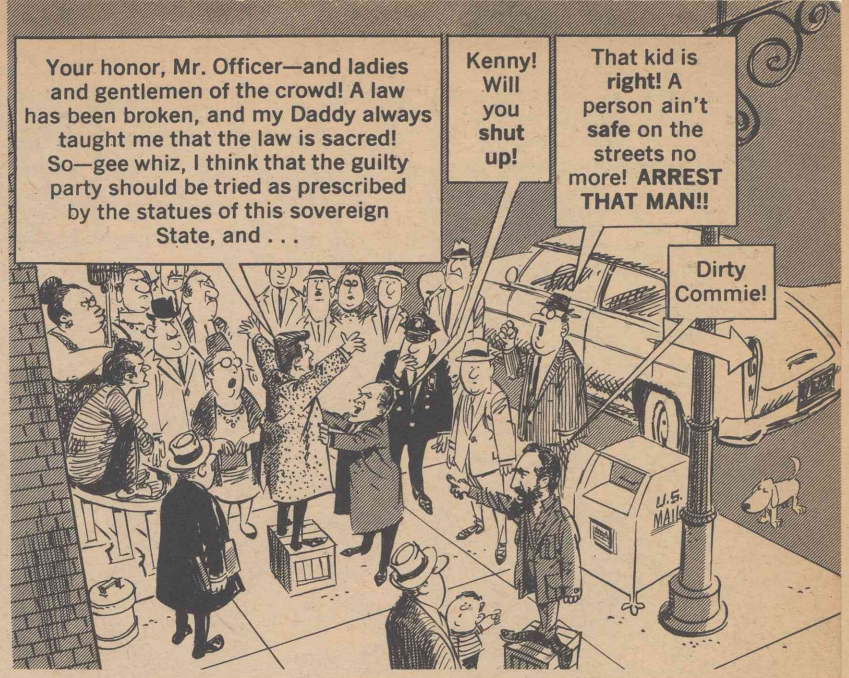
CRASH

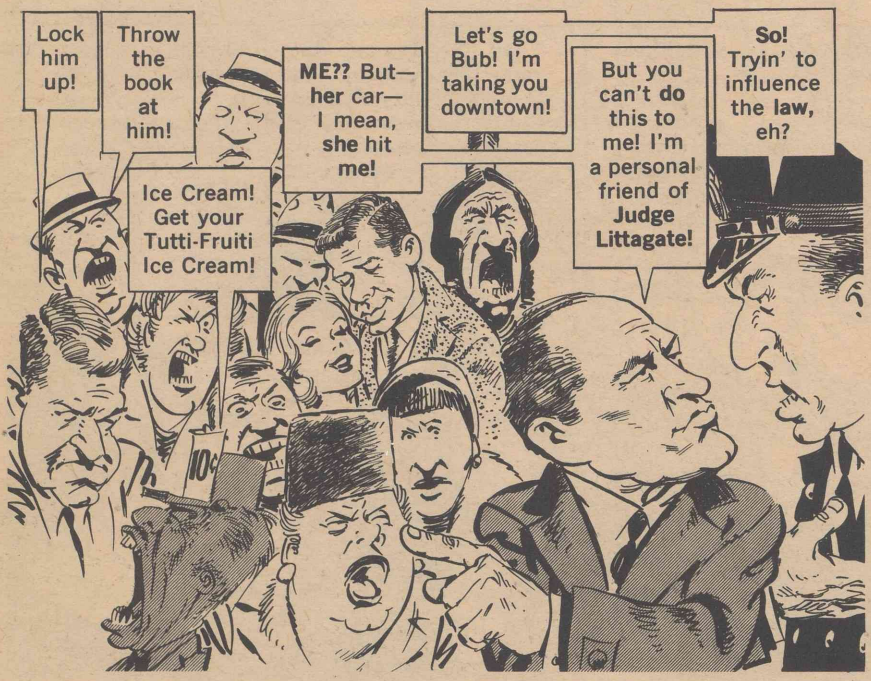
Women drivers!! Young lady, in the future, drive with a little more care!

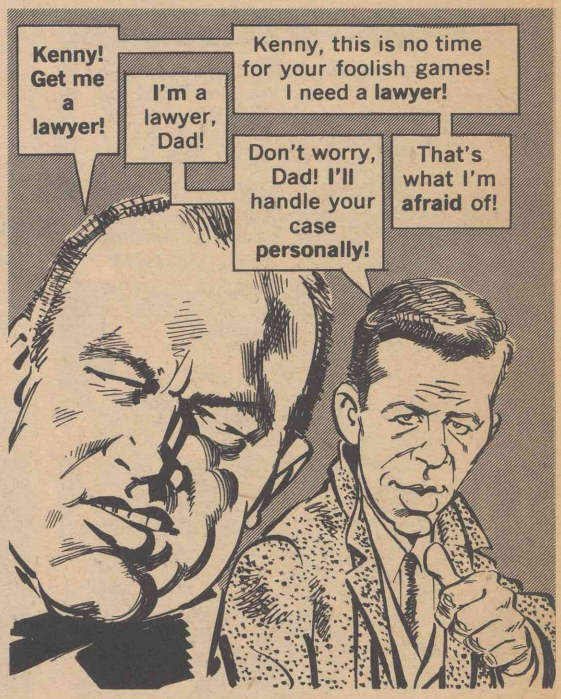
I'm awfully sorry!

Being sorry isn't enough when the law has been violated!

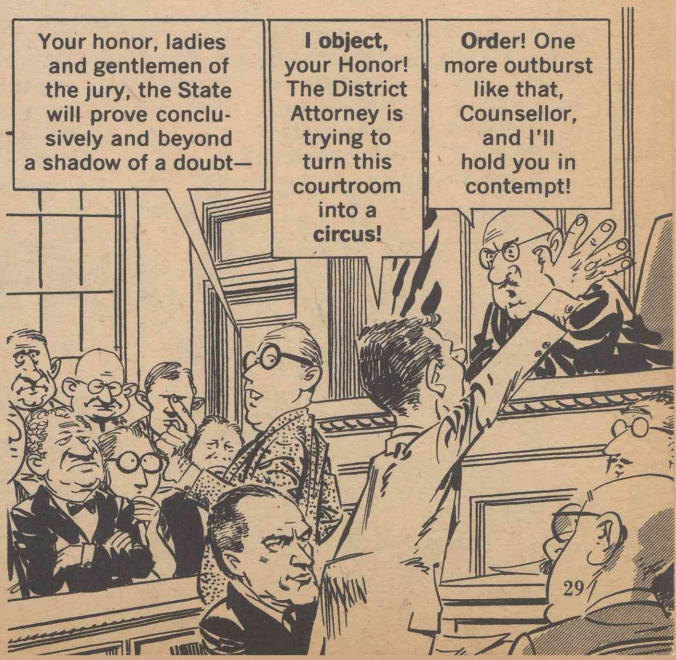

What's going on here?
It's nothing, Officer! No harm has been done!
How can you say that, Dad! A law has been broken!

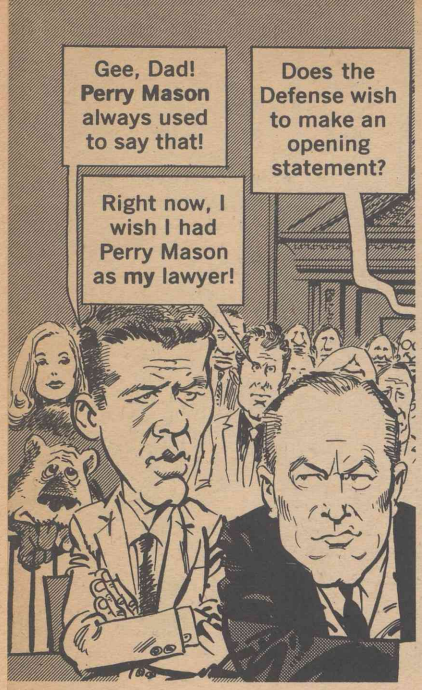

Your honor, Mr. Officer—and ladies and gentlemen of the crowd! A law has been broken, and my Daddy always taught me that the law is sacred! So—gee whiz, I think that the guilty party should be tried as prescribed by the statues of this sovereign State, and . . .
Kenny! Will you shut up!
That kid is right! A person ain't safe on the streets no more! ARREST THAT MAN!!
Dirty Commie!
U.S. MAIL

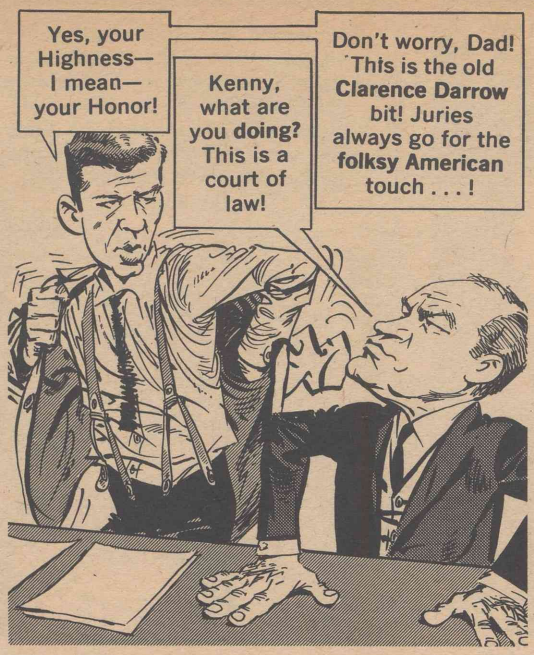

Lock him up!
Throw the book at him!
Ice Cream! Get your Tutti-Fruiti Ice Cream!
ME?? But—her car—I mean, she hit me!
Let's go Bub! I'm taking you downtown!
But you can't do this to me! I'm a personal friend of Judge Littagate!
So! Tryin' to influence the law, eh?

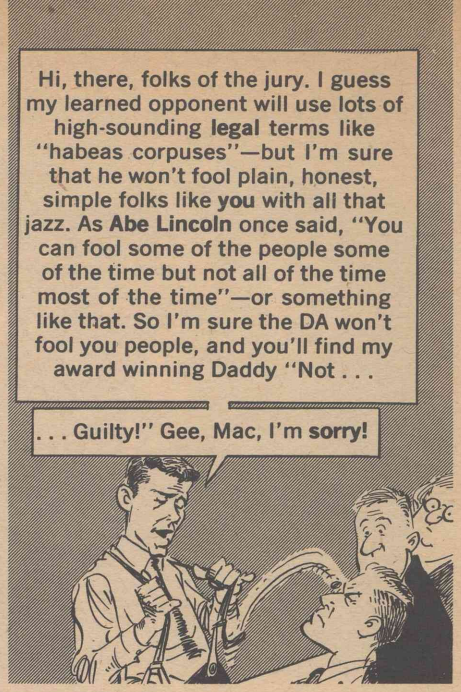

Kenny! Get me a lawyer!
I'm a lawyer, Dad!
Kenny, this is no time for your foolish games! I need a lawyer!
Don't worry, Dad! I'll handle your case personally!
That's what I'm afraid of!

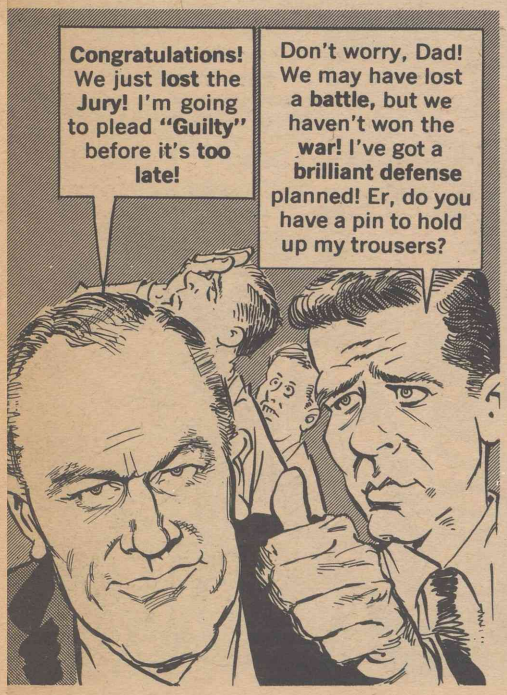
Next case: The People vs. Lawrence Pressedham. Larry, you old barrister, you—you're charged with reckless driving, resisting arrest, attempting to bribe an officer, and inciting a riot. How do you plead, old friend?
Irving, there's been a serious mistake—
I'll handle this, Dad, We plead Not Guilty!

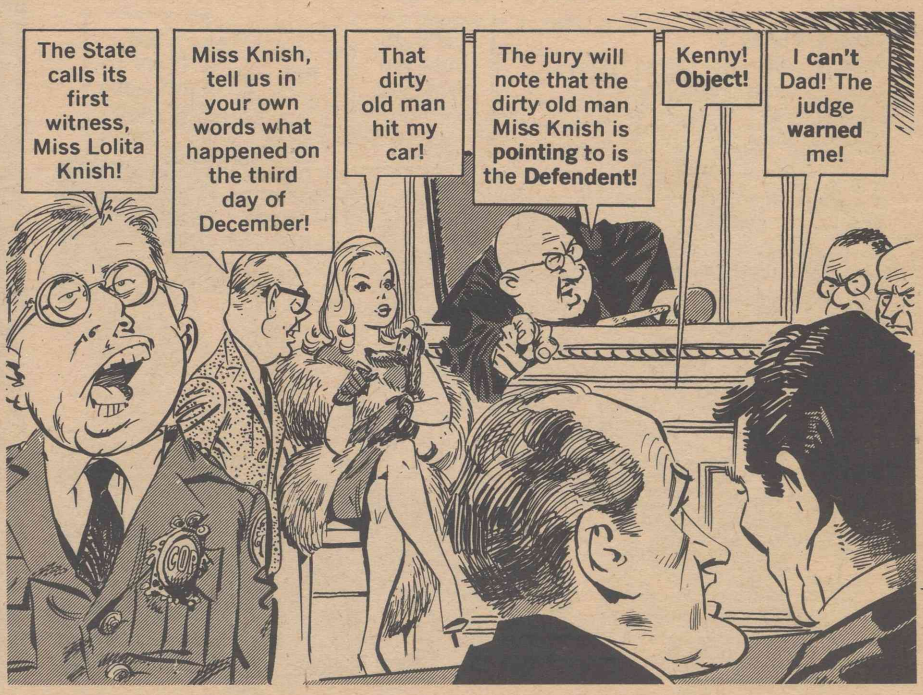

Your honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the State will prove conclusively and beyond a shadow of a doubt—
I object, your Honor! The District Attorney is trying to turn this courtroom into a circus!
Order! One more outburst like that, Counsellor, and I'll hold you in contempt!


Gee, Dad! **Perry Mason** always used to say that!
Does the Defense wish to make an opening statement?
Right now, I wish I had Perry Mason as **my** lawyer!


Yes, your Highness— I mean— your Honor!
Kenny, what are you **doing?** This is a court of law!
Don't worry, Dad! This is the old **Clarence Darrow** bit! Juries always go for the **folksy American** touch . . . !

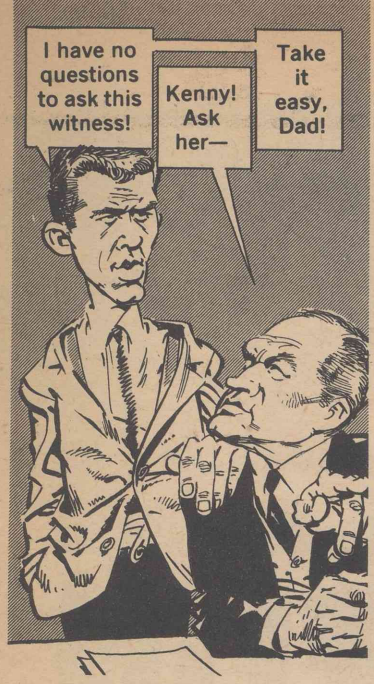

Hi, there, folks of the jury. I guess my learned opponent will use lots of high-sounding **legal** terms like "habeas corpuses"—but I'm sure that he won't fool plain, honest, simple folks like **you** with all that jazz. As **Abe Lincoln** once said, "You can fool some of the people some of the time but not all of the time most of the time"—or something like that. So I'm sure the DA won't fool you people, and you'll find my award winning Daddy "Not . . .
. . . Guilty!" Gee, Mac, I'm **sorry!**


Congratulations! We just **lost** the **Jury!** I'm going to plead **"Guilty"** before it's **too late!**
Don't worry, Dad! We may have lost a **battle,** but we haven't won the **war!** I've got a **brilliant defense** planned! Er, do you have a pin to hold up my trousers?

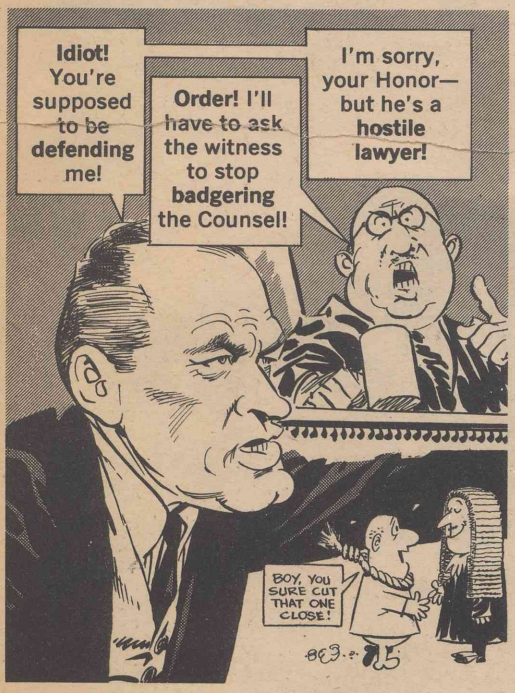

The State calls its first witness, Miss Lolita Knish!
Miss Knish, tell us in your own words what happened on the third day of December!
That dirty old man hit my car!
The jury will note that the dirty old man Miss Knish is **pointing** to is the **Defendent!**
Kenny! **Object!**
I **can't** Dad! The judge **warned** me!

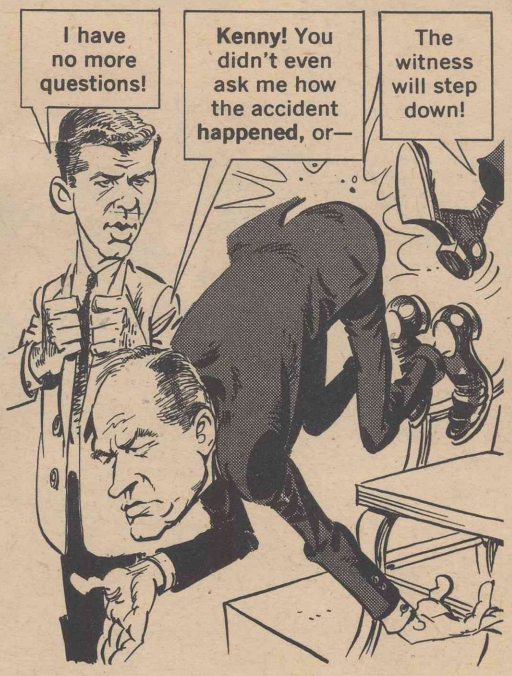
I have one more question, Miss Knish! What is your telephone number?
I object! The question is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial!
Now he objects!
Objection overruled! The witness will **answer** the question!

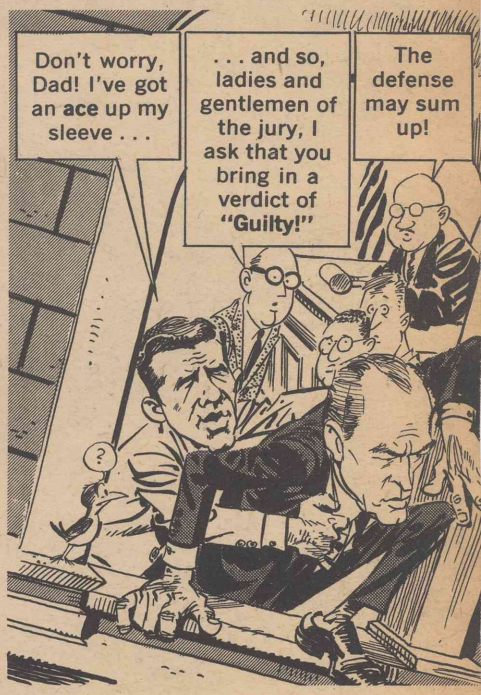
My telephone number is— you should pardon the expression—Flushing 0-5599.
Your witness—

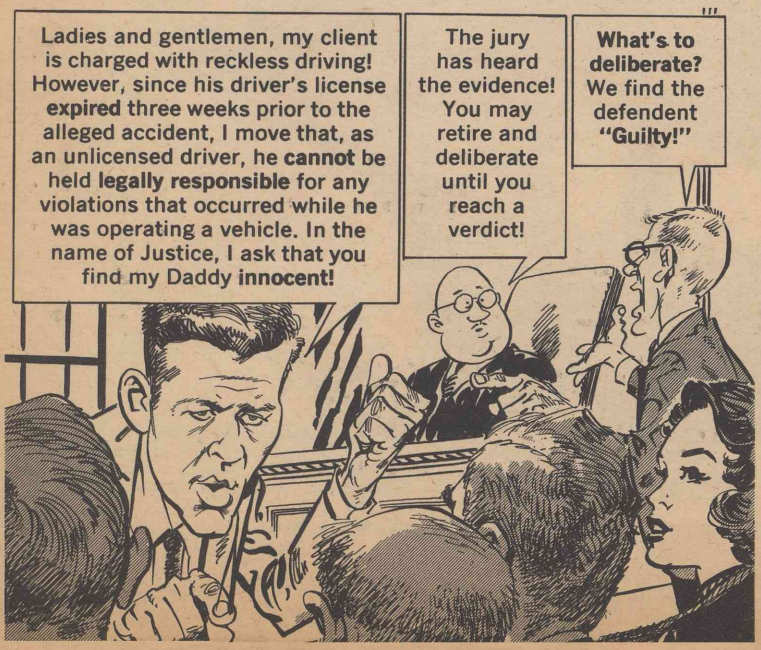

I have no questions to ask this witness!
Kenny! Ask her—
Take it easy, Dad!

Will Lawrence Pressedham take the stand!
Dad—I mean, Mr. Pressedham—how long have you been driving?
Thirty years!
And in those thirty years, how many accidents have you had?
Not a single one!
I remind you! You are under oath! Are you asking this jury to believe that in 30 years, you never had even one accident? I ask you again . . .
THIS JURY BIT IS O.K. BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR SPACE PROJECT?


Idiot! You're supposed to be defending me!
Order! I'll have to ask the witness to stop badgering the Counsel!
I'm sorry, your Honor—but he's a hostile lawyer!
BOY, YOU SURE CUT THAT ONE CLOSE!


I have no more questions!
Kenny! You didn't even ask me how the accident happened, or—
The witness will step down!


Don't worry, Dad! I've got an ace up my sleeve . . .
. . . and so, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I ask that you bring in a verdict of "Guilty!"
The defense may sum up!


Ladies and gentlemen, my client is charged with reckless driving! However, since his driver's license expired three weeks prior to the alleged accident, I move that, as an unlicensed driver, he cannot be held legally responsible for any violations that occurred while he was operating a vehicle. In the name of Justice, I ask that you find my Daddy innocent!
The jury has heard the evidence! You may retire and deliberate until you reach a verdict!
What's to deliberate? We find the defendent "Guilty!"

Before I pronounce sentence, does the defendent wish to make a statement?
Your Honor, I should be found "Not Guilty" by reason of insanity! Anybody that would let that grinning imbecile act as his lawyer MUST be stark, raving mad!
Sorry, Dad! Give my regards to Perry Mason when you see him! Now if I can only get a chance to defend that Sam Benedict I'll have the whole TV Lawyer Show field to MYSELF!

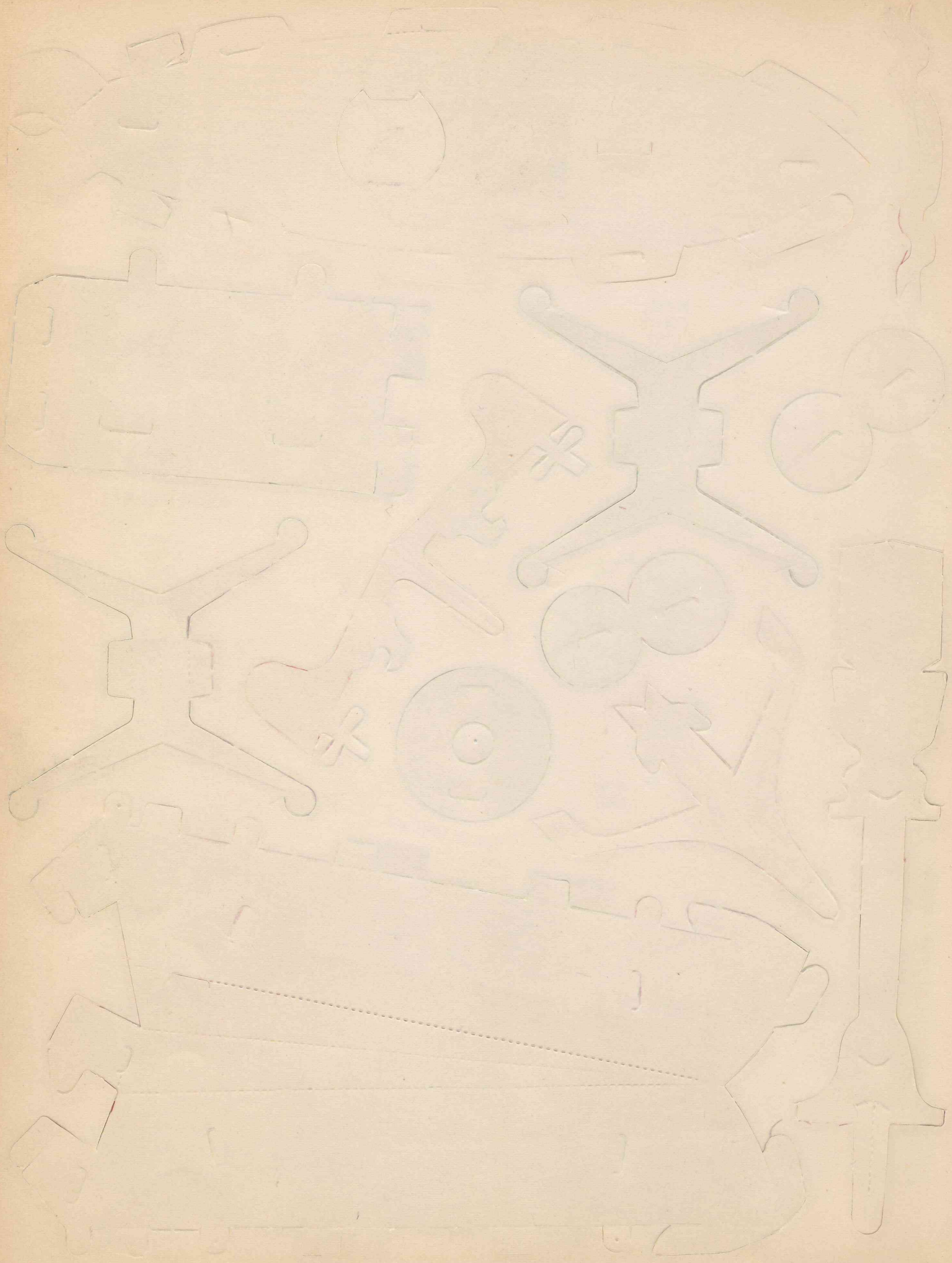
HERE IS YOUR
FREE
FULL COLOR
SLOTTED & TABBED,
DIE-CUT, POP-OUT
BONUS

MAINLY, A "BUILD-IT-YOURSELF" RIDICULOUS HANGING MODEL OF...

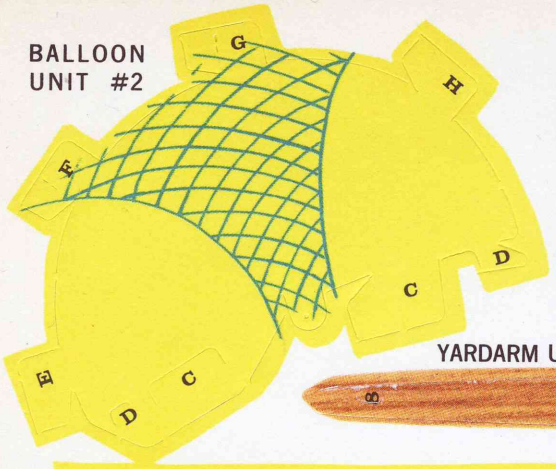
THE MAD ZEPPELIN

DESIGNED, CONTRIVED AND PAINTED BY BOB CLARKE

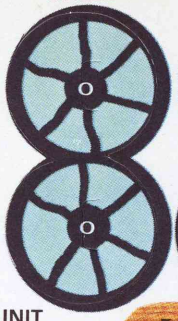
FLAG
DECK UNIT
WHEEL STRUT UNIT
WHEEL
BOILER UNIT #1
WHEEL STRUT UNIT
WHEEL
RUDDER UNIT
BOW UNIT
BOILER UNIT #2
MAST UNIT
HULL UNIT



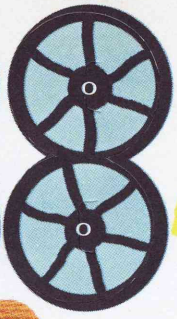
BALLOON UNIT #2



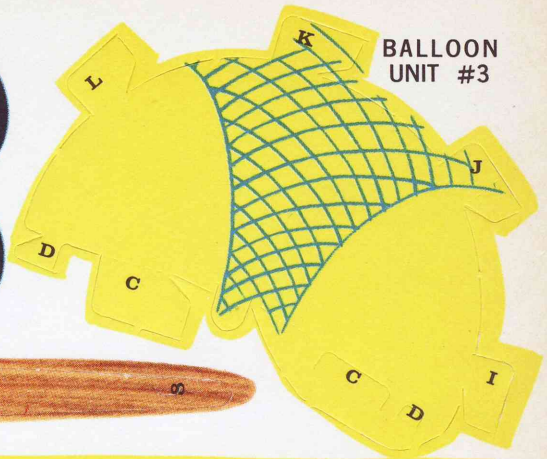
WHEEL



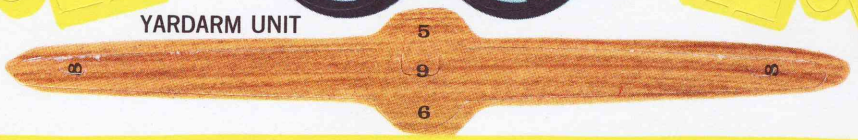
WHEEL

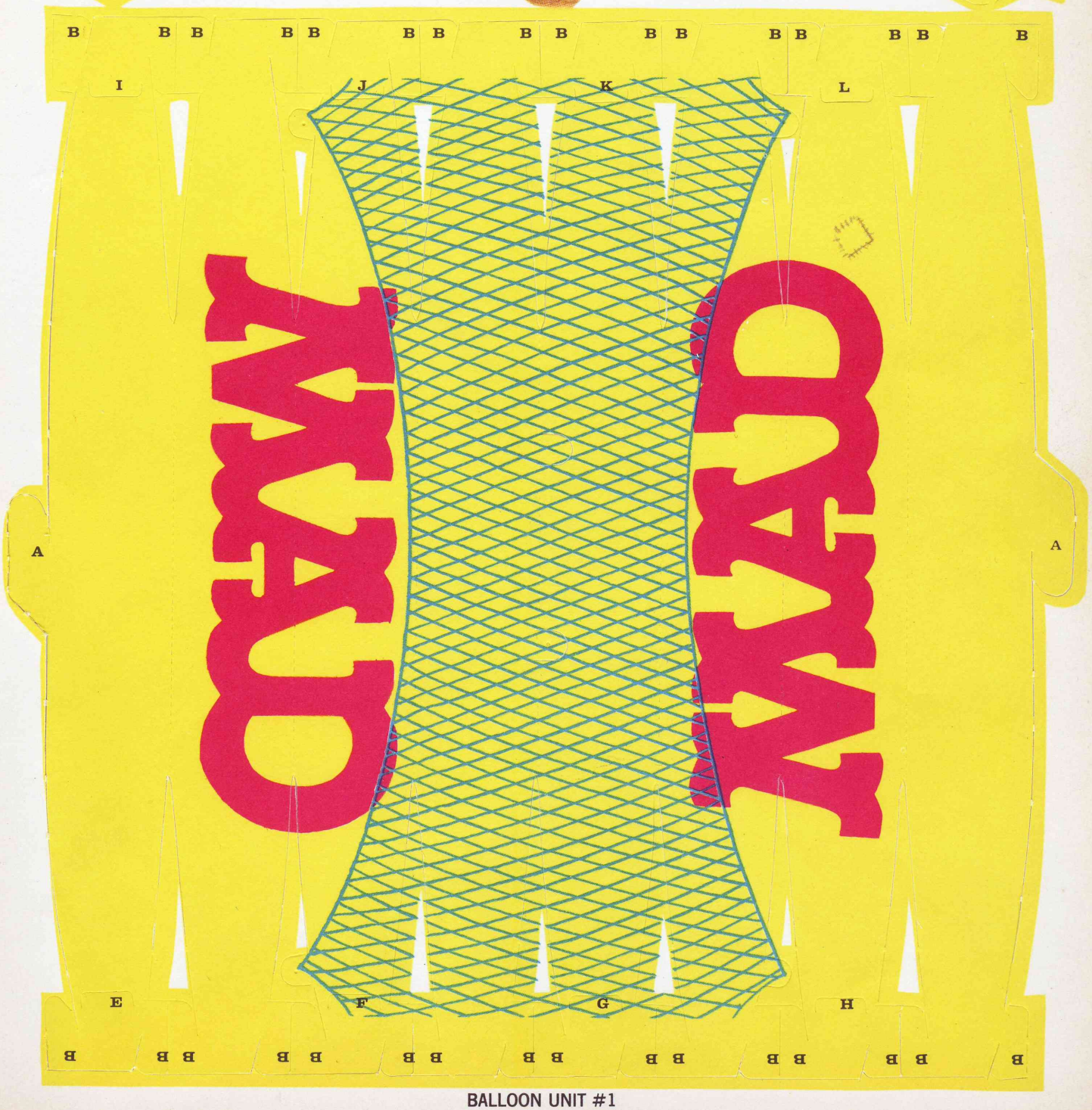


BALLOON UNIT #3

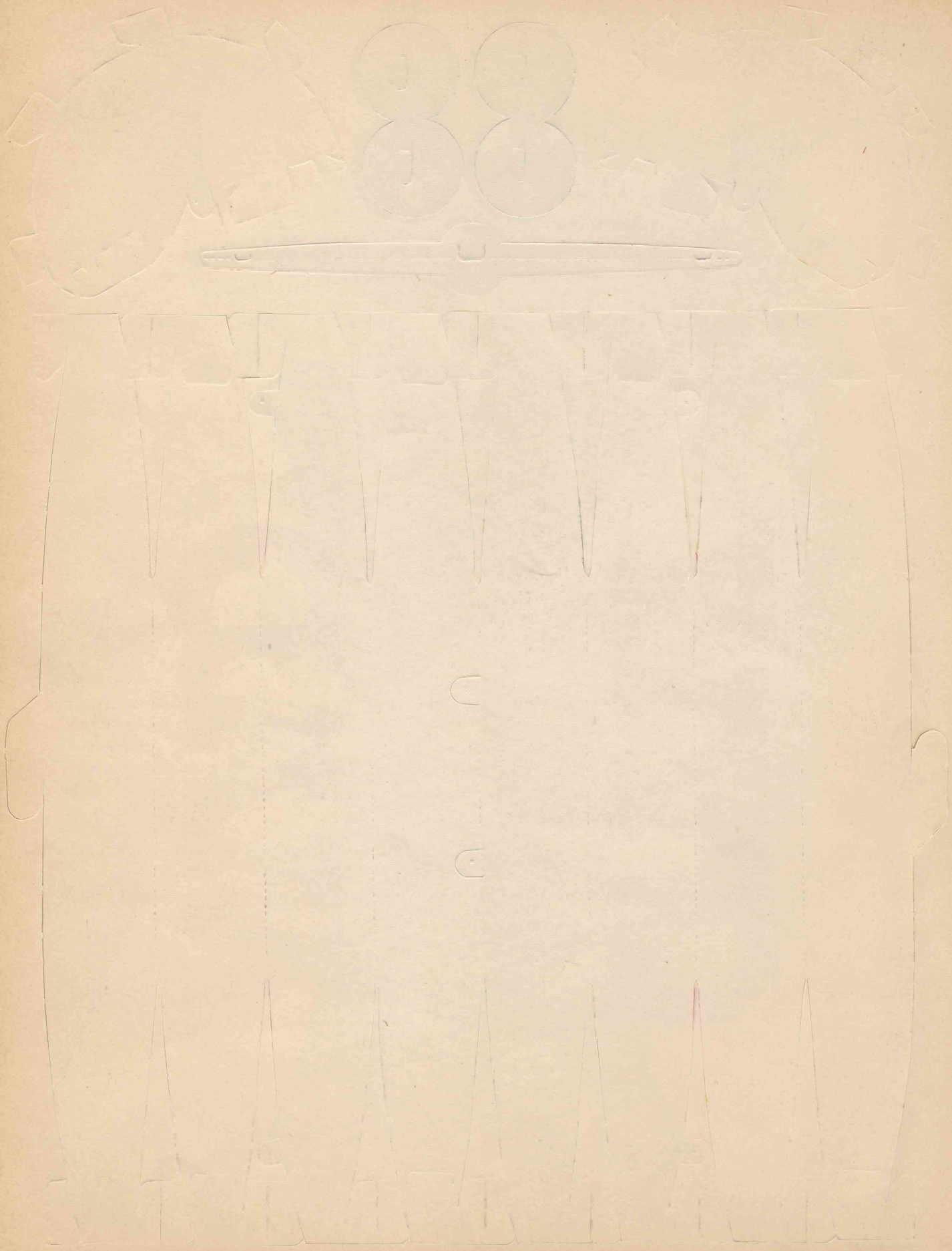


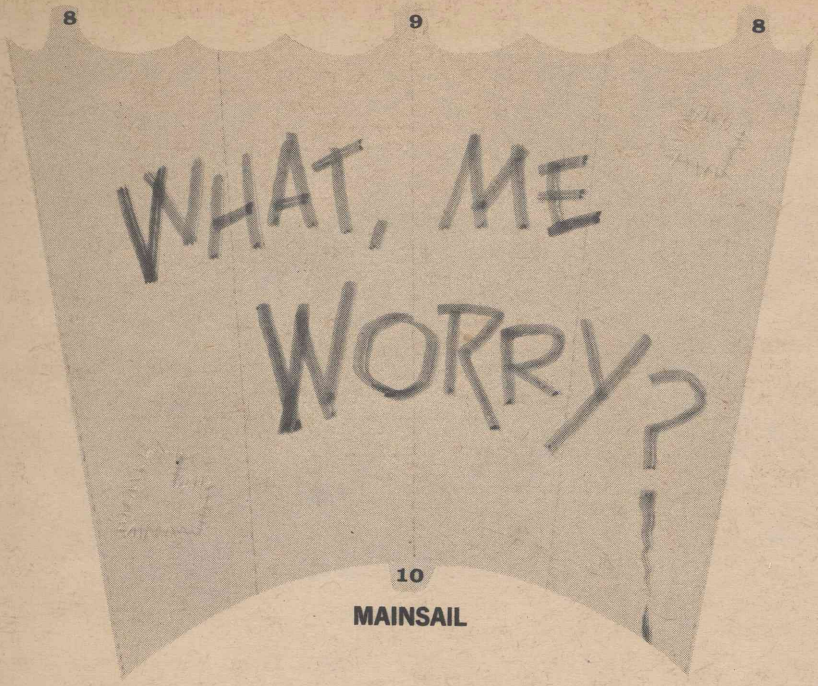
YARDARM UNIT



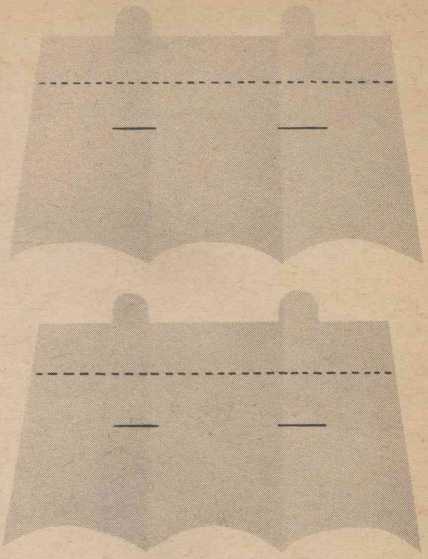


BALLOON UNIT #1

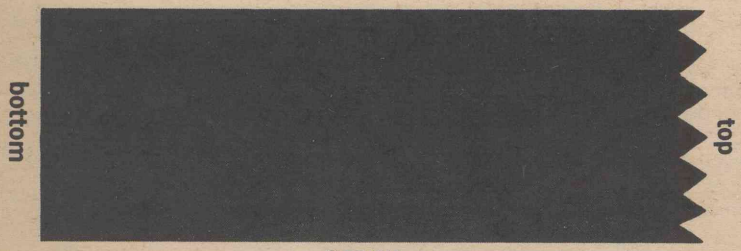




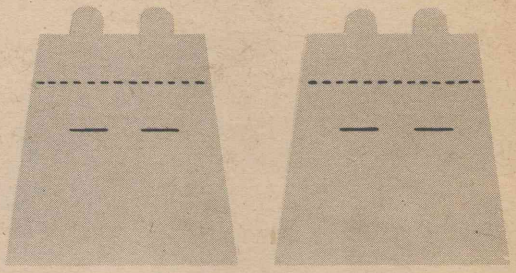
MAINSAIL



AFTER SAILS



STACK



FORWARD SAILS

Cut out all of the above pieces very carefully with scissors, razor blade or veeblefetzer, then place them aside until you are ready for them. Do not lose them, as they are very important parts of the **MAD ZEPPELIN!** We repeat: Do not lose them, because if you do you will have to buy another Annual to replace them and—on second thought, do what you want with them—*heh-heh,* no fools we!

ASSEMBLY INSTRUCTIONS

Punch out **BALLOON UNIT #1,** form into a cylinder by locking **A** tabs together, making sure that the tabs are hidden inside the balloon. Next, lock all **B** tabs together on each end of balloon by holding one section with one hand and gently curving the next section upward and backward, then slipping the two slots together as shown in **FIG. 1.**

FIG. 1.

Next, punch out **BALLOON UNIT #2,** fold back all locking tabs on **C, D, E; F, G,** and **H.** Form into cone shape by inserting tabs **C** and **D** into slots **C** and **D.** Attach cone to main part of balloon by inserting tabs **E, F, G** and **H** into corresponding slots as shown in **FIG. 2.**

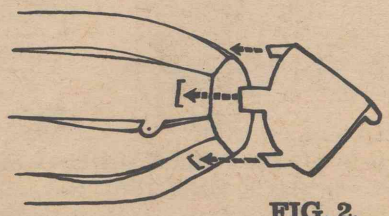


FIG. 2.

Use the same procedure with **BALLOON UNIT #3,** completing the entire balloon.

To assemble hull, punch out **HULL UNIT,** fold back on center perforation, fold up partially on side perforations, forming a keel. Fold back tabs **M** and lock together at the bow. Then lock tabs **N** at the stern.

Before completing hull, fold **WHEEL STRUT UNITS** and insert into slots marked **O** from inside the hull as in **FIG. 3.**

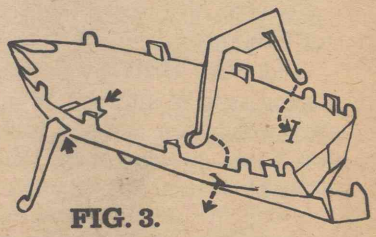


FIG. 3.

To attach **DECK UNIT,** first fold down all tabs, then slide tabs **P** into tabs marked **P** on **HULL UNIT.** Then, working toward the stern, insert tab **Q** into slot **Q** and repeat with **R** and **S.**

Fold transom down and insert tabs **T** into slots **T** while at the same time slipping tabs **U** into the fold of the keel as shown in **FIG. 4.**

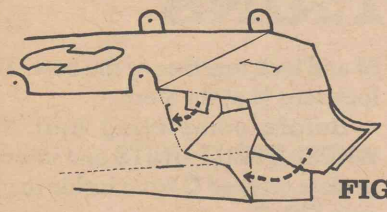


FIG. 4.

Fold tab **V** forward and lock into slot **V** on the hull.

Add **BOW UNIT** by folding, then placing tabs **W** into slot **W** on deck, after which you can slip lower portion **X** into opening at the lower part of the bow. (See **FIG. 5.**)

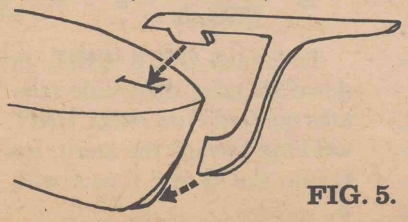


FIG. 5.

Fold **MAST** and insert lower part **Y** into slot **Y** on deck. The **RUDDER** is attached by placing parts marked **Z** and **Z¹** into corresponding slots on transom and keel.

The boiler is constructed by forming a cylinder with **BOILER UNIT #1,** locking tabs **#1** into slots **#1** as shown in **FIG. 6.**

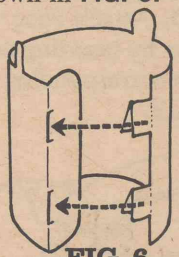


FIG. 6.

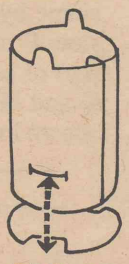


FIG. 6a.

Insert **BOILER UNIT #1** into hole in **DECK UNIT (FIG. 6a)** until tabs **#2** lock into slots **#2** on **BOILER UNIT #1.** Place **BOILER UNIT #2** on top of **BOILER UNIT #1** by inserting running lights **(#3** and **#4)** into slots **#3** and **#4.**

Fasten **YARDARM** to **MAST** by inserting **#5** and **#6** into corresponding slots on mast.

The **FLAG** merely folds in half at **#7** and fits into slot **#7** at the peak of mast.

The **WHEELS** are attached to the **WHEEL STRUTS** by folding each wheel on the perforated line, then slipping the slots **O** onto end of struts as shown in **FIG. 7.**

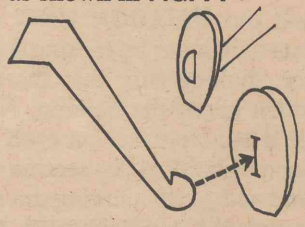


FIG. 7.

You will now discover that there are no more pieces left and the Zeppelin is still incomplete. Now is the time to remember what you did with those pieces you cut out and laid aside. As soon as you find them, or buy another Annual, take the black one marked **STACK** and roll it around a pencil. This will make a tube which you can insert, bottom-down, into the hole in the top of the boiler. Push it down as far as it will go. If it goes all the way down and out the bottom, you forgot to remove the pencil.

Carefully cut out these pieces of thread, or if you're chicken, use real thread for rigging Zeppelin.

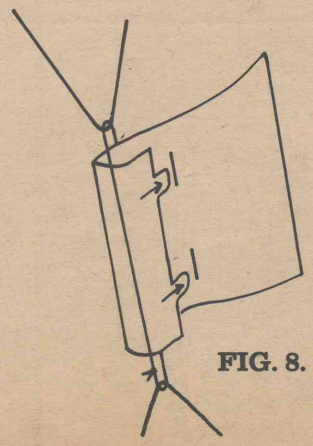


FIG. 8.

The **MAINSAIL** is attached by inserting tabs **#8** and **#9** on the sail into slots **#8** and **#9** on the yard arm. Then insert tab **#10** on lower part of sail into slot **#10** on lower part of mast.

To rig Zeppelin, follow above drawing, fastening thread through punctured tabs as shown, using a needle. **FORWARD** and **AFTER SAILS** are attached by folding on dotted lines, placing in position on rigging, and fastening with tabs into slots as shown in **FIG. 8.**

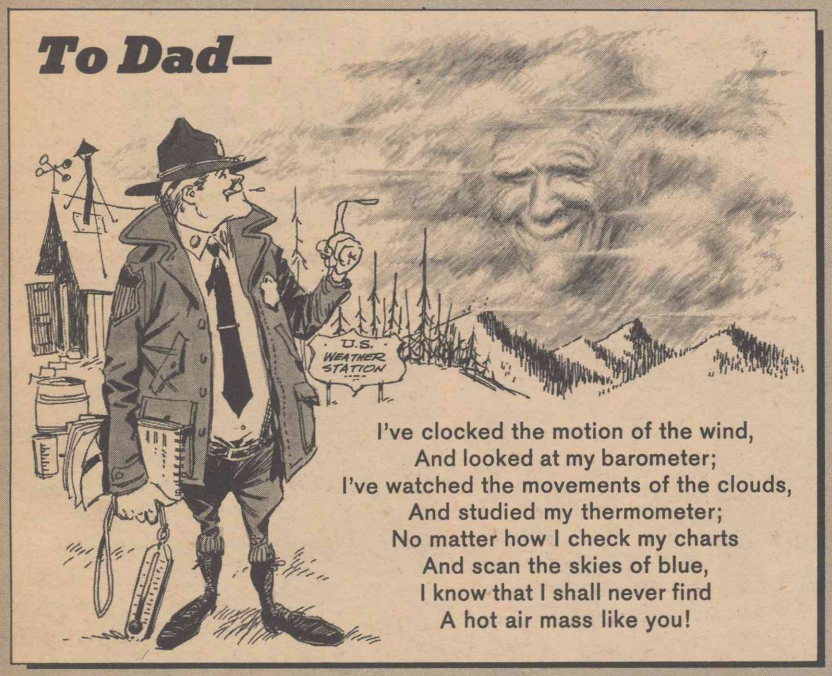
POP'S CORN DEPT.

Some time ago—mainly 33 issues back—we ran a selection of "Mother's Day Cards From Special People." Since then, we've been waiting for some reader to suggest that we run a selection of some "Father's Day Cards From Special People." Unfortunately, we have received no such letters. As a matter of fact, we've re-

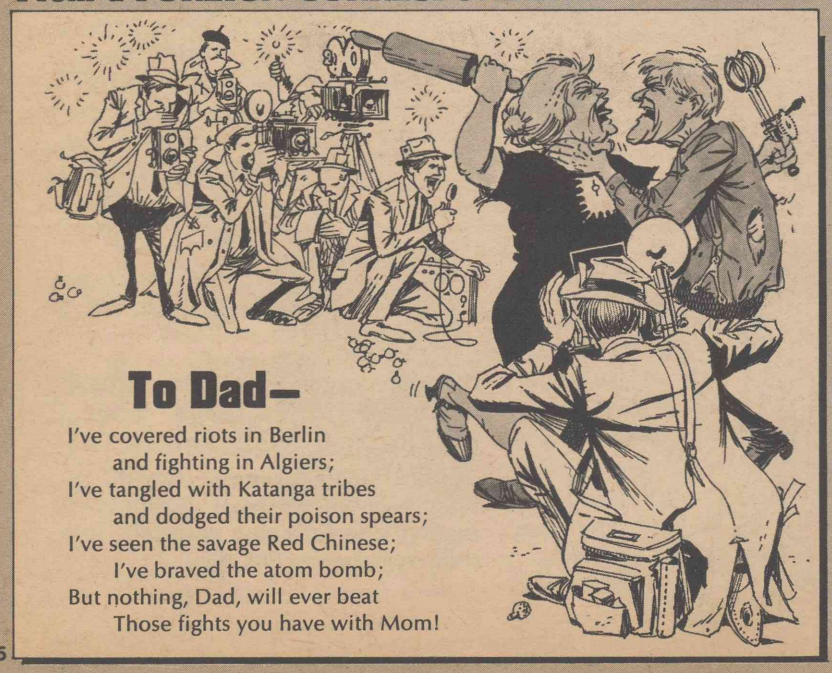
FATHER'S DAY FROM SPECIAL

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

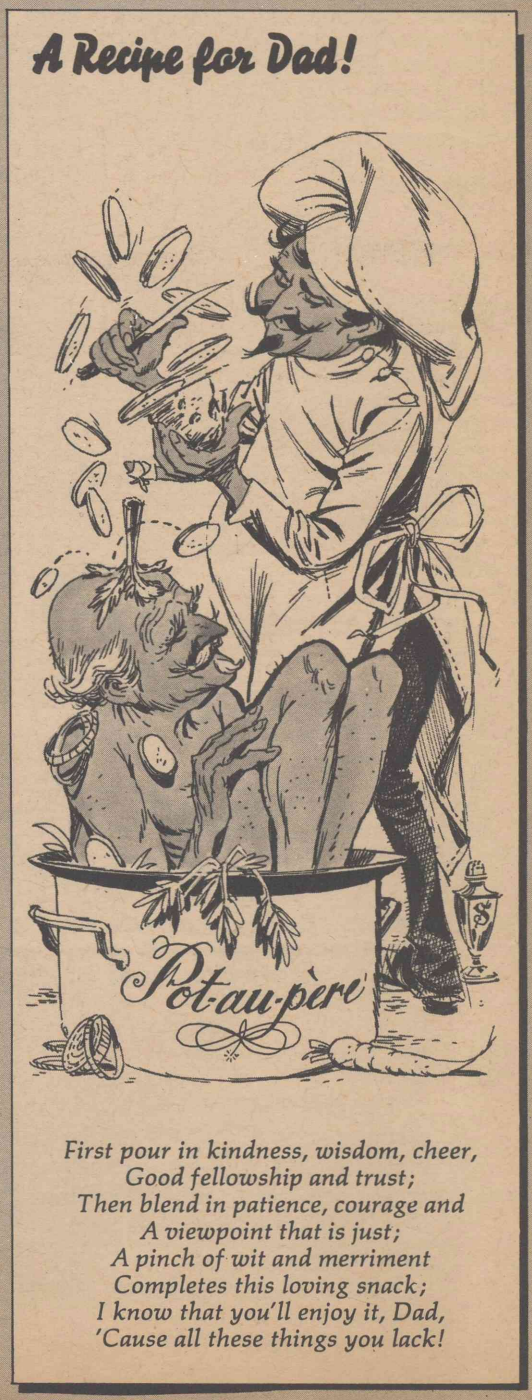
From a WEATHERMAN



From a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT



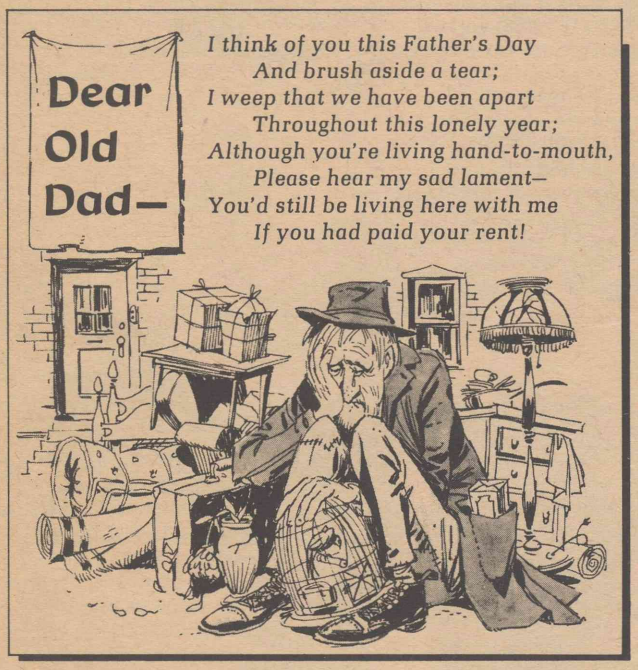
From a CHEF



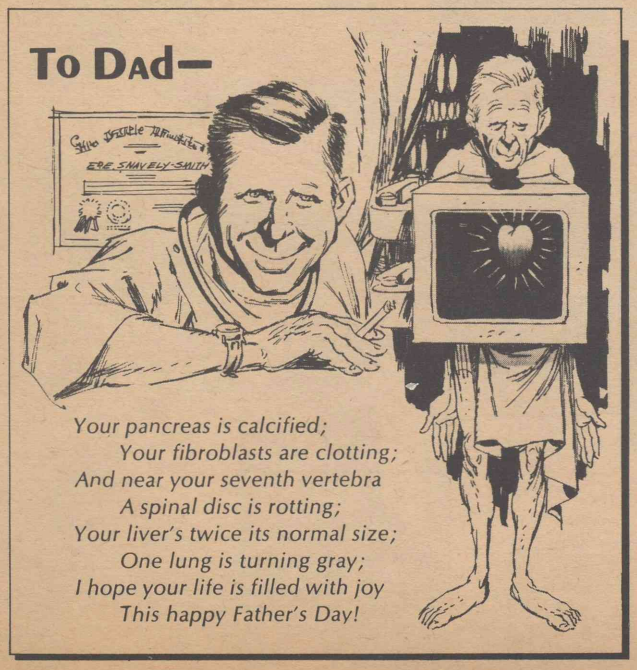
ceived hundreds of letters asking us *not* to run a selection of "Father's Day Cards From Special People," which is why we now proudly present this selection of

CARDS PEOPLE

From a LANDLORD

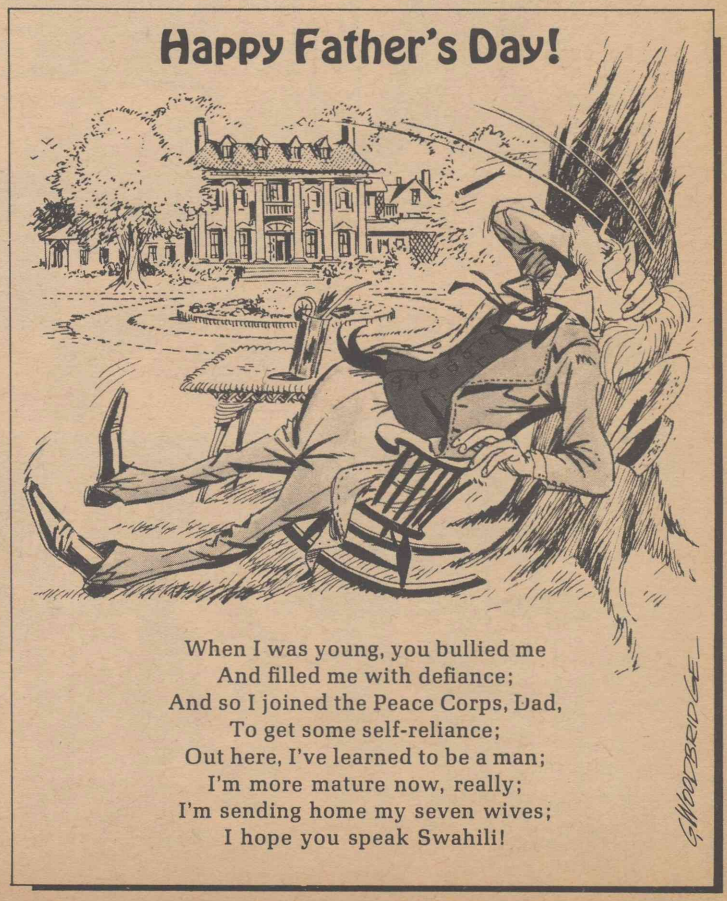


From a DOCTOR



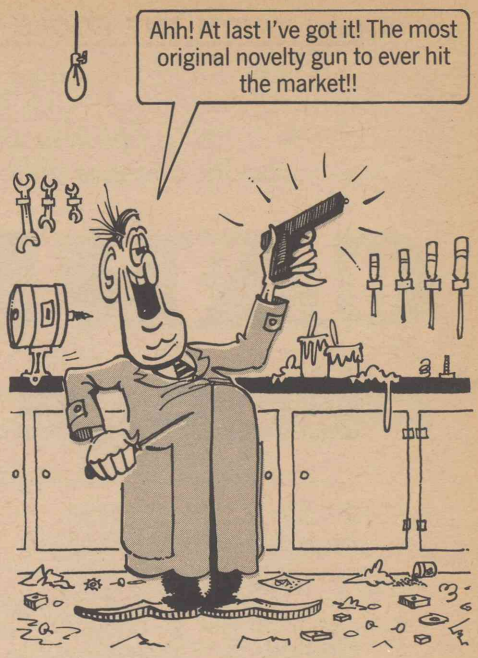
From a BUSINESSMAN

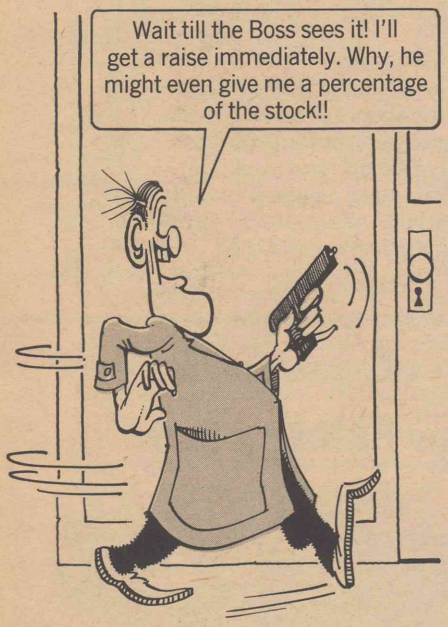
From a PEACE CORPS MEMBER

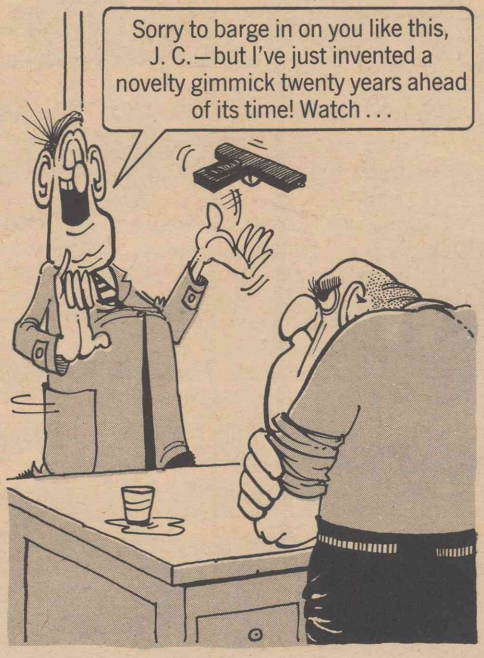


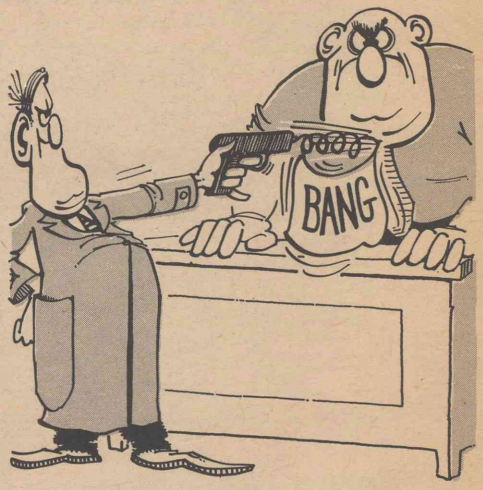
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

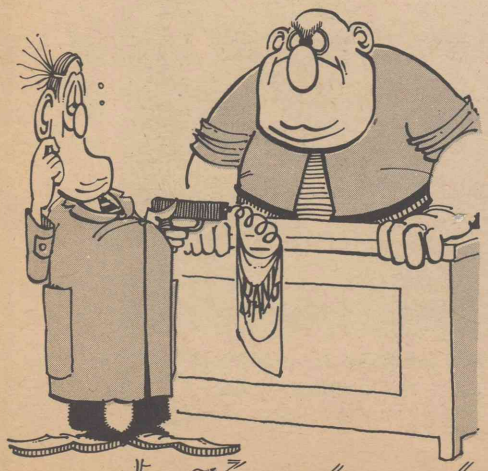
THE INVENTOR at the NOVELTY COMPANY

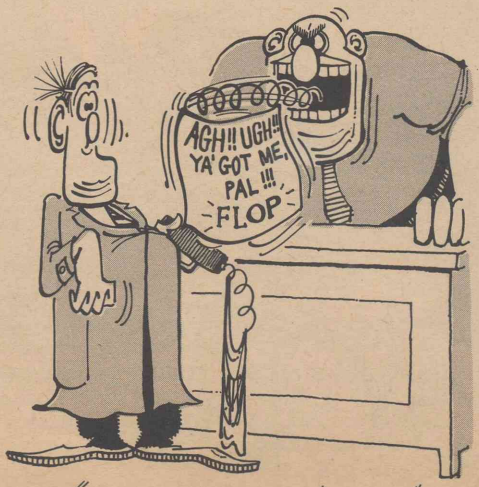


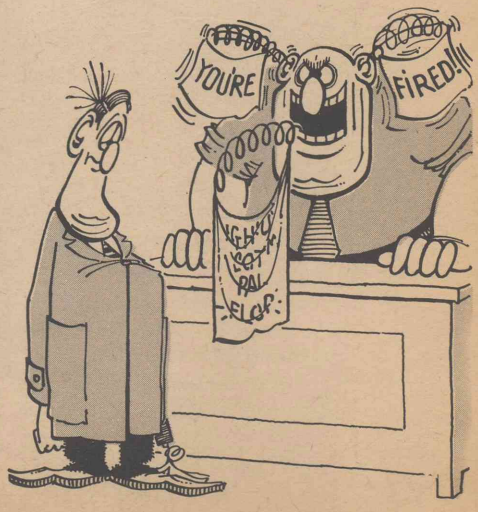












D. MARTIN

FOR WHOM THE FOOLS TOOL DEPT.

The following is a MAD version of those popular "do-it-yourself" magazines. As for the rest of this introduction, to help you get into the spirit, we've decided to let *you* do-it-yourself. Ample space follows:_____

_____

_____, so here is . . .

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

POPULAR SCIENTIFIC MECHANICS

JULY 1963 Vol. 119 No. 53

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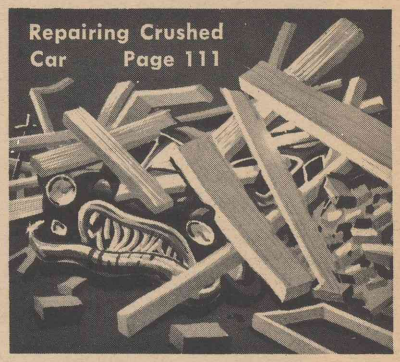
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Drill Press to Lawn Mower Page 112

NEXT MONTH: Exciting New First Aid Method

READERS' RASPINGS

OOOOOPS!

Thought you would like to see the way I finished Project #2694 from your May issue. The plans were easy to follow, but somehow I feel that I must have made an error along the way. Can you tell me where I went wrong?

Marvin Piltz
Fleabrain, Ohio

You didn't make the error, Marv—we did! Our little ol' plan-maker slipped up all along the way. Where a specification should have read 3" he stupidly wrote 3'. Sorry!

WHOA!

Last year, you published six chapters on Taxidermy, starting with the February issue. I studied real hard and finished your course, but I keep on having the same problem. I just can't get the animals to stand still long enough for me to stuff them. What's wrong?

Sidney Sproom
Gamey, Georgia

Actually, there were seven chapters on Taxidermy, starting with the January issue, Sidney. We suggest you get a hold of that first chapter as it contains an extremely important first step!

PEACHY

My family and I built this house entirely out of sandpapered peach pits following your plans (Project #1569). We can hardly wait to move in, which will be just as soon as we get out of the hospital where we are being treated for Acute Pellagra due to eating nothing but peaches for the past nine-and-a-half years.

John Malnutrition
Beri-Beri, Kansas

GRATEFUL

I made the "Nuts-And-Bolts Necklace" suggested in your last issue. It turned out to be one of the best things I ever did. I gave it to my wife on our 25th Wedding Anniversary, and my life has been a joy ever since she left me.

A. Freeman
Peaceful, Utah

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF WAITING!

THIS IS THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF JOHN W. FURD--- MALCONTENT, GEORGIA--FROM OUR C.S.I. SUCCESS FILES.

1. EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHAT WAITS? **BALONEY!** I'VE BEEN WAITIN' EIGHT YEARS AN' I'M SICK OF IT! HOW LONG CAN A WIFE, HUSBAND AND NINE KIDS LIVE ON RELIEF?

JOHN! WHEN YOU GOIN' T' GIT A JOB?

DROP DEAD!

Romper Room

2 I COULDN'T REALLY BLAME JOHN FOR NOT WANTIN' T' GO TO WORK. BEST JOB HE EVER HAD PAID LESS'N WE GET FROM RELIEF!

3 ONE DAY, ON THE WAY OUT TO THE BACK HOUSE WITH A MAGAZINE, I SAW A AD...

THIS **C.S.I.** AD SAY THEY CAN TEACH ANYONE TO MAKE BIG MONEY NO MATTER HOW STUPID AN' SHIFTLESS THEY IS! THAT FIT MY JOHN PERFECT!

4 SO I SECRETLY SENT FOR A **C.S.I.** COURSE I THOUGHT WOULD FIT JOHN'S TALENTS.

JOHN! LOOKEE HERE! A **C.S.I.** COURSE OF HOME STUDY WHAT GOIN' T' TEACH YOU TO MAKE BIG MONEY!

DROP DEAD!

5 JOHN'S COOLNESS UPSET ME! NOT ONLY WAS I STUCK WITH A UNBREAKABLE CONTRACT--BUT IT TOOK MOST OF OUR RELIEF CHECK EACH MONTH!

ONLY ONE WAY OUT! I'LL TAKE THE COURSE MYSELF!

6 A FEW MONTHS LATER, I WAS A FULL-FLEDGED **MEAT-CUTTER**--MAKIN' BIG MONEY. AND BEST OF ALL, I DON' HAVE TO SUPPORT THAT NO-GOOD LAZY BUM HUSBAND SINCE HE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED THE NIGHT I FINISHED MY LAST LESSON!

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS INTERNATIONAL CSI

2906 Depressed Area Road, Wheeling and Dealing, West Va.

I HAVE CHECKED THE BIG MONEY JOB I WANT BELOW:

- ☐ Nuclear Physicist
- ☐ Neuro-Surgeon
- ☐ Research Chemist
- ☐ Int'n'l Banker
- ☐ Financier
- ☐ Shipping Magnate
- ☐ Philosopher
- ☐ Genius
- ☐ Oil Tycoon
- ☐ Publisher
- ☐ Stockbroker
- ☐ Politician
- ☐ President
- ☐ King
- ☐ Emperor
- ☐ Dictator
- ☐ Vice Lord
- ☐ Mad Writer

Name _____ Age _____

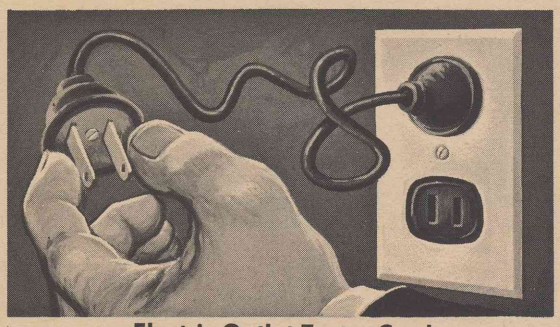
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Sex _____

Present Job _____ Salary _____

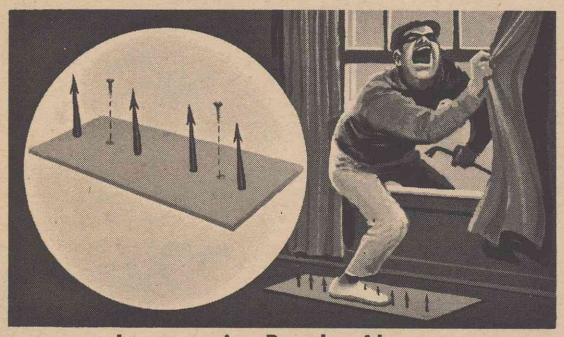
How Much You Need To Live _____ Left Over For Us _____

NEW ITEMS ON THE MARKET



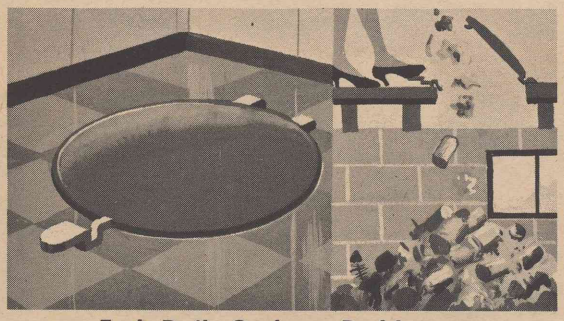
Electric Outlet Tester Cord

This simple device affords a simple, yet foolproof method for testing wall receptacles to find out whether current if flowing out or not. Available from "Hotline Industries, Inc." Dept. Bzzt, Black Hand, South Dakota. $2.95



Inexpensive Burglar Alarm

Here's a sharp little item. When placed beneath a window, it quickly discourages any burglar from breaking into your home. When you've made your point, an alarm is sounded, according to how loud the burglar yells. Now available through "Krook-Katch Industries," Dept. Y-i-i-i!, Hotfoot, Ohio, $5.95 each.



Ends Daily Garbage Problems

Installed in a corner of your kitchen floor, this attractive sunken garbage can lid ends the messy job of carrying out the garbage daily, and makes it an easy once-a-year affair, mainly when the basement is filled up. Available through "Yecchh Industries," Dept. Feh, Glop, Georgia. $11.95

FUN GUN

REAL, BUT HARMLESS!

Most States do not allow any guns sold without permits. Naturally, the type of people who read this ad, especially kids, have no such permits. But that's no reason to deny them the simple and harmless pleasure of owning and fondling and caressing their very own gun. So we've imported these lovely German automatics without firing pins. Naturally, without their firing pins, it's okay to sell them in every State, even to kids—but of course ONLY as collectors' items.

$9.98

FUN GUN • Box 5983, Luger, Wisconsin

FIRING PINS—ONLY 5c

A rare opportunity for collectors of firing pins. Our overseas buyer just happened to come upon a large collection of new firing pins that fit German automatics.

FIRING PINS, Box 5983, LUGER, WISCONSIN

NEW SECRET ARABIAN POWDER FORMULA

MAKES FISH BITE!

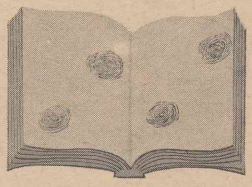
If you've ever been humiliated by fishing all day and not getting a bite, here is your chance to **get even.** This secret powder has been used by generations of Arab Bedouins. When sprinkled into water, it causes fish to suffer extreme **itching** sensation. Not having any way of scratching, the fish become frustrated, then furious. They **snap** at **anything.** No hooks or bait needed. Simply stick end of rod into water, and dozens of fish will clamp onto it. Caution: Powder's effects last for weeks, **SO SWIMMING CAN BE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS!**

ITCHY FISHY BAIT

FISHY PRODUCTS CO., SUCKERCON, ARK.

BOOK OF SOLUTIONS TO 1000 REPAIR PROBLEMS

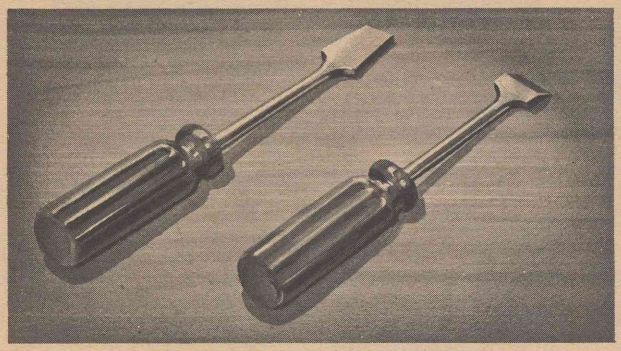
FREE!



Yes, you'll find the solution to every repair problem, and you don't need tools for any of them. Available free. Call your local telephone company and ask for

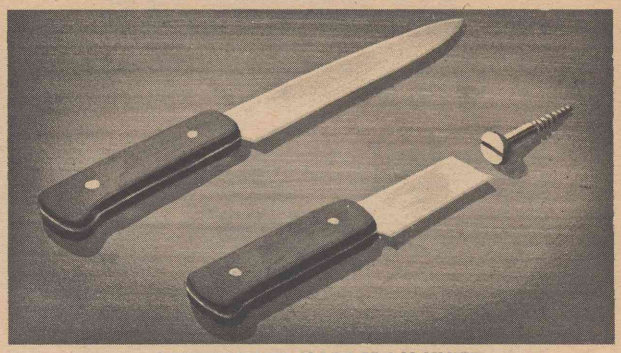
"THE CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY"

HANDY HINTS FOR HOME WORKSHOPS



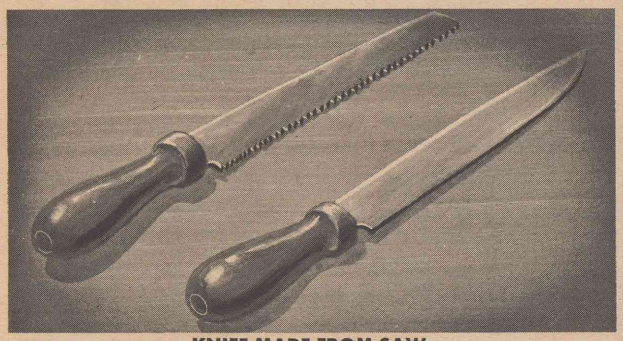
CHISEL MADE FROM SCREWDRIVER

Filing the tip of a screwdriver down to the widest part and honing it to a sharp edge is a quick, easy way to make a handy chisel.



SCREWDRIVER MADE FROM KNIFE

Now you need a screwdriver, because you made a chisel out of it. Don't fret. Simply snap off the tip of a knife flat, and you have it.

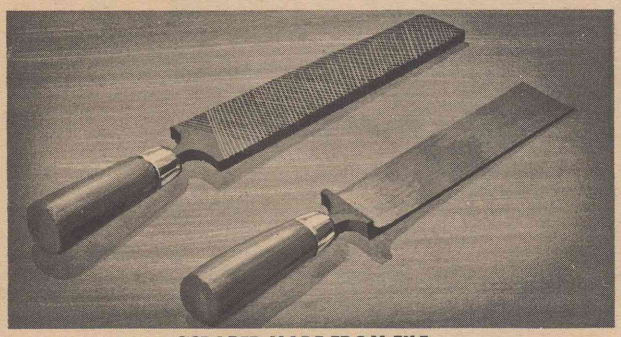


KNIFE MADE FROM SAW

You need a knife, but the one you had is now a screwdriver. Well, just file the teeth off a keyhole saw and then sharpen up the edge.

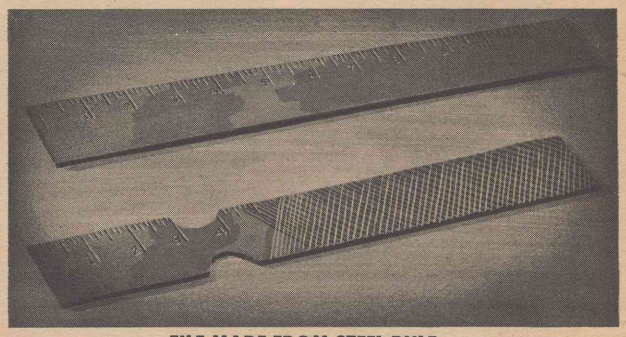
SAW MADE FROM SCRAPER

You're out a saw now, because it's a knife. Well, that's easy. Simply file some teeth into a paint scraper and you're in business.



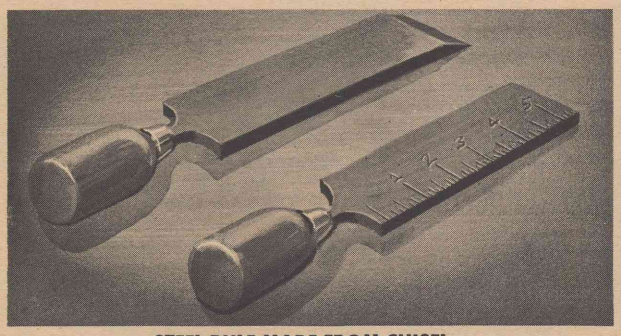
SCRAPER MADE FROM FILE

Your scraper is now a saw, so if you need one, take a flat file and grind all the cutting grooves off until it's flat and smooth.



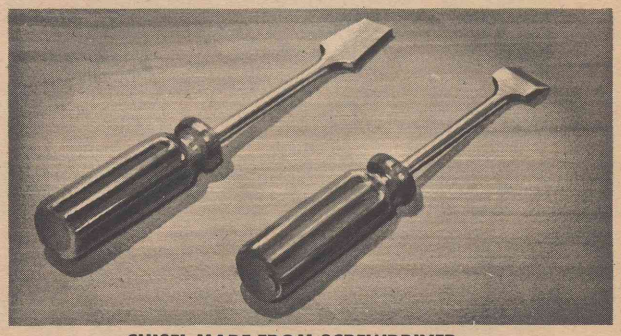
FILE MADE FROM STEEL RULE

If you find you need a file because your old one is now a scraper, take a steel straightedge and cut cross-hatch grooves into it.



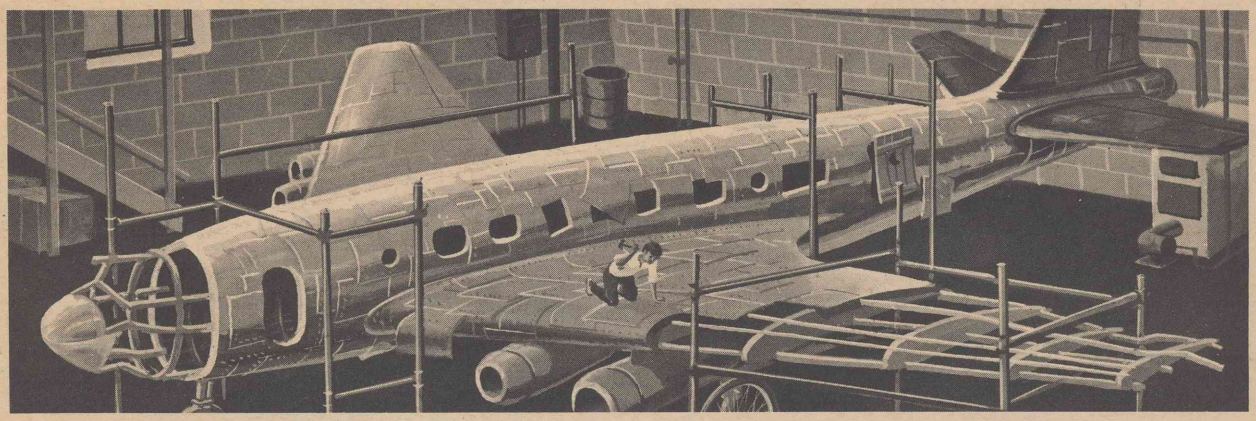
STEEL RULE MADE FROM CHISEL

Since your straightedge is now a file, and you'll be needing one, take a long chisel, mark off inches, and grind cutting edge flat.



CHISEL MADE FROM SCREWDRIVER

Filing tip of a screwdriver down to widest part and honing to a sharp edge is quickest way to make a chisel — and here we go again!



FULL SCALE *STRATOJET*

Built Entirely of Scrap Materials

THIS FULL-SCALE "STRATOJET," with a range of over 5000 miles and a cruising speed of over 600 mph, has been designed by our experts so that it can be easily constructed by our readers using nothing but scrap materials and items found around the home and in local junkyards.

The plans (complete in this issue) clearly show how these items can be adapted to the project. For example, the jet engines are made out of old tank-type vacuum cleaners. The passenger seats come from razed movie theaters that have been converted into supermarkets. Many shortcuts have been included to speed assembly. Estimated time of completion, calculated on the basis of an average family working during spare time, is 385 hours. Of course, that's an average Popular Scientific Mechanic editor's family, which numbers 345 people. The average American family would have to spend about 132,625 hours. So set aside about 14½ years, gang.

But it will be all worthwhile. The advantages of owning a craft like this are limitless. For one thing, it can be operated profitably as a commercial conveyance in certain backward nations where safety inspections are not strictly enforced. It can also be used for personal pleasure as an ideal airborne mobile home.

Now let's get started: First comes the job of collecting the junk materials necessary. A 50-ton trailer truck would be helpful, but if this is not available, you can always employ other methods

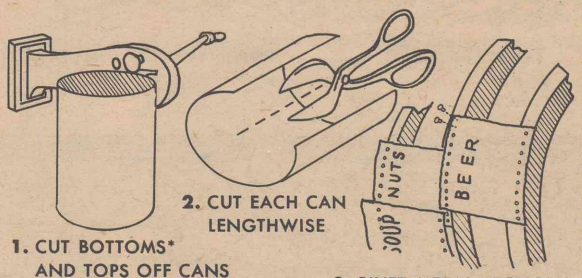
(Continued on pages 67 thru 3,488)

LIST OF MATERIALS

AIRPLANE CEMENT	None! This is a full-size model, you idiot!	TIN CANS	3,746,982
OLD THEATER SEATS	120 3-seaters for first class 40 2-seaters for economy class 2 1-seaters for lavatories	METAL RIVETS	7,463,628,100.00 (Cont. on pg. 4101)
		WHEELS	2 Volkswagen 4 Mack Truck
		PROPELLERS	Aw, c'mon, this is a jet!
COFFEE CUPS	120 plastic for 1st class 40 paper for economy class	TOOLS	One each: Hammer, pliers, scissors, pencil, drill, saw, can opener, X-acto knife set, Box of Bandaids, Scotch Tape (Cont. on page 4101)
DANISH PASTRY	120 stale one-day-old 40 fresh		

WORKING PLAN SHEET #1 VOLUME 1

FLATTENING CANS FOR "SKIN" OF PLANE



1. CUT BOTTOMS* AND TOPS OFF CANS

2. CUT EACH CAN LENGTHWISE

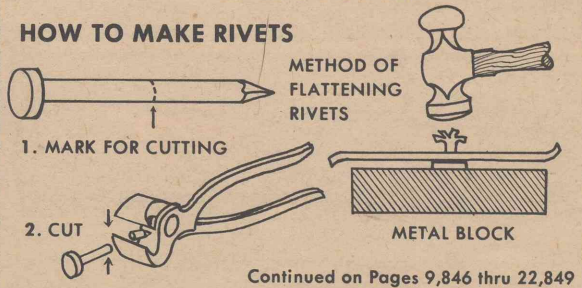
3. RIVET METAL SECTIONS TO RIBS OF PLANE

*CHECK TO SEE IF CANS ARE EMPTY TO AVOID EXTRA WORK OF CLEANING UP SPILLED GOOK.

JET POD CONSTRUCTION

ANCHOR TANK TYPE VACUUM CLEANER WITH CLIPS AND RIVETS

HOW TO MAKE RIVETS



METHOD OF FLATTENING RIVETS

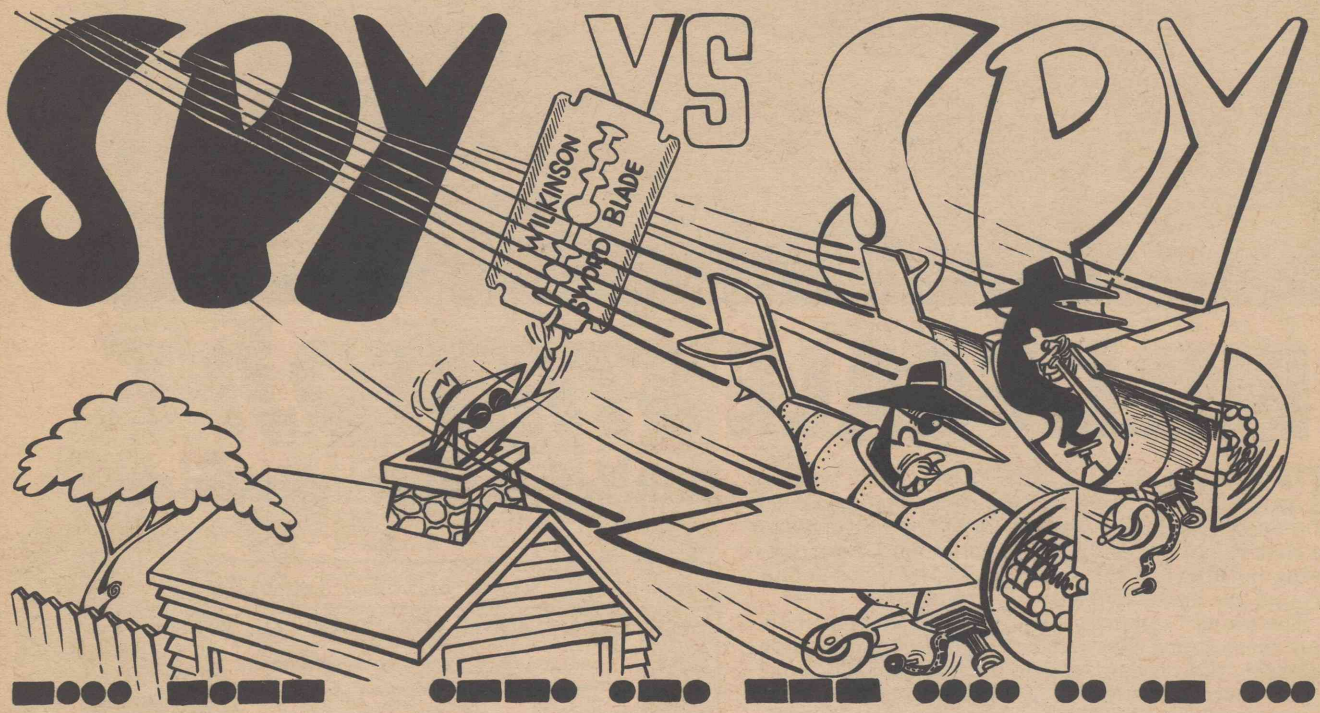
1. MARK FOR CUTTING

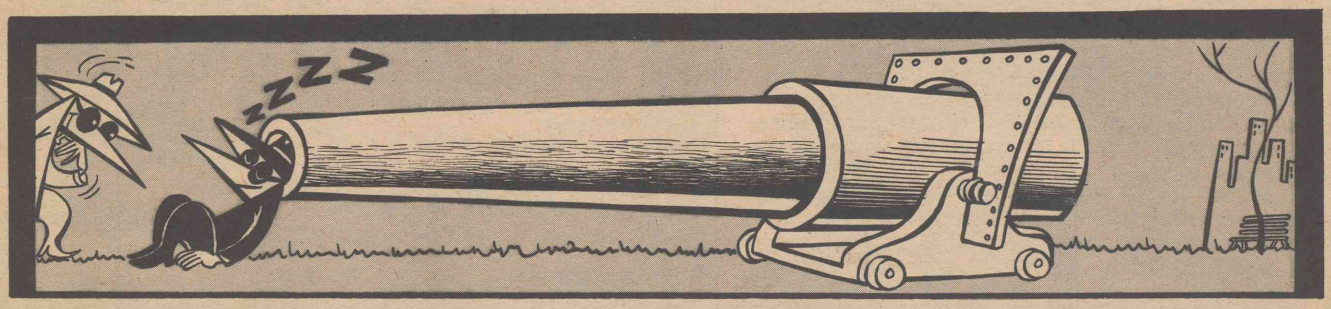
2. CUT

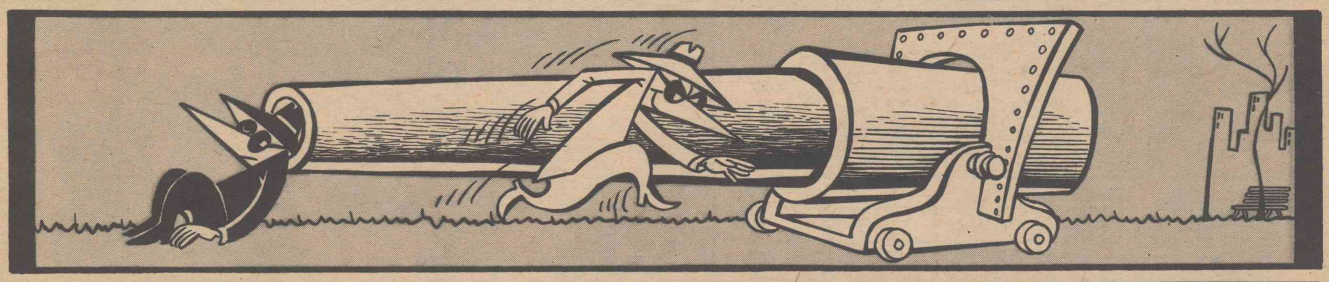
METAL BLOCK

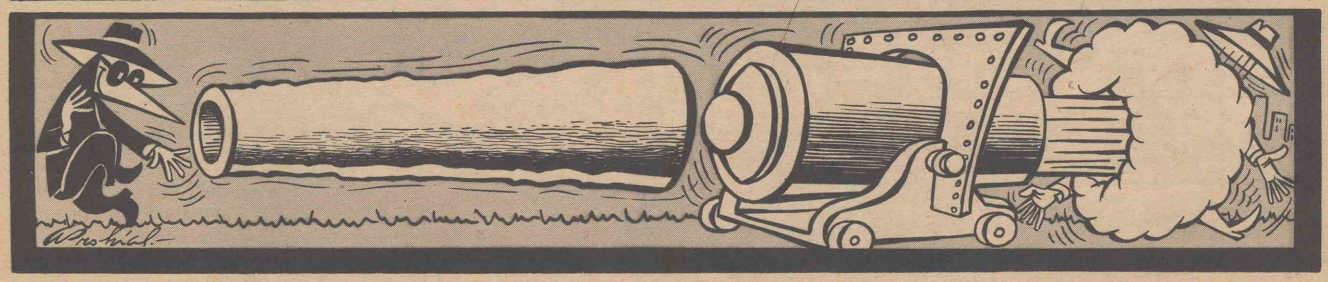
Continued on Pages 9,846 thru 22,849

Here's another installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white, both dedicated to the "cause" . . . of outwitting each other as-







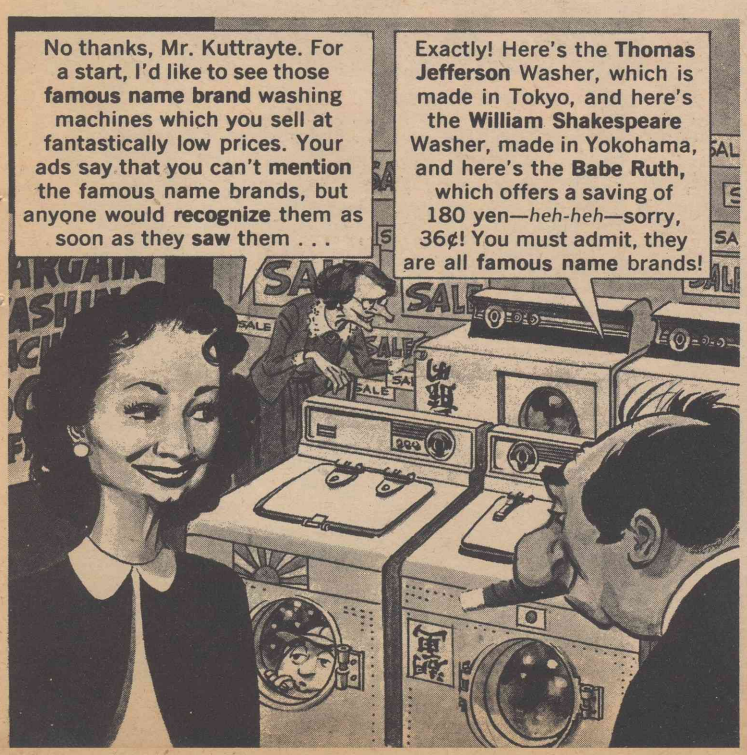


THE PRICE IS A RIOT DEPT.

A few issues back, you marvelled at the ingenious business methods employed by "MAD's Movie Theater Owner of the Year." Well, those little tricks of his were "child's play" compared to . . .

MAD'S "DISCOUNT CENTER" OWNER OF THE YEAR

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD



Vleck! What's the idea of **smiling** and **talking politely** to that customer? You know you should be **scowling** and **ignoring her!** And look how disgustingly **neat** this counter is! Mess it up, man! **Mess it up!** Make it look as if 8000 customers have been rummaging through it for fantastic **BARGAINS!**

Sorry, sir! I lost my head! If you like, I'll take a refresher course in "Counter Sloppiness and Discourtesy" at the store's Sales Training School, sir . . .

You see, Miss Killfifth, when customers come to a Discount Center, they **expect** to be treated like dirt by the clerks, and they **expect** messy counters! It's all part of the **bargain-hunting psychology!** They figure the less money we spend on good clerks and store neatness, the more **savings** we pass on to them in bargains!

For example, there's Arnold Pfefferschmidt . . . the most **successful salesman** in the whole store!

Now, I'll take you over to our "Garden Center" and explain our unique **pricing structure** here at "Kuttrayte City". It's only a short walk—about three or four miles . . .

What a hike! Am I glad I wore my Tiffany G.I.-Shoes today! Say, Mr. Kuttrayte, I notice that clock on the wall says **2:30!** That's **wrong!** It's only **1:30** now . . . !

No, that clock is **right!** Our "Garden Center" is in **another time zone!**

Now, this power mower sells everywhere for about $64. So what **we** do is write down on the price tag: **"LIST PRICE: $112. OUR PRICE: —$64.!"** See, the trick is to make up a **ridiculous list price** for the tag and then sell the item for more or less what it **usually** sells for in the **first** place!

I see. In other words, the public only **thinks** they are saving money! But what happens when you put this same power mower on a **"Special Sale"?**

Simple! We raise the list price to **$139**—and **still** sell it for **$64!** Get it?

And if we still can't sell it, all we do is change the list price to **$199,** and our price to **$139!** For some reason, most slobs won't touch a **reasonably priced** item! But sell the exact same thing for a lot **more** dough, and they **grab** it! Around here, we call this system **"The Law of Supply and Idiots"**. . .

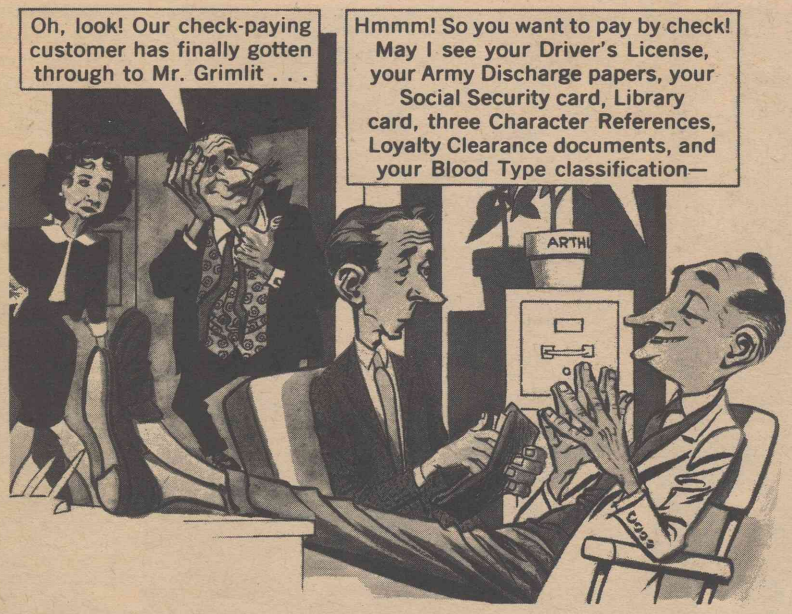
I notice you allow customers to pay by **check!**

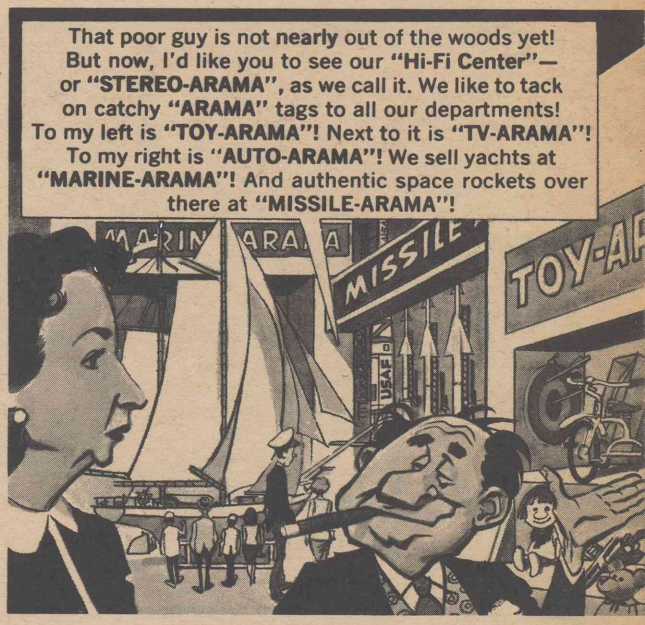
Oh, yes! But we **prefer cash!** So we have some ingenious ways of **discouraging** this practice! Watch . . .

Just one second, sir, while I get Mr. Frammis, our Counter Supervisor to contact Mr. Flooper, our Section Supervisor, to contact Mr. Grimlit, our Store Supervisor, to okay your check. You see, Mr. Grimlit is the **only** one on our staff who can **read and write!**

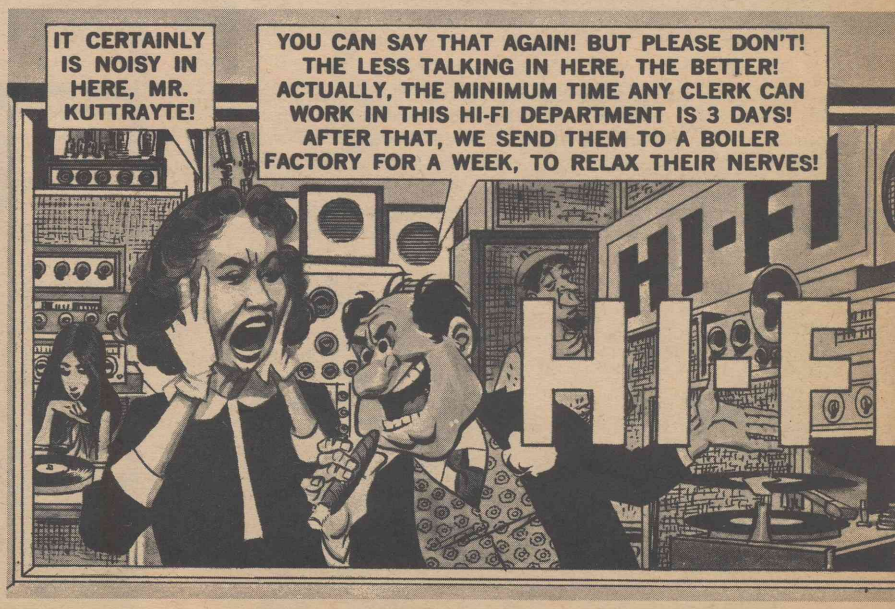
While we're waiting for Mr. Grimlit to handle that customer, I wish you'd tell me what those beat-up old **packing crates** are doing on this counter? You're not **selling** them, are you?
Miss Killfifth! We'll sell **anything** here! But obviously nobody is going to just walk up and **buy** beat-up old packing crates! We have to—*heh-heh*—encourage them. That's why we have our unique **loud-speaker system!** Listen . . .
ATTENTION! ATTENTION ALL SHOPPERS! FOR THE NEXT FIFTEEN MINUTES ONLY, THE FIRST LUCKY 25 CUSTOMERS WHO GET TO COUNTER 12 WILL BE ABLE TO BUY BEAT-UP OLD PACKING CRATES AT THE FANTASTIC LOW PRICE OF ONLY $34.00 A CRATE!!
12
Special BARGAIN
SUPER VALUE USED SEWER PIPE

I don't know Miss Killfifth! There's something about an **announcement** over a **loud-speaker** that arouses the **buying instincts** of the public, no matter **what** we're selling! So far this year, I've cleared **$90,000** on junk like this . . . not to mention the $1400 I've saved on **Garbage Removal Service** . . .

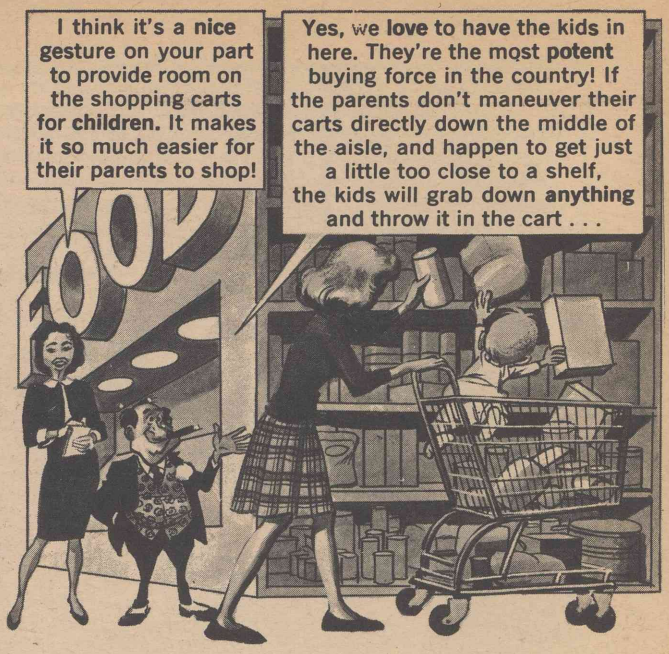

Oh, look! Our check-paying customer has finally gotten through to Mr. Grimlit . . .
Hmmm! So you want to pay by check! May I see your Driver's License, your Army Discharge papers, your Social Security card, Library card, three Character References, Loyalty Clearance documents, and your Blood Type classification—


That poor guy is not **nearly** out of the woods yet! But now, I'd like you to see our **"Hi-Fi Center"**—or **"STEREO-ARAMA"**, as we call it. We like to tack on catchy **"ARAMA"** tags to all our departments! To my left is **"TOY-ARAMA"**! Next to it is **"TV-ARAMA"**! To my right is **"AUTO-ARAMA"**! We sell yachts at **"MARINE-ARAMA"**! And authentic space rockets over there at **"MISSILE-ARAMA"**!
MISSILE
TOY-AR

What's this section you're building here?
This will be our new **"Discount Funeral Parlor"**! We're going to call it **"DEATH-ARAMA"**!
RAM-ARAMA
CAMERAMA
SINNERAMA

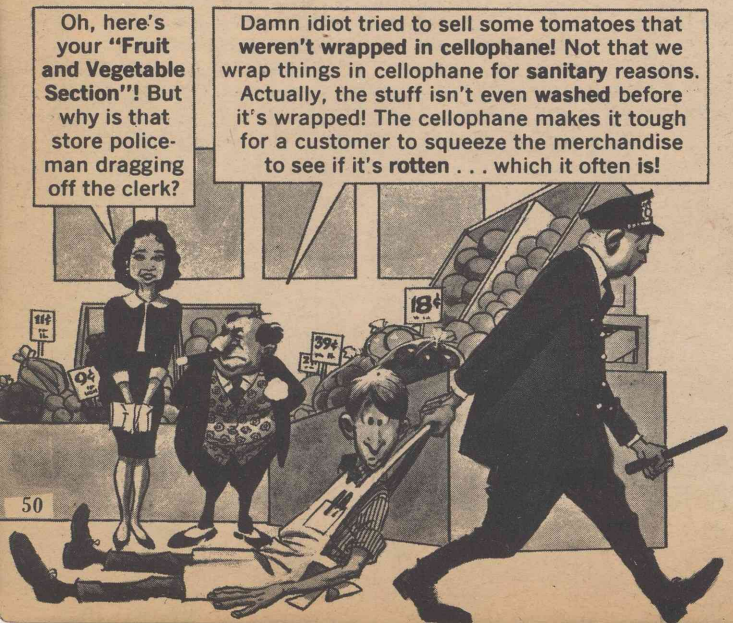

IT CERTAINLY IS NOISY IN HERE, MR. KUTTRAYTE!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! BUT PLEASE DON'T! THE LESS TALKING IN HERE, THE BETTER! ACTUALLY, THE MINIMUM TIME ANY CLERK CAN WORK IN THIS HI-FI DEPARTMENT IS 3 DAYS! AFTER THAT, WE SEND THEM TO A BOILER FACTORY FOR A WEEK, TO RELAX THEIR NERVES!
HI-FI
HI-FI

WHY DO YOU HAVE ALL THE HI-FI SETS GOING AT ONCE, FULL BLAST?
THAT'S SO THE CUSTOMERS CAN'T HEAR HOW BAD THE SOUND REPRODUCTION IS ON INDIVIDUAL MODELS. YOU SEE, THESE ARE ALL FAMOUS NAME BRAND HI-FI SETS! FOR EXAMPLE, HERE'S THE ALEXANDER THE GREAT STEREO-MASTER . . . AND HERE'S THE LOUIS PASTEUR HOME MUSIC CENTER . . .
I THINK I KNOW HOW THAT BIT GOES! MAY I SEE THE FOOD SECTION NOW, PLEASE . . .
LET'S DO THE TWIST
THE MONSTER MASH
SOLE MIO


I think it's a **nice** gesture on your part to provide room on the shopping carts for **children.** It makes it so much easier for their parents to shop!
Yes, we **love** to have the kids in here. They're the most **potent** buying force in the country! If the parents don't maneuver their carts directly down the middle of the aisle, and happen to get just a little too close to a shelf, the kids will grab down **anything** and throw it in the cart . . .
FOOD

Of course—*heh-heh*—we sort of **help things along** with our **carts!** You'll notice that every one moving now has a **crooked front wheel!** We have a special company in Muncie, Indiana, that builds nothing but **crooked-wheeled shopping carts** for us. They've got it down to a science. No cart can move three feet without veering off to the side . . . towards a shelf!
Oh, **look,** Mr. Kuttrayte! Your company **goofed!** There's a woman wheeling a cart with **straight wheels!**

Miss Killfifth, mistakes can happen! We're only human! But **don't worry about her!** We'll get her in the **next aisle!** Come, I'll show you . . .
You mean?
Exactly! We always jam the middle of an aisle with **boxes** . . . you know, pretending we are re-stocking the shelves! Then we station clearks all around to **guard** them! Believe me, there's **no way** for this woman to escape from this aisle with less than 39 cans of salted peanuts **now!**

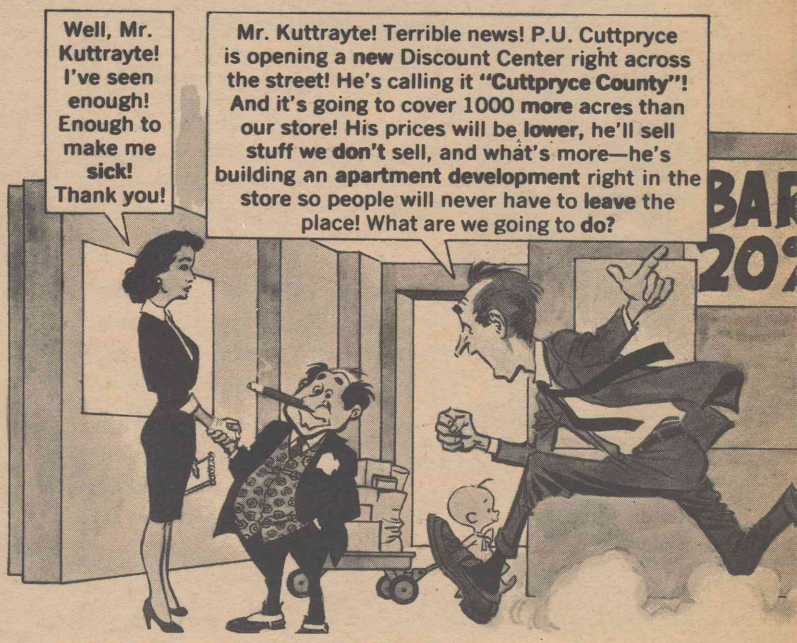

Oh, here's your **"Fruit and Vegetable Section"!** But why is that store policeman dragging off the clerk?
Damn idiot tried to sell some tomatoes that **weren't wrapped in cellophane!** Not that we wrap things in cellophane for **sanitary** reasons. Actually, the stuff isn't even **washed** before it's wrapped! The cellophane makes it tough for a customer to squeeze the merchandise to see if it's **rotten** . . . which it often **is!**
18¢
39¢

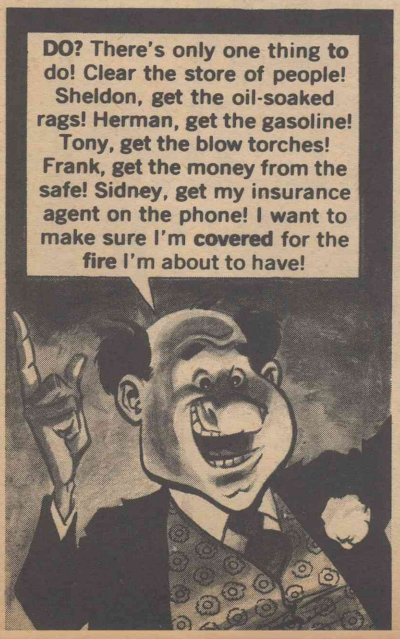
And this, I assume; is your check-out counter!
Right! And I'm particularly proud of this department! Not only are these checkers **fast,** but they're also very **imaginative!** Angela, here, is my most **creative** checker! Look at that . . . $4.59 for a can of peas! $5.12 for a grapefruit! Oh, look at that! $11.29 for a box of tooth-picks! Genius! Sheer genius! Yes, sir—if we don't get the customers **inside,** we hook 'em **out here!**

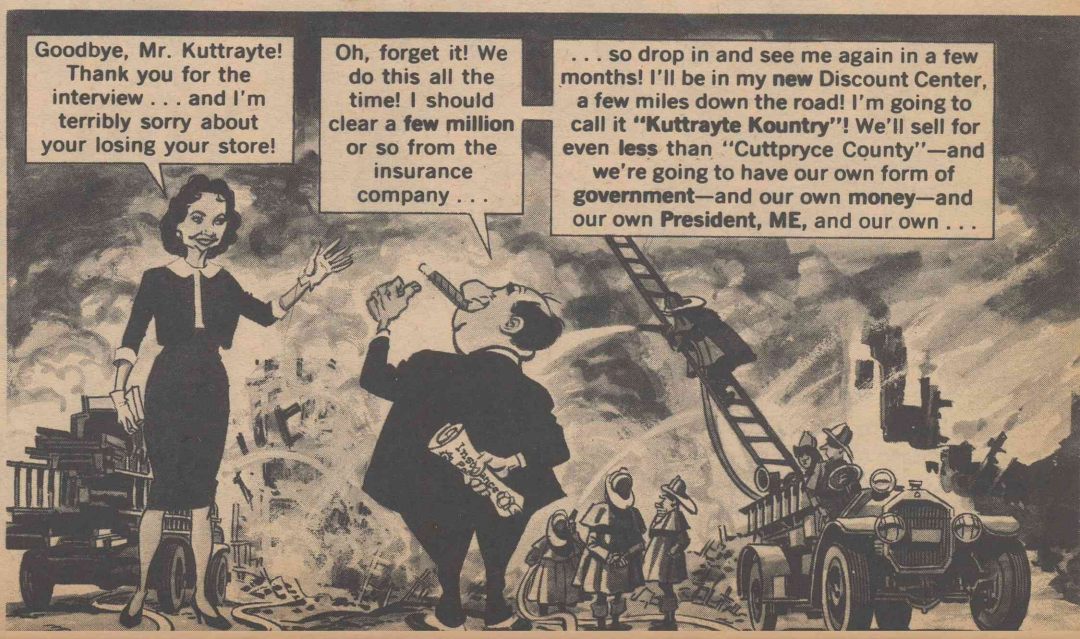
I don't understand! Don't the people **know** they're being charged ridiculous prices?
No, these girls work their machines much **too fast!** And even when a customer gets home . . . with eight huge bags of food, who bothers to **check over** a long list of tabulated prices? Know what I mean?

Amazing! Oh, I see you give **trading stamps,** too!
Oh, yes! And the folks who collect them get all kinds of wonderful free gifts! Of course, we have to foot the bill for the gifts . . . so what we do is tack a few cents on the price of each item, and we manage . . . we manage! Actually, it's a great set-up! It costs each customer an extra $50 or so a year for a "free" $25 gift . . . if she ever finishes saving for it in the first place!
STAMPS
FREE PRE

Oh, there's that customer again—the one who wants to pay by check!
Now, sir, if you don't mind, we're going to take your picture for identification purposes. After that, we'll fingerprint you. Then there'll be a physical check-up out in back! You will fall out in raincoat and helmet liner, carrying a spoon. Then, . . .
STOP! STOP! I'LL PAY CASH!!


Well, Mr. Kuttrayte! I've seen enough! Enough to make me **sick!** Thank you!
Mr. Kuttrayte! Terrible news! P.U. Cuttpryce is opening a **new** Discount Center right across the street! He's calling it **"Cuttpryce County"!** And it's going to cover 1000 **more** acres than our store! His prices will be **lower,** he'll sell stuff we **don't** sell, and what's more—he's building an **apartment development** right in the store so people will never have to **leave** the place! What are we going to **do?**


DO? There's only one thing **to** do! Clear the store of people! Sheldon, get the oil-soaked rags! Herman, get the gasoline! Tony, get the blow torches! Frank, get the money from the safe! Sidney, get my insurance agent on the phone! I want to make sure I'm **covered** for the **fire** I'm about to have!


Goodbye, Mr. Kuttrayte! Thank you for the interview . . . and I'm terribly sorry about your losing your store!
Oh, forget it! We do this all the time! I should clear a **few million** or so from the insurance company . . .
. . . so drop in and see me again in a few months! I'll be in my **new** Discount Center, a few miles down the road! I'm going to call it **"Kuttrayte Kountry"!** We'll sell for even **less** than "Cuttpryce County"—and we're going to have our own form of **government**—and our own **money**—and our own **President, ME,** and our own . . .

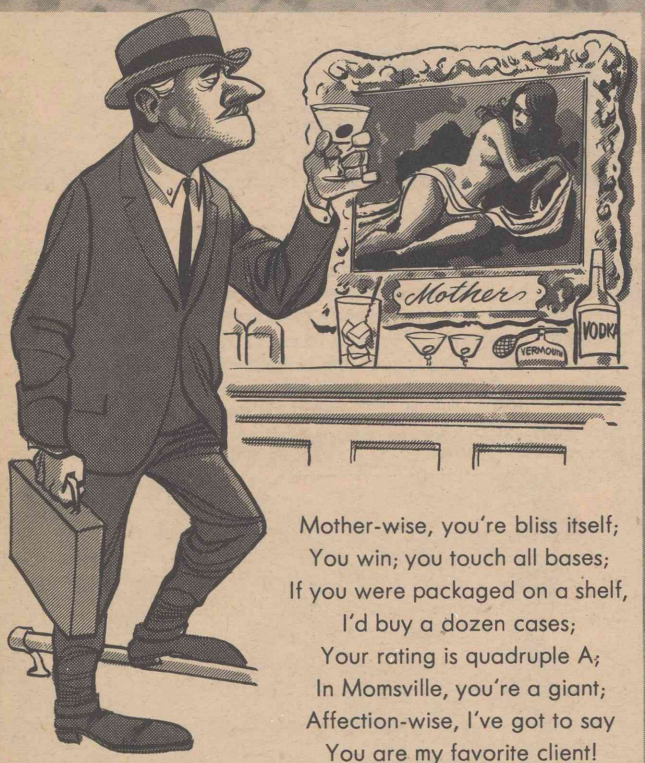
MOM'S THE WORD DEPT.

After seeing our Custom-Made Christmas Cards (MAD #44) and our Business Valentines (MAD #45), many readers were kind enough to write in suggesting that we do something for Mothers Day — mainly, leave it alone! And so, in answer to their requests, here is a random selection of . . .

Mothers Day

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

FROM AN ADVERTISING MAN



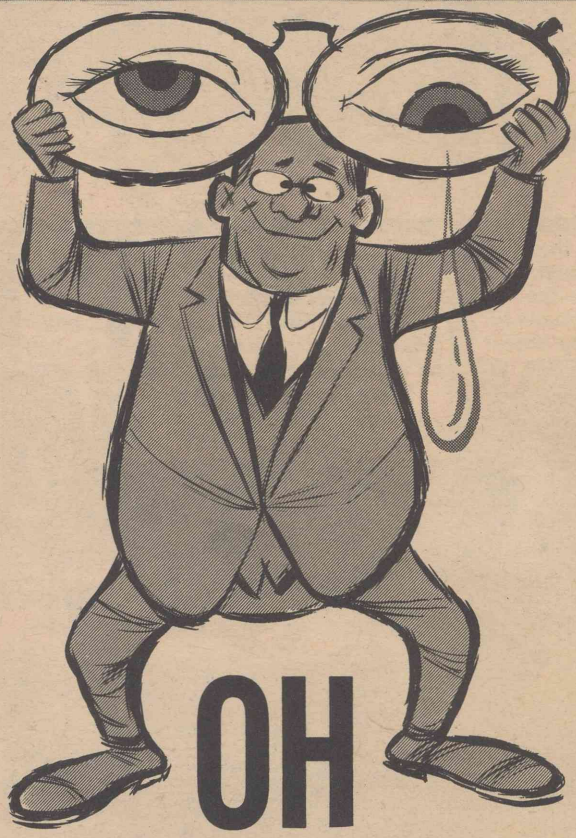
Mother-wise, you're bliss itself;
You win; you touch all bases;
If you were packaged on a shelf,
I'd buy a dozen cases;
Your rating is quadruple A;
In Momsville, you're a giant;
Affection-wise, I've got to say
You are my favorite client!

FROM A HISTORY BOOK WRITER

I send you love on Mothers Day; 1
We've been apart, it's sad to state; 2
I plan to come and see you soon; 3
Please meet the plane when I arrive. 4

1. The second Sunday of Each May
2. Since August, 1948
3. Expect me on the 5th of June
4. TWA, Flight 605

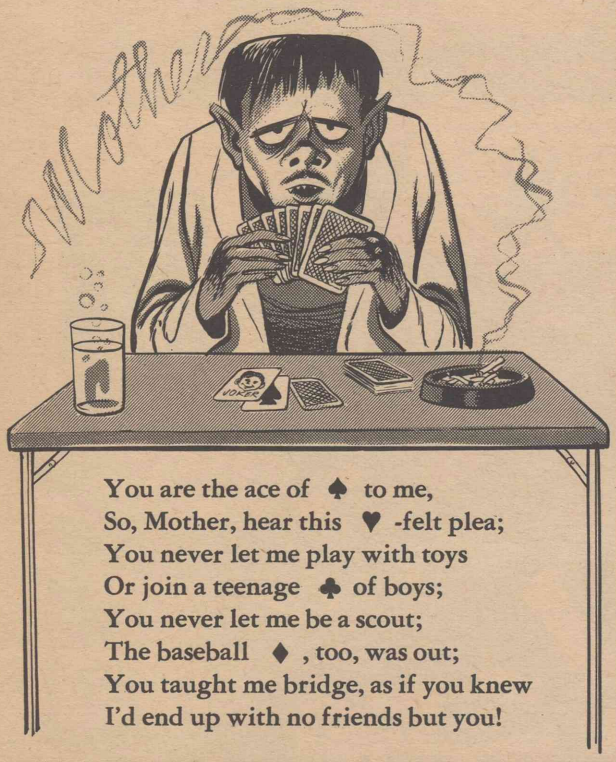
FROM AN OPTICIAN



OH MOTHER YOU ARE ON MY MIND WITH EVERY LENS I HAVE TO GRIND; EACH TIME I START TO FIT A FRAME, I THINK OF YOU; I SPEAK YOUR NAME: I HOPE YOUR DAY IS FILLED WITH PLENTY: IF YOU READ THIS, YOU'RE TWENTY-TWENTY!

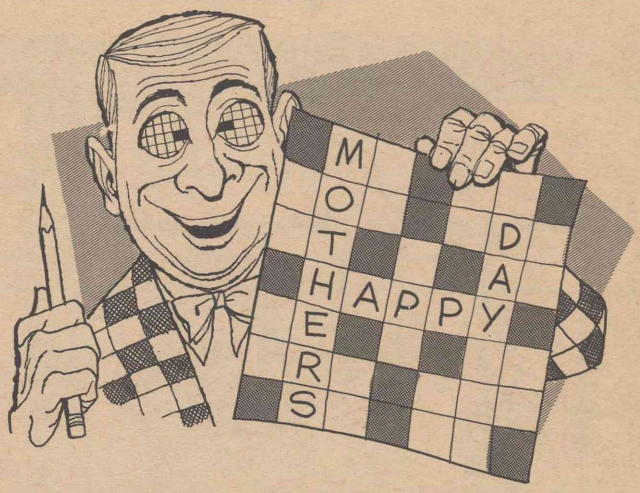
Cards FROM SPECIAL PEOPLE

FROM A BRIDGE PLAYER



You are the ace of ♠ to me,
So, Mother, hear this ♥ -felt plea;
You never let me play with toys
Or join a teenage ♣ of boys;
You never let me be a scout;
The baseball ♦ , too, was out;
You taught me bridge, as if you knew
I'd end up with no friends but you!

FROM A CROSSWORD PUZZLE FAN



I'm sending you, Oh Mother mine,
This brief **epistle** *(greeting)*;
Your charm will never **flag** *(decline)*
Nor be **fugacious** *(fleeting)*;
I think that you are **dulcet** *(sweet)*;
Your smile is **fulgent** *(sunny)*;
But as for me, I'm **torpid** *(beat)*,
So please send **lucre** *(money)!*

FROM AN ASTROLOGER

I've checked the movements of the stars;
The sun is in Aquarius;
I've also found the planet Mars
Is crossing Sagittarius;

Your horoscope, I have to say,
Looks bad, the way I read it;
So best of luck, this Mothers Day;
It looks like you will need it!

FROM A PSYCHIATRIST

This Mothers Day, I ask you please,
Try not to feel depressed;
Control those manic tendencies,
Those surges of unrest;
Those outbursts of hostility,
Those tantrums that you throw;
Oh, Mother, you will always be
The greatest gal I know!

FROM A GANGSTER

Oh, Mother, I recall wit' joy
Jus' how you trained me as a boy;
Wuz you who taught me all I know,
Like robbin' banks and layin' low;
Wuz you who taught me forgery;
Wuz also you who squealed on me,
And sent me to the local pen,
Where now I'm servin' 5 to 10!

FROM A CAPE CANAVERAL SCIENTIST

The count-down has begun, oh Mom;
The firing time draws near;
The yelling through the intercom
Reminds me of you, Dear;
Remember how you'd scream and then
Predict how I would reach the height . . .
(4——3——2——1 . . . **Not again!!**)
. . . of failure? Mother, you were right!

FROM A GREETING CARD WRITER

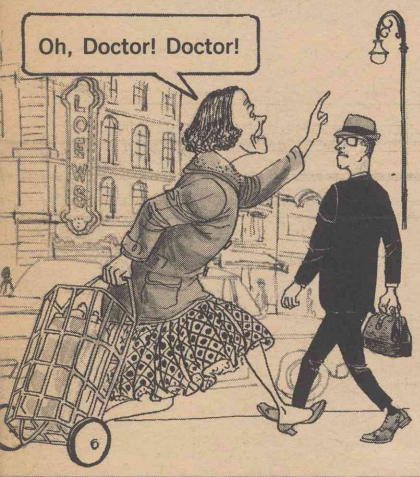
Dear Mom:
I hope you enjoy yourself
on Mother's Day.
your loving son,
Frank

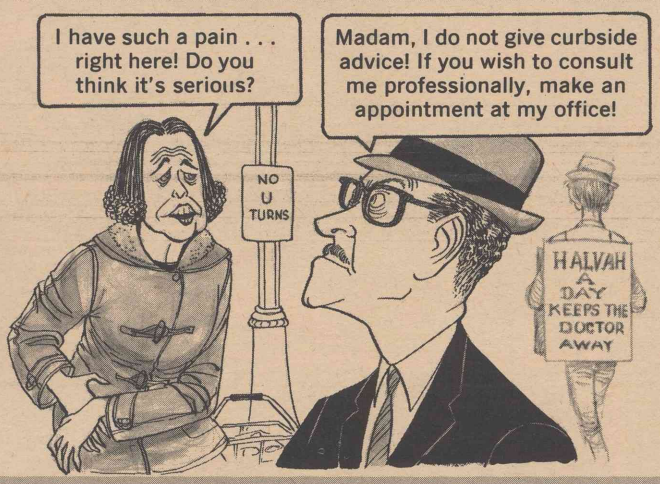
THE SUICIDE

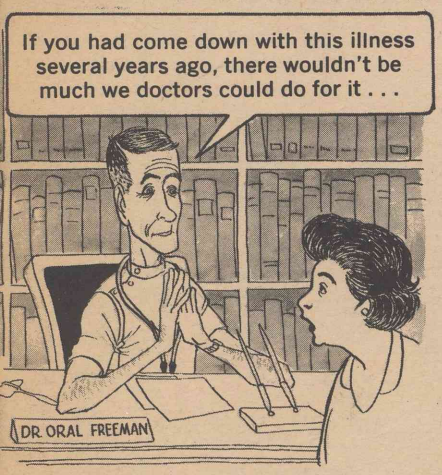
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

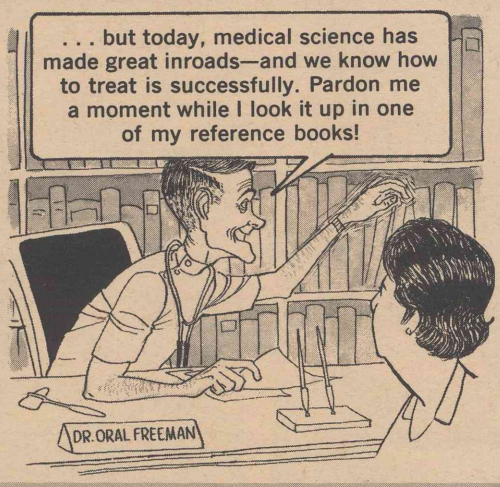
David Berg has always had a certain animosity toward Doctors, ever since one of them slapped him around when he was born! And he's carried this grudge to an extreme — never having been sick a single day in his life! Weeks and months, yes — but not one single day! Anyway, now Dave slaps back with a "Berg's-Eye View" of the Medical Profession which examines . . .

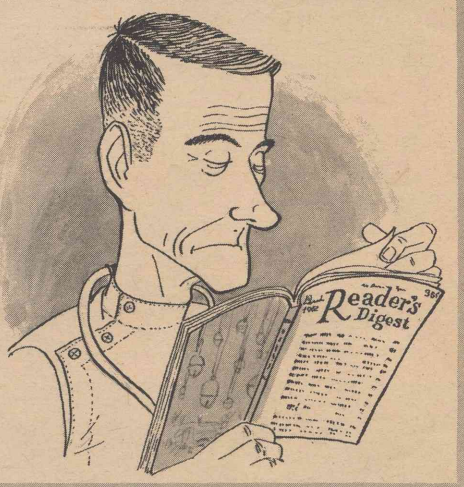
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

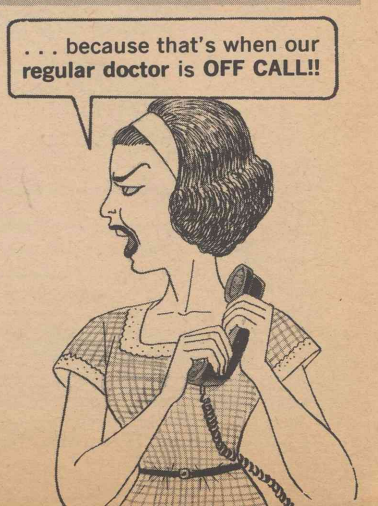






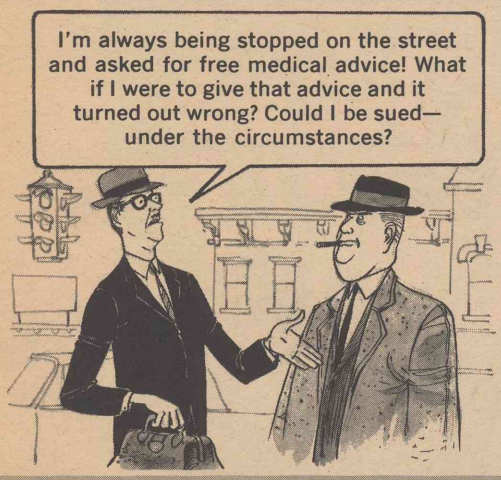


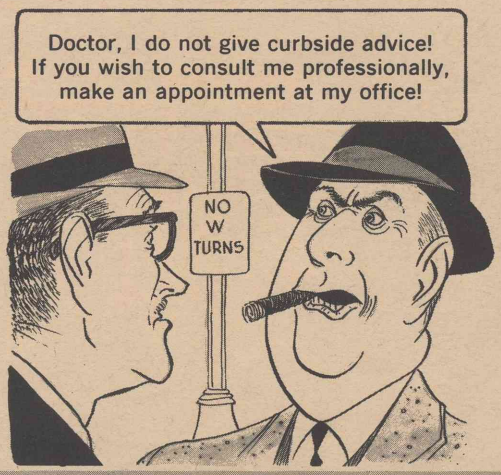


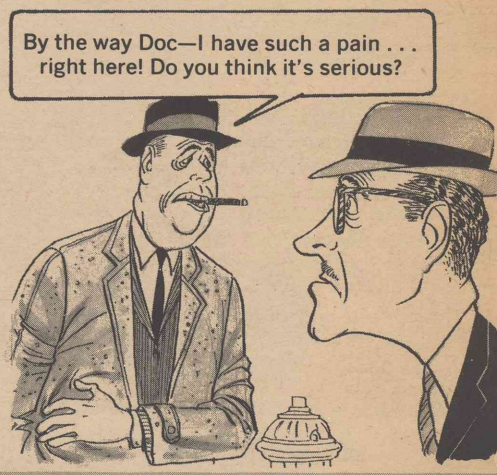


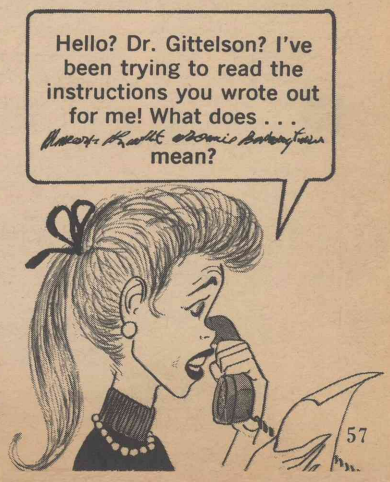
FAMILY DOCTORS

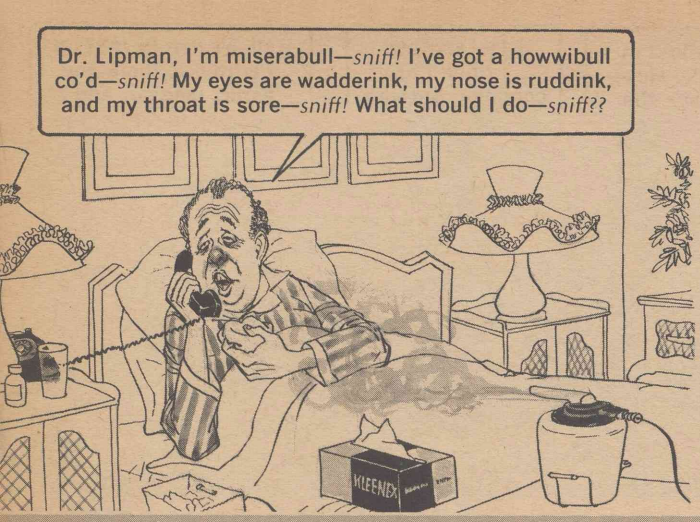
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG





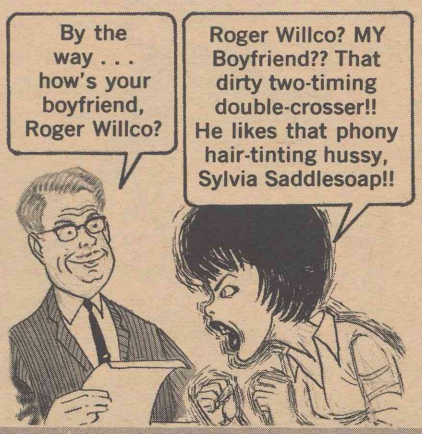


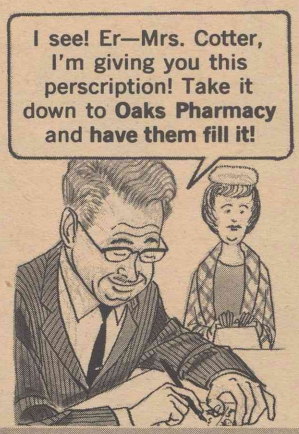


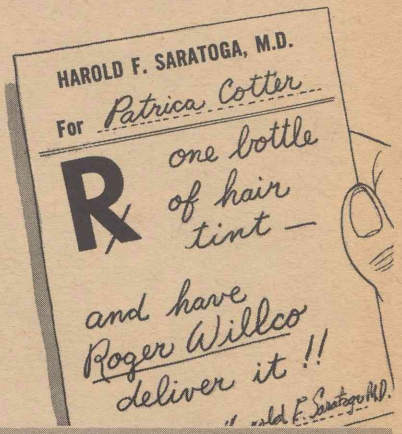

Dr. Lipman, I'm miserabull—*sniff!* I've got a howwibull co'd—*sniff!* My eyes are wadderink, my nose is ruddink, and my throat is sore—*sniff!* What should I do—*sniff??*
KLEENEX

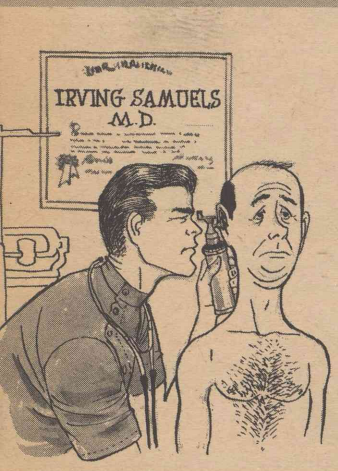
The best thi'g you can do fo' a co'd—*sniff*—is to take two aspirids—*sniff*—and go to bed and stay dere—*sniff!*
WAITING ROOM
PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF
KLEENEX

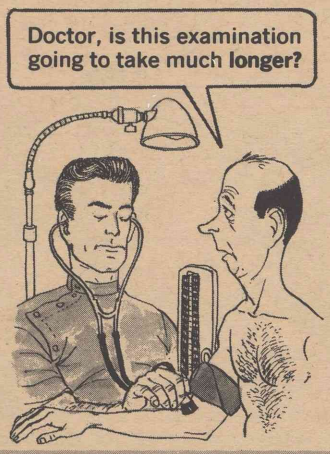
Well, young lady! I don't find anything **physically** wrong with you! Certainly, a 16-year-old should have **more up-and-at-'em!**
But, I feel **awful,** Doctor!


By the way . . . how's your boyfriend, Roger Willco?
Roger Willco? MY Boyfriend?? That dirty two-timing double-crosser!! He likes that phony hair-tinting hussy, Sylvia Saddlesoap!!

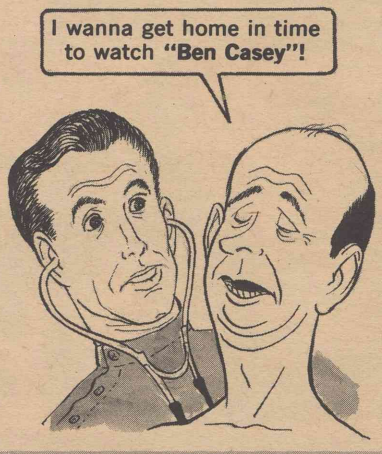

I see! Er—Mrs. Cotter, I'm giving you this perscription! Take it down to **Oaks Pharmacy** and **have them fill it!**


HAROLD F. SARATOGA, M.D.
For Patrica Cotter
℞ one bottle of hair tint —
and have Roger Willco deliver it !!

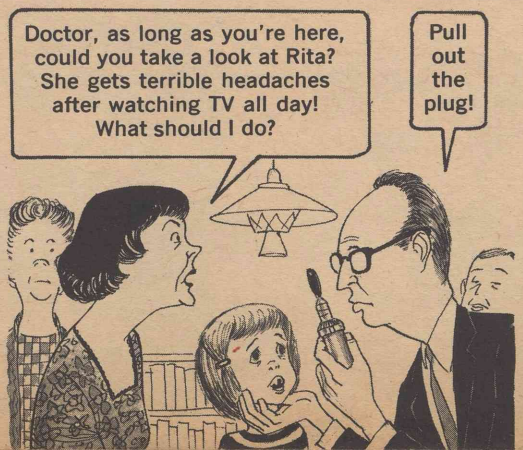

IRVING SAMUELS M.D.

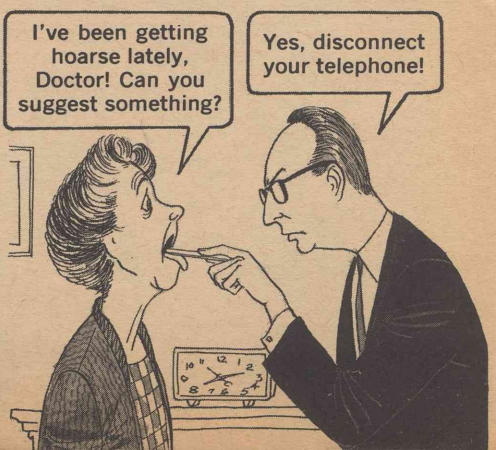

Doctor, is this examination going to take much **longer?**

Why? What's your hurry?

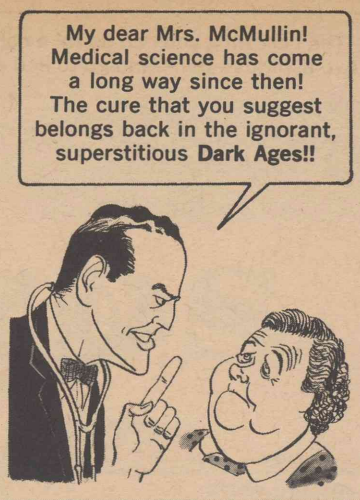

I wanna get home in time to watch **"Ben Casey"!**

Oh, hello, Doctor! As long as you're here . . . why do I keep gaining weight?
You have a severe case of open mouth! Try to keep cake and candy away from it!

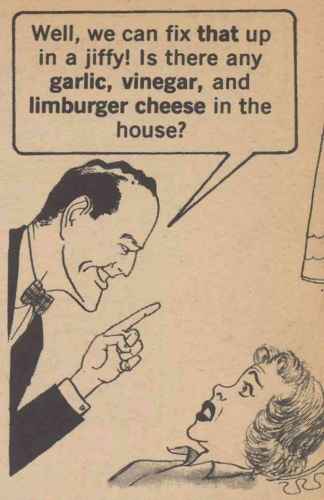

Doctor, as long as you're here, could you take a look at Rita? She gets terrible headaches after watching TV all day! What should I do?
Pull out the plug!


I've been getting hoarse lately, Doctor! Can you suggest something?
Yes, disconnect your telephone!

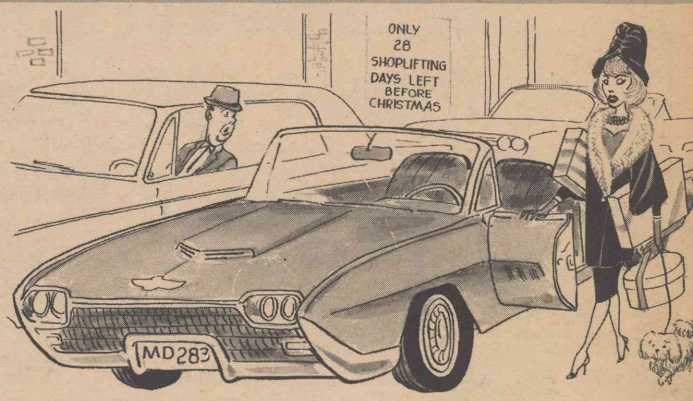
Penicillin for a sore throat! Ridiculous! In the old country, we used to take garlic, vinegar, and limburger cheese—grind it all together—put the mixture in a hot towel—and wrap it around the neck! It worked every time!


My dear Mrs. McMullin! Medical science has come a long way since then! The cure that you suggest belongs back in the ignorant, superstitious Dark Ages!!

Hello! I'm home! Hey—what's the matter with you ?
I feel terrible! I think I'm coming down with a sore throat!!

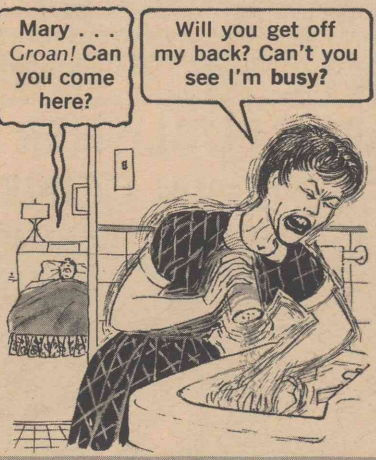

Well, we can fix that up in a jiffy! Is there any garlic, vinegar, and limburger cheese in the house?

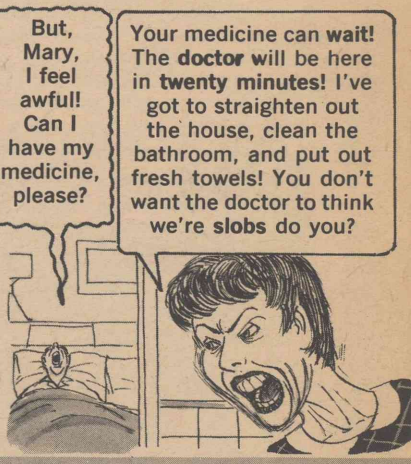
Officer, this car that's double-parked is blocking traffic! Why don't you give the owner a ticket?
Can't you see it's got an "M.D." license plate? The doctor is probably on an emergency call!
WE SELL FLEECE-LINED, OPEN-TOED GALOSHES
MD 283

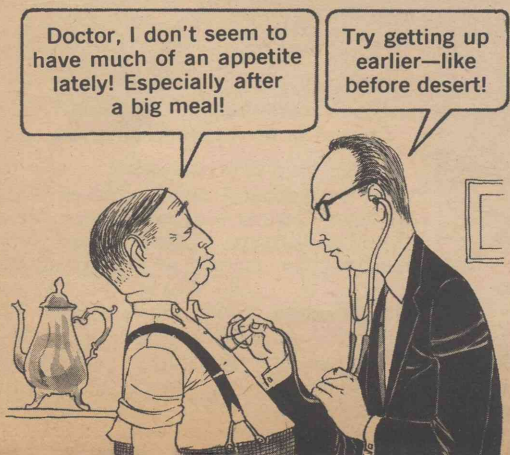

ONLY 28 SHOPLIFTING DAYS LEFT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
MD 283

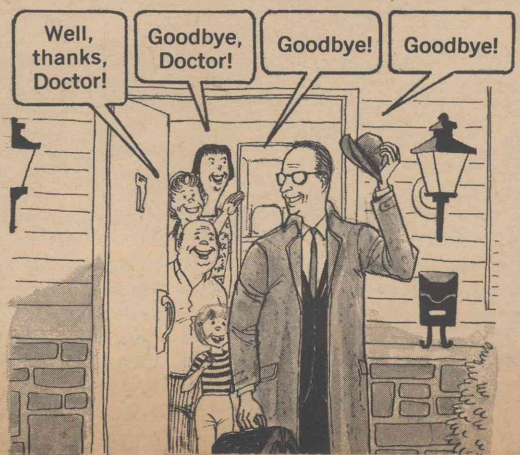
Dr. Miller—sob—this is Mrs. Phillips! My husband seems to be getting worse! I'm terribly worried—sob! Could you please come over and have a look at him . . .? Oh, thank you, Doctor! Thank you . . .

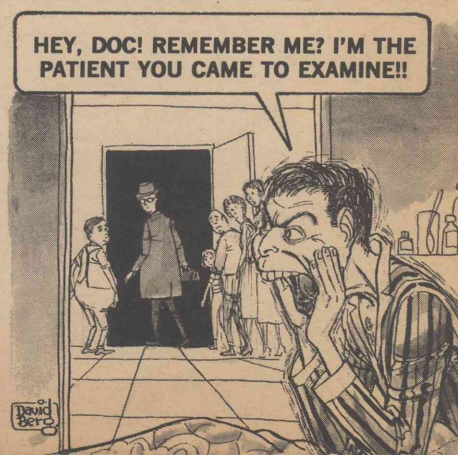
Mary . . . Groan!!
Just a minute Dear . . .


Mary . . . Groan! Can you come here?
Will you get off my back? Can't you see I'm busy?


But, Mary, I feel awful! Can I have my medicine, please?
Your medicine can wait! The doctor will be here in twenty minutes! I've got to straighten out the house, clean the bathroom, and put out fresh towels! You don't want the doctor to think we're slobs do you?


Doctor, I don't seem to have much of an appetite lately! Especially after a big meal!
Try getting up earlier—like before desert!


Well, thanks, Doctor!
Goodbye, Doctor!
Goodbye!
Goodbye!


HEY, DOC! REMEMBER ME? I'M THE PATIENT YOU CAME TO EXAMINE!!
David Berg

EDITORIAL "I" DEPT.

It's a well-known fact today that more and more newspapers are going out of business, and more and more cities are becoming what are known as "one-newspaper towns." Naturally, the "only newspaper" in a town controls what everyone reads, and can be pretty obnoxious, opinionated, and in-

ALL THE NEWS THAT WE FEEL LIKE PRINTING, AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT . . . TOUGH!

The Daily

"Festerville's **LEADING** Newspaper—be

FEBRUARY 15, 1963 ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WEATHER: There will be no W appearing on TV, anc

DAILY MONOPOLY WINS COVETED "HENRY R. LUCE AWARD" FOR EXCELLENCE IN NEWS REPORTING

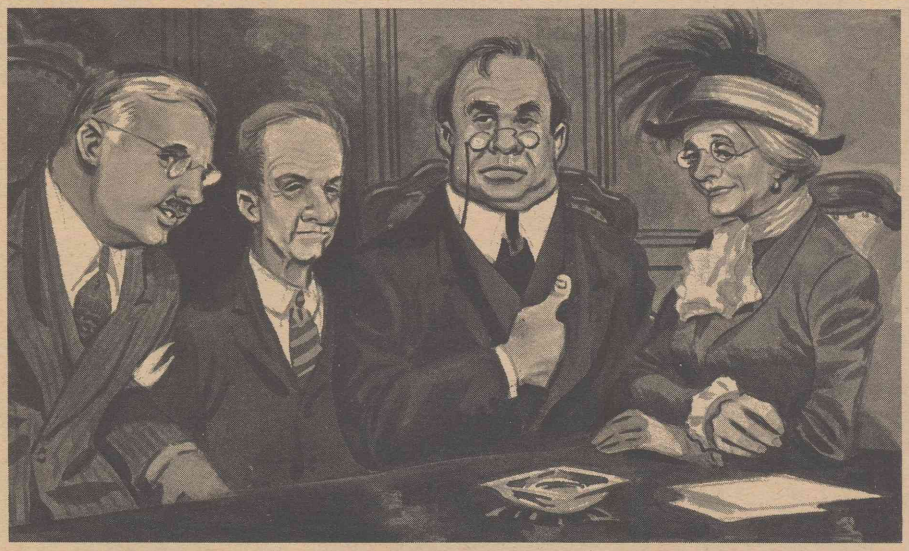
NEW YORK, Feb. 13 – Henry R. Luce, Editor-in-Chief of LIFE and TIME Magazines, presented *The Daily Monopoly* with his annual award for "Excellent News Reporting" today.

"Of all the newspapers considered," said Luce, "*The Daily Monopoly* most closely follows the long-established journalistic traditions of LIFE and TIME, in not allowing such mundane and unimportant things as facts to stand in the way of the personal feelings and prejudices of its publisher and editor in the presentation of straight news."

Accepting the coveted award for *The Daily Monopoly* at ceremonies held in The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester. After the presentation, a lousy roast beef dinner was served, which should have been filet mignon, considering importance of the occasion.

We believe that in a Free Press, there is one side to every question

OUR DYNAMIC PUBLISHER ADDRESSES MEETING OF TOWN CONSERVATIVES



Dynamic right-wing publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester spoke to leading town Conservatives at the Czar Nicholas Club on Elm St. last night. Subject of his talk was: "The Danger of Losing America to the Reds if Someone Starts Another Newspaper in this Town." Here you see, (right to extreme right) Mr. Thorpe-Fester; Amos Gorgg, founder of the "Kublai Khan Idealists"; Stanley Nobnock, Chairman, the "Louis XIV Dreamers"; and Sophie Ulster, Pres. of the "Daughters of the American Cavemen." Denied admission to lecture was Carl Pfrinz of the leftist "John Birch Society."

SOMETHING HILARIOUS HAPPENS ON THE CORNER OF MAIN AND THIRD

Something hilarious happened on the corner of Main and Third Streets last night. Every time we think about it, we laugh so hard we think we'll burst.

Originally, we had planned to report the details here. But now we've changed our minds. We're saving it so we can be the first to tell it at cocktail parties and social functions—before it gets around.

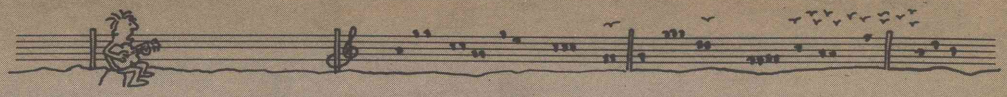
Brainy, Gorgeous Publisher's Wife Concludes Fabulously Absorbing Story

Selma Thorpe-Fester, the bright, witty, and lovely wife of publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, informed *The Daily Monopoly* today that the dramatic and absorbing story of her appendicitis operation, which has been running daily in this paper in serial form for some time now, is finally over.

Charming Mrs. Selma Thorpe-Fester

Following is a run-down of some of the unimportant news stories which we were forced to omit to make room for Mrs. Thorpe-Fester's lengthy but fascinating account of her operation:

Sept. 2, 1945—World War II officially ended today when Japan surrendered aboard the battleship Missouri. Accepting their surrender on behalf of the victorious allies, Gen. Douglas MacArthur *(Cont. Pg. 13)*



dependent in its attitude toward the public. And the way things look now, these "only" newspapers are going to be even more obnoxious, opinionated and independent than ever. In fact, if you live in a "one-newspaper town," you may be reading something like this in the very near future . . .

Monopoly

:ause it's Festerville's **ONLY** Newspaper"

34,875 Homes Now Receive **The Monopoly** Every Day. Why Not? There's Nothing Else To Read!

:ather Report today because our Publisher is you're supposed to stay home and watch him.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

PRICE: $1.50 PER COPY And we can get it, too!

President Makes Ridiculous, Asinine, Idiotic Tax Suggestion To Congress

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 14 — Miserable Democratic President John F. Kennedy, in a speech to a joint session of Congress yesterday, made one of the most insane tax suggestions in recent history. Honest to God, when we found out about it, we reporters who are writing this straight, unbiased news story got so sick to our stomachs we thought we'd die.

Do you know what this man who laughingly calls himself a "President" wants to do with *your money?*

Can you keep a straight face?

He wants all entertainment expenses that are not directly connected with actual business procedures disallowed for deduction purposes on income tax reports. Now if that isn't a slap in the face to all American businessmen, and particularly to courageous, dynamic newspaper publishers with yachts and summer homes and chauffeur-driven Cadillacs to support, we don't know what is! Really, no kidding, do you think this is fair? We mean, how Communistic can you get?

Remember this: The Senate missed impeaching Andrew Johnson by just *one vote* in 1868. Let's make sure they don't miss *this time!* Write your Senator immediately! And make sure you send him a copy of this objective, unbiased, straight news story—together with the blistering Editorial on page 8, written by our courageous, dynamic newspaper publisher.

You may not agree with what we say, but you've got no choice

EXCLUSIVE

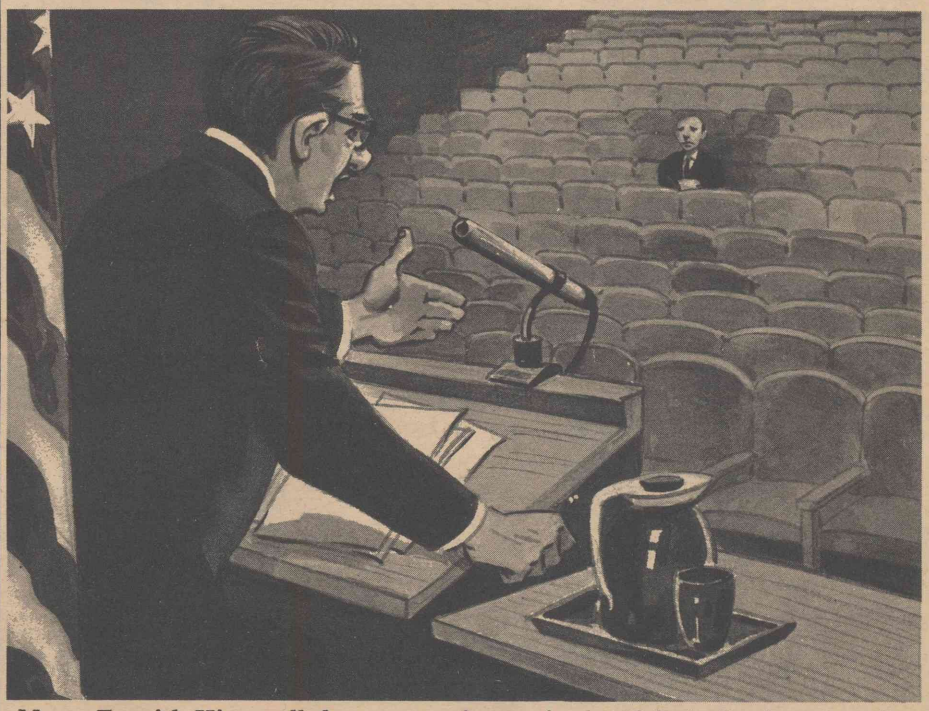
Daily Monopoly Reporter Scores Big News Scoop

by Godfrey Zinn

In a town like Festerville, which has only one newspaper, it is naturally quite difficult to score a big news scoop on another paper. For that reason, we energetic, quick-thinking journalists on *The Daily Monopoly* have to do the next-best thing. We have to scoop each other!

I have information from a highly-reliable, unimpeachable source (namely our type-setter) that on Page 13 of today's paper there will be a poignant letter in the "Advice To The Lovelorn" column from somebody who calls herself "Worried." It seems that "Worried's" husband has been going out with another woman all along and when *(Cont. on page 12)*

MAYOR CALLS PRESS CONFERENCE



Mayor Fenwick Himp called a press conference in the Civic Auditorium yesterday to bring to the people the details of his new, highly-controversial City Traffic Control Plan, which this newspaper is against. Representatives of all the various newspapers in town are shown here: (left to right) Hollis Schnabble, of *The Daily Monopoly*. We won't bother you with details of the Mayor's ridiculous plan.

OVER THE YEARS with The Daily Monopoly

25 YEARS AGO TODAY: A brilliant, handsome, dynamic son was born today to *Daily Monopoly* publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester and his beautiful wife, Selma. The flawless child, named Henry, was delivered by Caesarian operation.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY: Publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester's brilliant five-year-old son, Henry, said his first word today: "Money!". He was also introduced to his mother for the first time. The latter had been away on a five-year tour of the Midwest, discussing her Caesarian operation.

15 YEARS AGO TODAY: Ten-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, gifted son of *Daily Monopoly* publisher, Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, was given a new lake today as a school promotion gift by his proud father. Tomorrow, Henry goes on to second grade. Congratulations, and lots of luck, Hank.

5 YEARS AGO TODAY: Twenty-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester's brilliant and creative son, flunked out of Journalism School today for giving the five "W's" of news reporting as: Wine, Women, Welshing, Wasting, and Woolgathering.

TODAY: Twenty-five-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, talented son of publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, today was turned down for a check at the Unemployment Bureau because of his inability to sign his name. He joins the staff of *The Daily Monopoly* tomorrow. Best of luck in your new job as Editor-In-Chief, Hank!

THE INQUIRING PUBLISHER

QUESTION

Why are you so proud of me as a courageous dynamic publisher?

WHERE ASKED

Various places around my house.

Edna Thorpe-Fester

Loving Mother

Son, I'm proud of you for the same reason that any other average news-hungry citizen is proud of a newspaper publisher in an age of anxiety brought on by the threat of nuclear annihilation. First, because you always wear your muffler when it's cold outside. Second, because you drink your milk every day at 3 o'clock without me telling you to. Third, because you never holler on your children. And finally, because you make more money than a doctor even.

Horace Greeley Fester

Devoted Father

Gee, I don't know what to say! I mean, I'm so excited — to think — of all people in this whole wide house, you chose to interview me, a total father to you! Gosh-all-criminentlies. . . . Okay, enough of this humility garbage! You know damn well why I'm proud of you! You took a ridiculous, opinionated newspaper I founded 60 years ago, and kept it going as a family plaything. But if you ever change one Neanderthal policy, I'll break your courageous, dynamic neck!

Selma Thorpe-Fester

Loyal Wife

Humphrey, darling, I am proud of you because you have given me the opportunity to leave home and travel around the country for years on end, to bring to an eagerly awaiting nation the absorbing details of my various operations, despite the personal sacrifice and loneliness it meant to you.

Flora LaVie

Adoring Upstairs Maid

Humphrey, darling, I am proud of you because you have given your wife the opportunity to leave home and travel around the country for years on end, to bring to an eagerly awaiting nation the absorbing details of her various operations, so that you and I — what are you shushing me for?

LETTERS TO THE PUBLISHER

SHOCKED

Dear Sir:

I read your highly-opinionated, arch-conservative editorial of Feb. 10th, and was absolutely shocked by the terrible things you said about organized labor, medical care for the aged, Quentin Reynolds and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Westbrook Pegler,
New York City

NOTES

Dear Sir:

We realize that your newspaper is pretty much of a personal family thing with you, but may we make a small request? In the future, kindly leave notes to our milkmen in empty bottles outside your door at home, instead of publishing them on the editorial page of your paper. Sometimes, they are hard to find.

The Dairyfresh Milk Co.
Festerville

TIME CAPSULE

Dear Sir:

Thank you for offering to donate a copy of *The Daily Monopoly* for the new time capsule to be buried at the 1964 World's Fair in New York, to give future generations an idea of the quality of newspapers in one-newspaper towns. Unfortunately, we have already planned to include a copy of Pravda in the capsule, and we feel that your newspaper would be a duplication.

Robert Moses
New York City

CANDIDATE

Dear Sir:

Regarding your ultra-right-wing editorial of February 8th, we are pleased that you have expressed your desire to be a Republican candidate for office in 1964. However, we regret to inform you that, as of now, there are no plans for a contest for the office of "Emperor" in your state that year.

William F. Miller
Chairman, Republican Party
Washington, D.C.

PUZZLED

Dear Sir:

I realize that you don't give a damn about your readers, but there is such a thing as going too far. What I mean is, if you are going to run daily crossword puzzles, at least have the decency to use legitimate words. I have just seen the answer to your puzzle of Feb. 11, and I am positive that there is no such thing as a "Left-handed herniated Hopi Indian" called a "BVRTZ" or a "Southern Israel potato bug" called a "KRNXTL."

Margaret Farrar
New York City

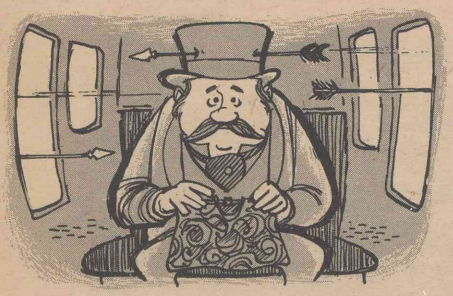
TOUR DE FARCE DEPT.

Today, we are a nation of travelers. Whether for business, or for pleasure — on the land, the sea, the air, or the lam — Americans are constantly on the go, and it's high time we paid editorial heed to this phenomenal epidemic of wanderlust. So here are some of our observations, comments, and bad jokes—in

A MAD LOOK AT TRAVEL

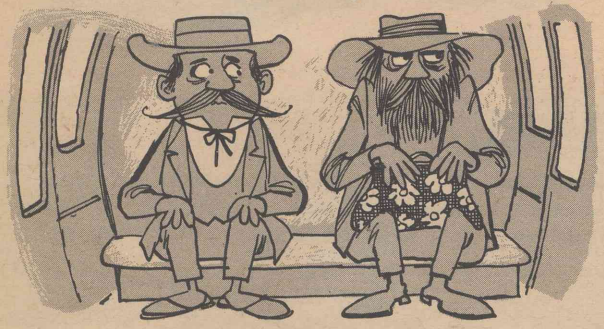
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: DON REILLY

There was a time when travel in America was a risky business, and it took an "adventurous spirit" to brave the dangers involved in making a journey.

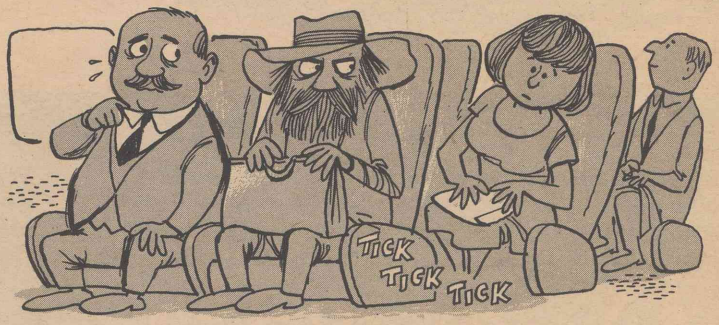


Today, of course, all that is changed—and traveling is safe and serene . . .

In the old days, you never knew who your traveling companions might turn out to be. You ran the risk of spending a long trip cooped up in a stagecoach with assorted undesirables—maybe murderers, even!

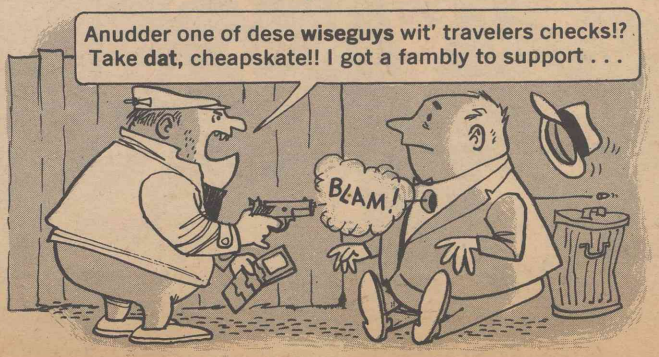


Today, of course, things are different. You have no such fears . . .



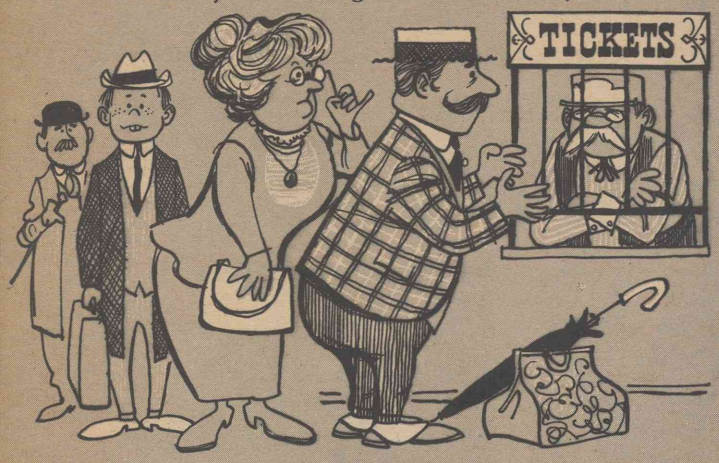
Years ago, travelers had to take elaborate precautions to protect their funds against thieves, bandits, etc.

However, modern travelers never carry more than $50 in cash—and thus they foil potential thieves and bandits.

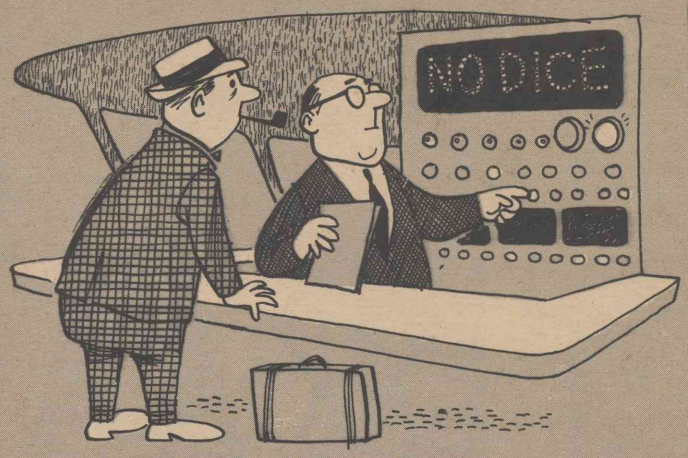


STATIONS AND TERMINALS

In the old days, you had to stand in long lines at rail, bus, and air terminals , only to find out that you couldn't get the reservations you wanted.

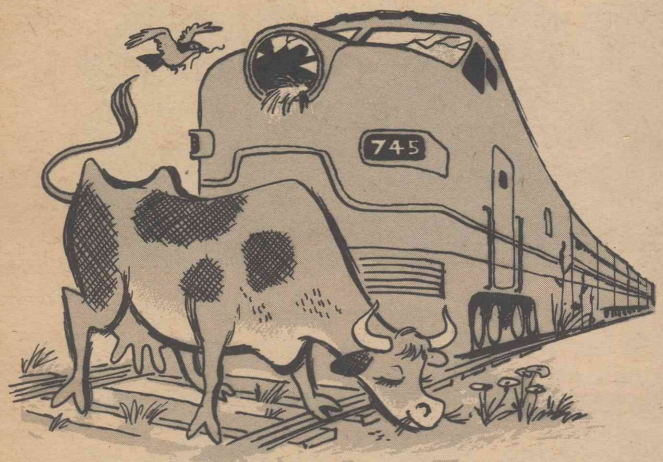


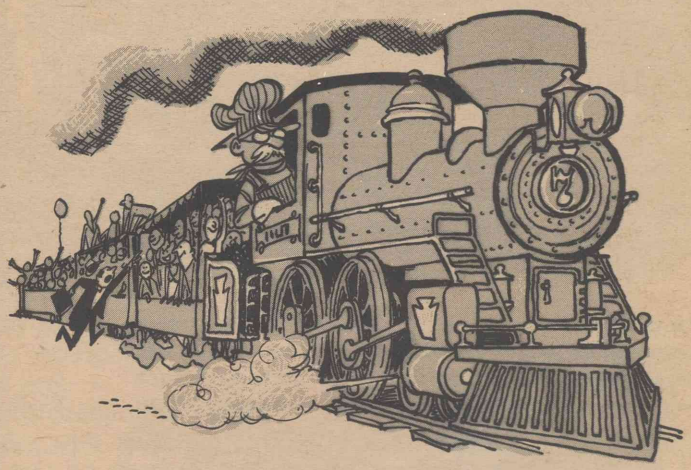
Today . . . rail, air, and bus ticket and reservation systems are marvels of efficiency. Through the miracle of electronics, you find out *instantly* that you can't have the reservation you want.



RAIL TRAVEL

The nation's railroads are in financial trouble. People just don't seem to be riding trains anymore. However, one of the most popular rides at amusement parks like Disneyland are the "antique train" rides. The answer, then, is simple: Bring back them antique trains, get rid of the streamliners, and folks will flock to the ticket windows.

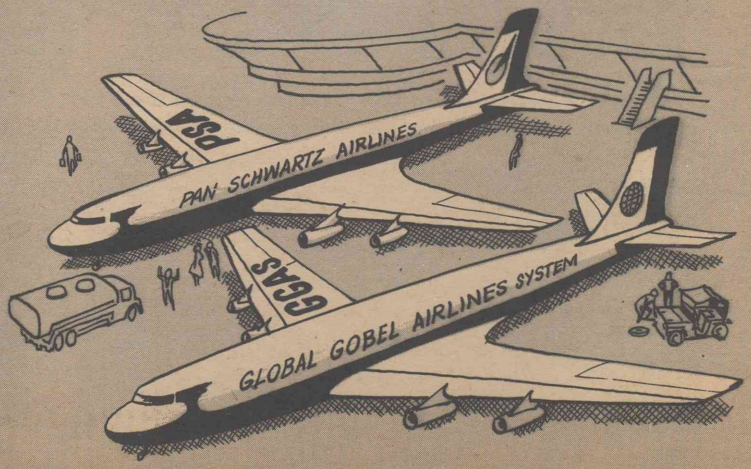




AIR TRAVEL

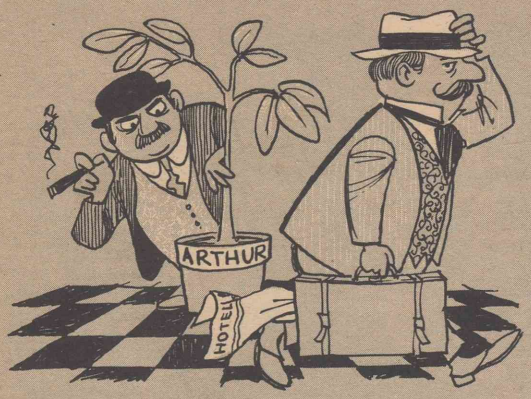
The traveler interested in flying is often confused by the wide variety of airline ads, all pushing their own supposedly superior aircraft and flight routes.

The fact is that all the competing airlines buy their planes from the same aircraft manufacturers, so the only difference between them is likely to be the color of the seat upholstery.

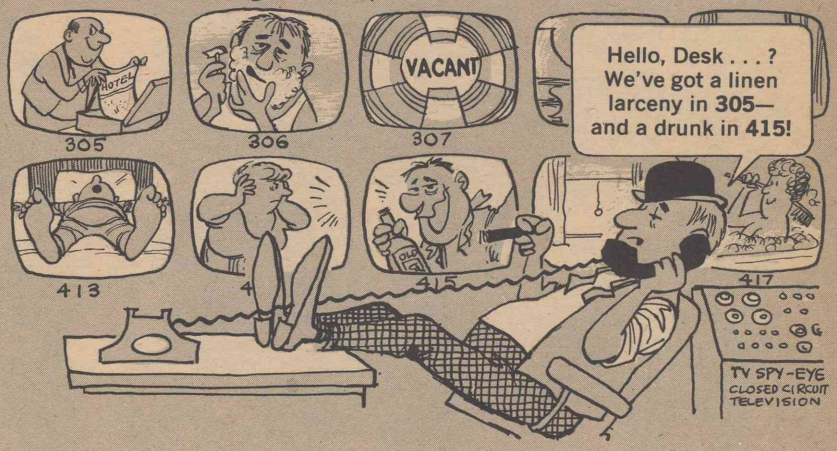


HOTELS

Hotels have changed a good deal over the years, too. They used to be mostly dingy, dusty places containing potted palms and lurking house detectives on the lookout for inappropriate behavior.

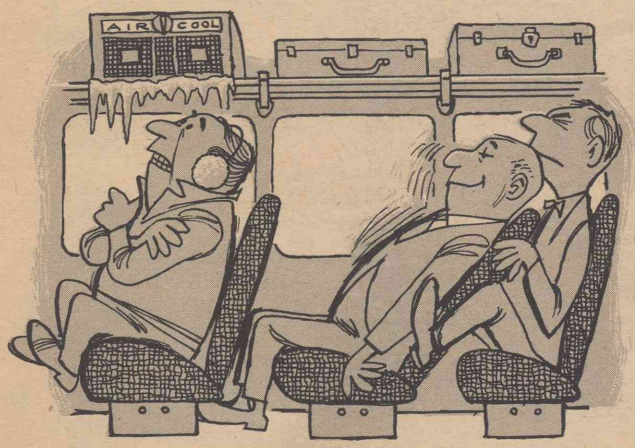


But all that has changed in today's ultra-modern, efficient hostelries . . .

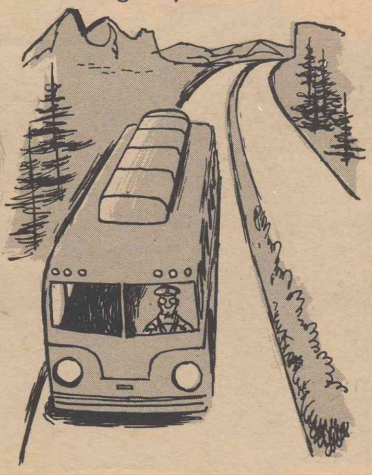


BUS TRAVEL

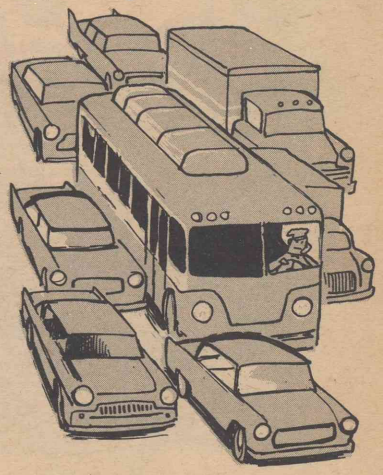
Bus travel is a good deal less rigorous than it used to be, now that buses have such modern refinements as air-conditioning and adjustable reclining seats.



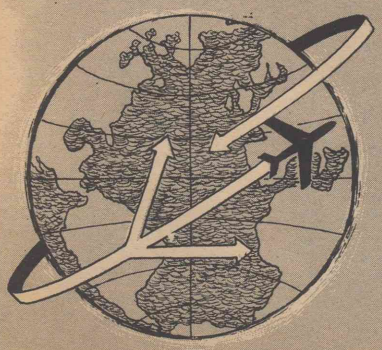
In the ads, the bus is always pictured zooming along a wide scenic highway . . . like this:



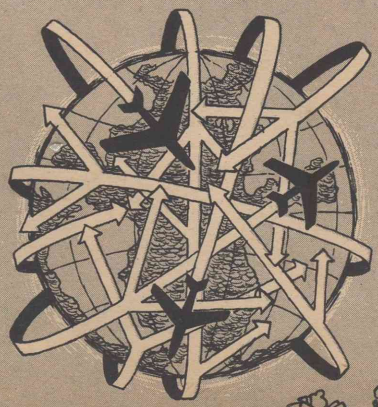
But anyone who has attempted travel by car knows the scene is more apt to resemble this:



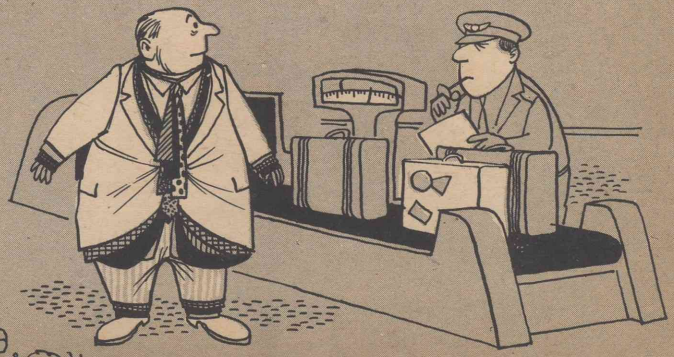
Another interesting thing about airline ads are the drawings which show the routes the airline flies.



Put all these routes onto ONE globe, and it'll seem amazing that we don't have DAILY mid-air collisions!

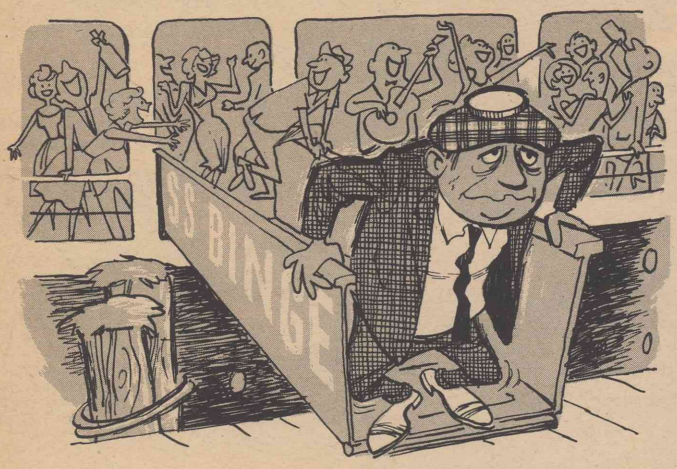


If you're traveling by air, make sure you don't exceed the allowable baggage weight, or you will have to pay an additional fee. Some people try to get around this by wearing all their suits, shirts and socks onto the plane, but this procedure is not recommended by us . . . especially if you're traveling during the warmer months.

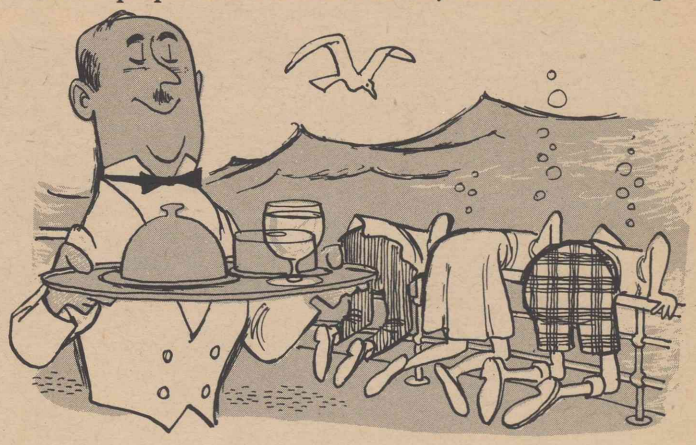


OCEAN TRAVEL

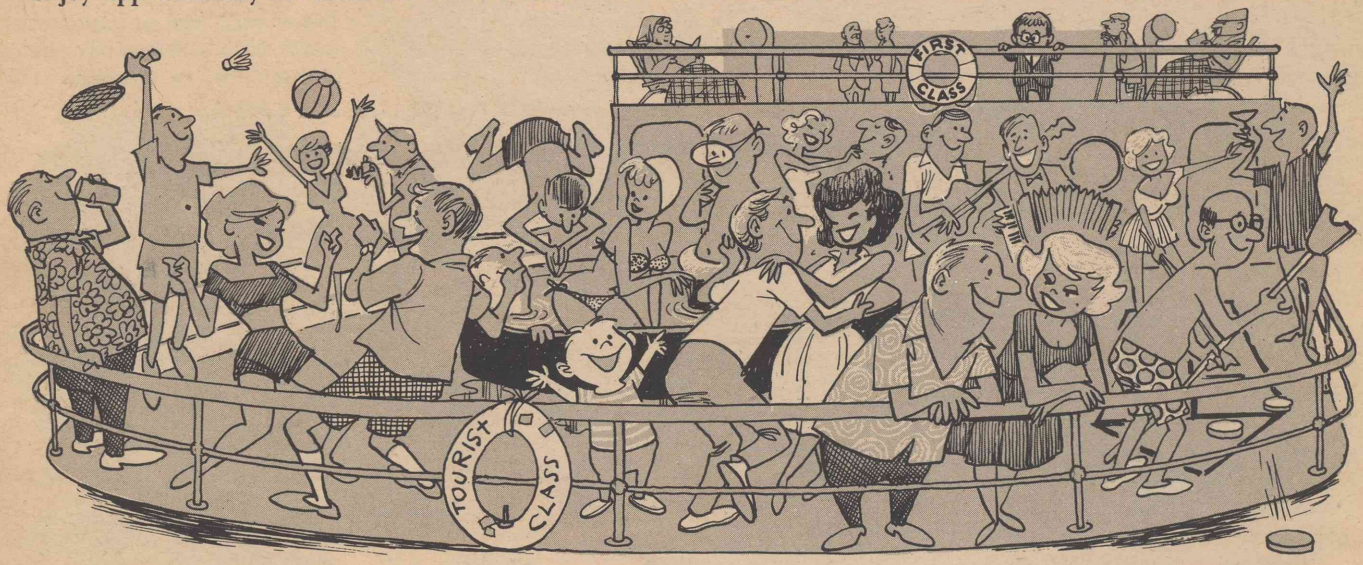
For those with time, there's nothing like an ocean voyage. But if you were to take advantage of all the gay festivities the average ocean liner offers, you'd arrive at your last port more in need of a hospital stay than a vacation.



When you buy a ticket for a sea voyage, the cost of your meals is included in the price of the passage. Shipping companies have to do it this way to make money, because if meals were to be billed separately, there'd be quite a few people who wouldn't owe very much after the trip.



First-Class and Tourist-Class passengers on ocean liners enjoy approximately the same recreational facilities . . . like swimming, dancing, deck sports, cocktails, parties, etc. The main difference is in numbers . . . and enthusiasm.

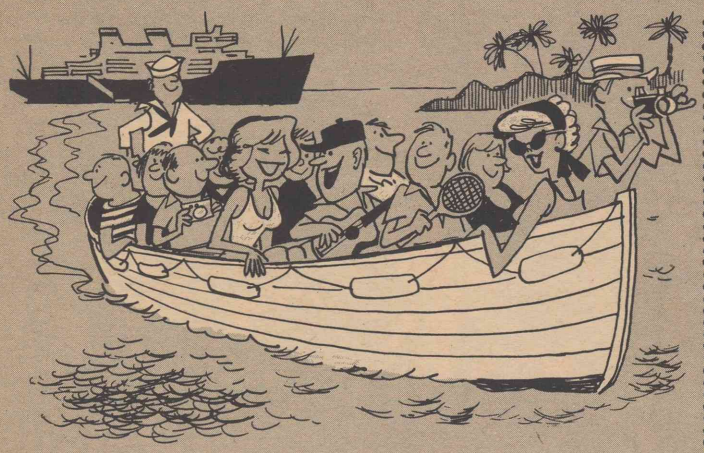


Personal service is the by-word on an ocean liner. Staff members make each passenger feel like an honored guest...

In fact, as each passenger disembarks at the end of the voyage, they confer upon him "The Order of the Palm"...

CRUISES

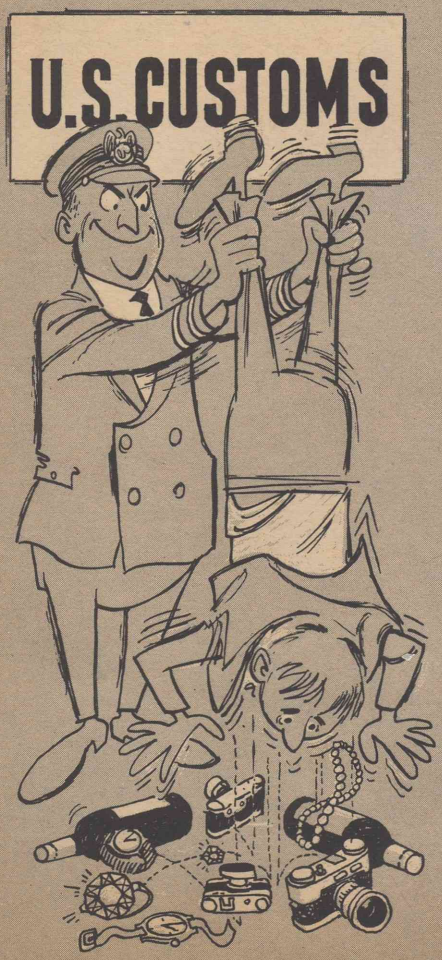
Luxury cruises to Caribbean and South American ports are popular with vacationers, especially in the Winter months.



However, the political atmosphere being what it is in that area, sudden changes in itinerary are sometimes necessary.

CUSTOMS INSPECTION

World travelers are often carried away by shopping bargains found abroad, and upon returning to face Custom Inspectors, may try to avoid paying duty on the items they've purchased. However, these amateur smugglers rarely get by, because sharp-eyed Customs Men are quick to spot any hidden contraband . . .



HOW CUSTOMS MEN SPOT HIDDEN CONTRABAND

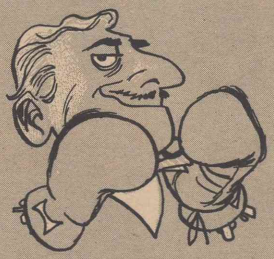
Some of the Tell-Tale Give-Aways They Look For

GUILTY LOOKS

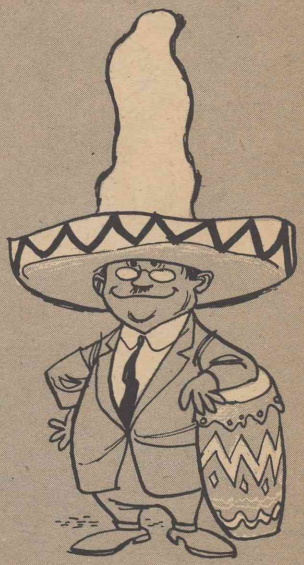
UNEXPECTEDLY HEAVY ITEMS

BIZARRE OR INAPPROPRIATE ARTICLES OF APPAREL

Strange Gloves or Mittens



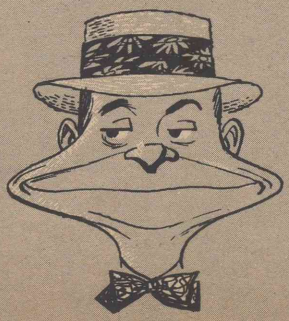
Strange Souvenir Hats



Strange Trouser Cuffs

ANATOMICAL ODDITIES

Bulging cheeks



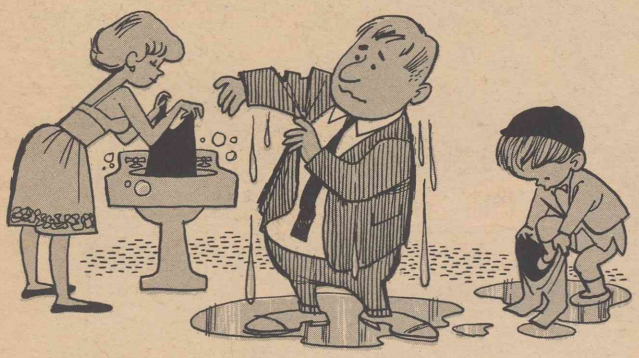
Bulging Bustles

Bulging Bulges

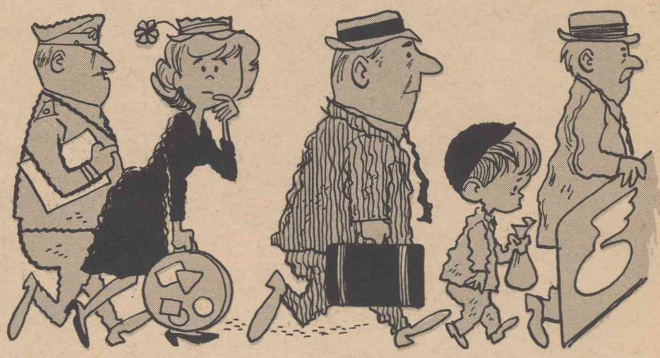
SOME HELPFUL TRAVEL HINTS

WHAT TO WEAR

Modern travelers need never worry about laundry problems thanks to the new Wash-and-Wear clothing. Just rinse 'em out, let 'em dry, and put 'em on (the manufacturers say!)



What the manufacturers don't say is: You'll look terrible in them! But since all your fellow travelers will be wearing the miserable stuff, too, you won't be too conspicuous.



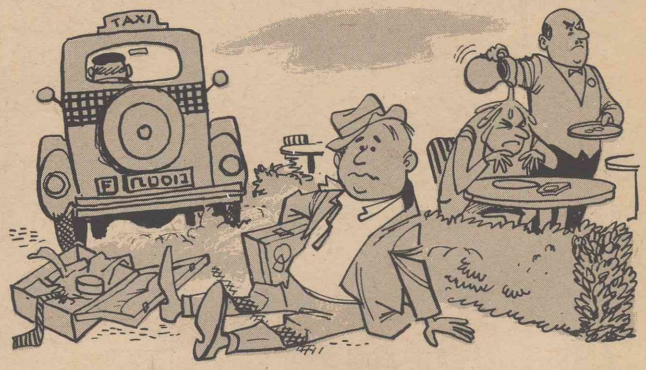
WHAT TO CARRY

A woman traveling alone is wise to carry a big hatpin because the men she meets may not all be gentlemen!

That is, if her hat should blow off, there's not much chance a man'll run after it — so she better be sure it's pinned on real tight!

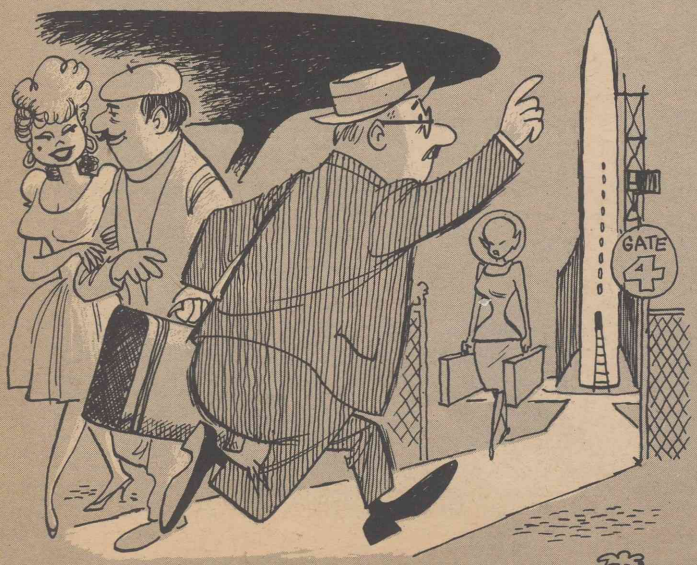
WHAT TO TIP

Many travelers are always wondering whether they've left a big enough "tip." In most cases, bellhops, waiters, cab drivers and so forth have subtle little ways of letting a customer know if the tip is a bit less than they expected.

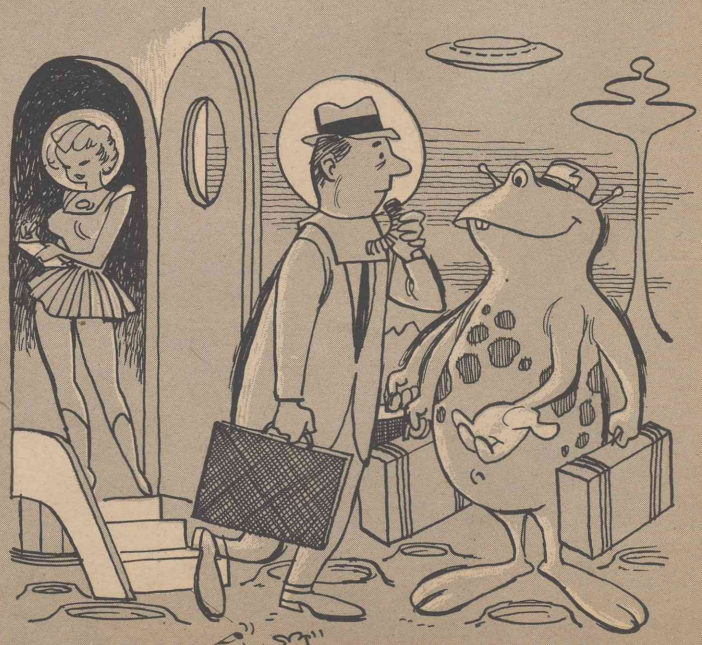


LOOKING AHEAD IN TRAVEL

It is exciting to contemplate what modern technology may soon make available for the traveling public. For example, a passenger missile capable of leaving its launching pad in New York and setting down in Paris 20 minutes later. And even more exciting is the prospect of travel to the *moon* . . . or maybe to *other planets* for your vacation . . .

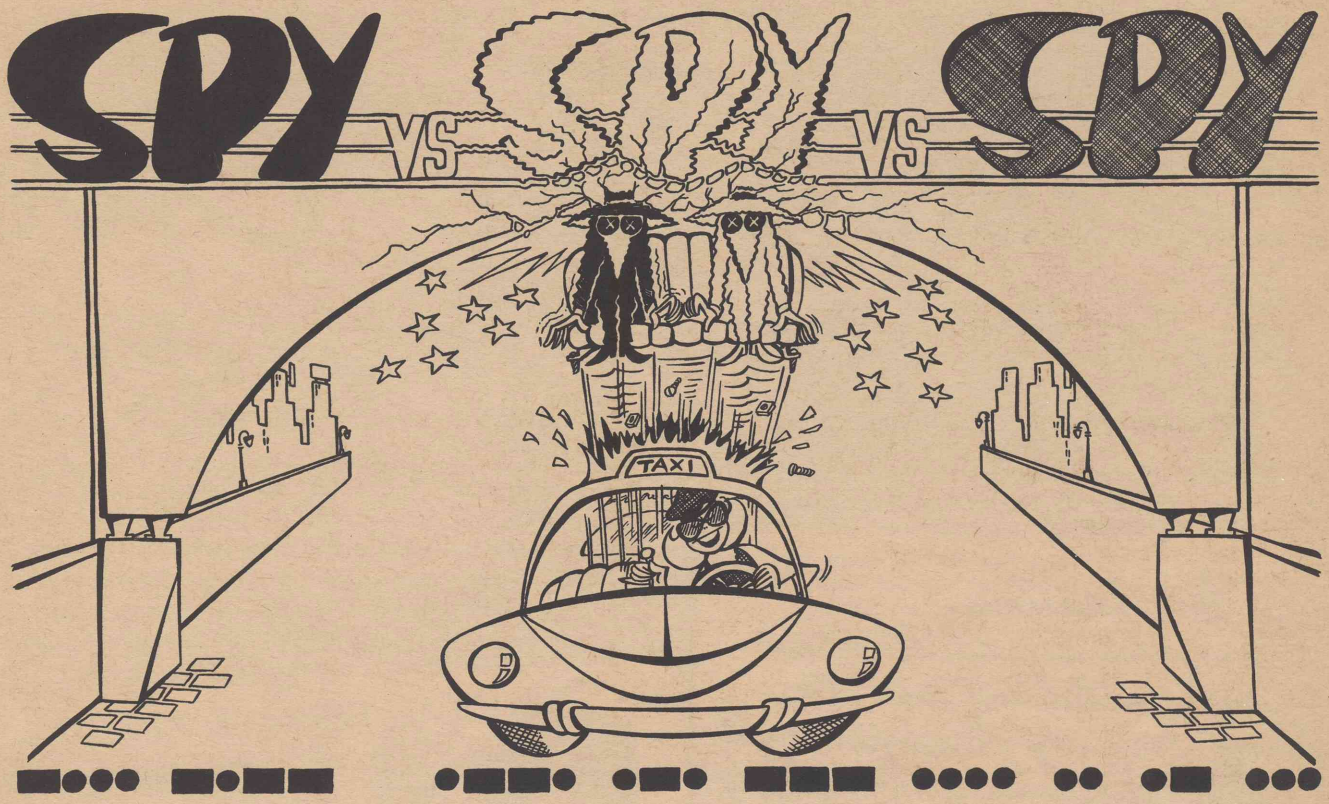


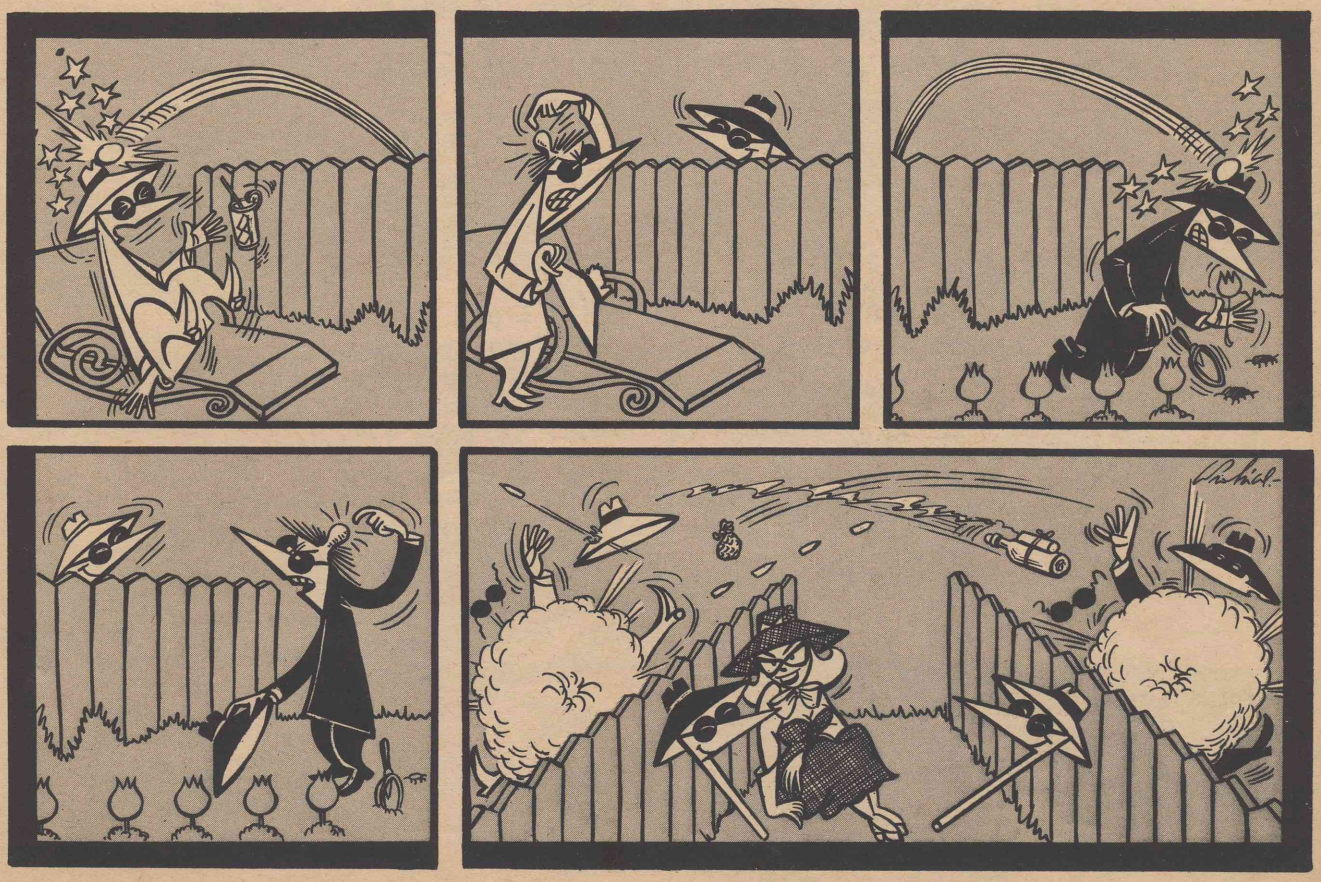
Although the idea of two weeks on Mars may seem exotic to the modern earthbound traveler, we're sure that once he arrives, he'll find *some* things are truly *universal!*



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART III

And now, Mr. Prohias offers another installment in his contention that truth is never all black nor all white—but merely shades of gray. He calls it . . .



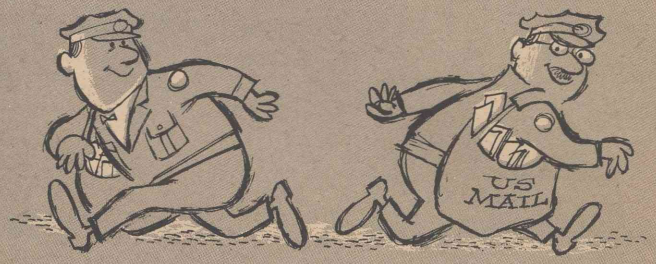


POSTAL-MORTEMS DEPT.

Have you ever waited for a reply to a letter . . . and finally, with your patience exhausted, fired off a hasty follow-up letter . . . only to return home after mailing it to find the answer to your original letter? Of course not! Because you're reading MAD, which means you're illiterate in the first place! But if it ever did happen to you, you may get a kick out of this next article which is concerned with

Letters That Cross

You rent an apartment, but there's never enough heat or hot water, and the fuses are forever blowing. You write notes to your landlord asking that something be done, but there's never any satisfaction. So you start looking, and you finally find the apartment of your dreams. Now's your chance to really tell that landlord what you think of him! With your last rent check, you enclose a little note . . .



You take the letter to the Post Office — (You can't wait for a regular pick-up at the corner mail box!) — and off it goes. But when you return home, there's a letter under your door. It's from the landlord of your *new* apartment!

Dear Mr. Rhinehart,

Guess what, you old bloodsucker! I finally wised up, and I'm moving from this flea-bitten, crudddy, run-down flop house you laughingly call an apartment building. I managed to tolerate it long enough to find a place worthy of living in, and come the first of next month, I'll be leaving this dump — if it doesn't collapse before then! Thank God my lease is up. I couldn't have lasted here much longer. And never having to see your ugly face again makes moving out all the more pleasant!

a former cell-mate,
E. Lawrence

IDEAL TERRACE APARTMENTS

"Overlooking The Park"

A. Glink, Manager

Dear Mr. Lawrence:-

It was most pleasant talking with you yesterday. Unfortunately, since I spoke with you, a little problem has arisen.

Both I and my wife accidentally rented the same apartment to two different people. And since it is the only apartment available, we must now decide which party to give it to.

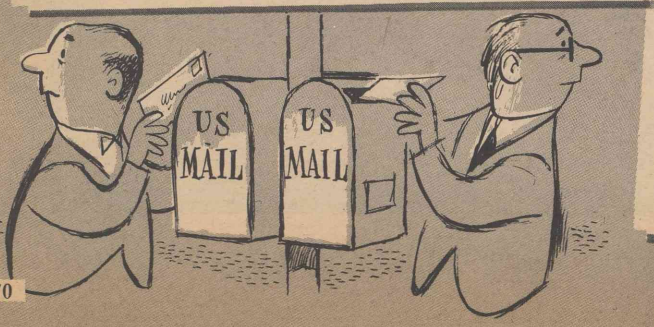
In order to make a fair decision, we have written to your present landlord to ask him his opinion of you as a tenant.

The apartment is nearly yours. All we have to do now is to hear from your landlord.

Sincerely,

Arnold Glink

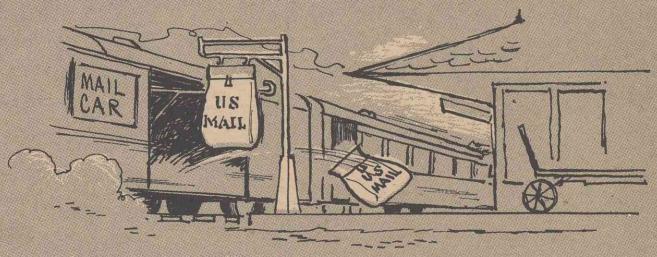
Arnold Glink



In The Mail

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

You're reading the newspaper, and you see a stock offer: "Missile Electronics Corp., $1.00 a share, Dividends to be guaranteed after one year . . ." You always wanted to play the big business tycoon, so you buy 100 shares. You wait the year—no dividends—nothing. You wait one month longer—still nothing. So you fire off this hot missive:



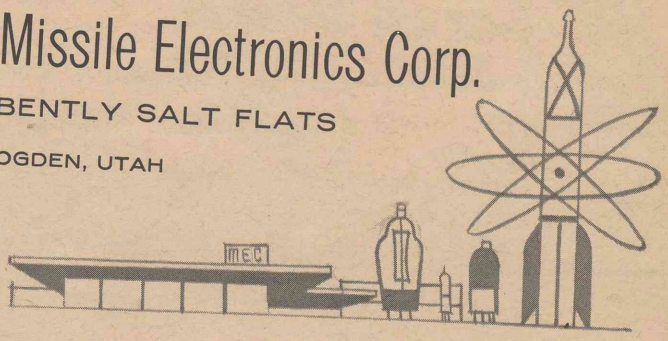
Missile Electronics, Corp.
Bently Salt Flats
Ogden, Utah

To whom it may concern:
You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool me! I now realize that your so-called stock is a phony, and I want my $100. back. I better get it, too, or I'll report you to the SEC and the Better Business Bureau. The worthless stock certificates, which I have signed over, are enclosed. I never want to see them again. Maybe you can sell them to some new sucker!

Signed,
Nobody's Fool

That night, when you get home from work, this is waiting:

Missile Electronics Corp.
BENTLY SALT FLATS
OGDEN, UTAH



Dear Stockholder:

Your patience has been rewarded.

You've undoubtedly been reading about the merger in the newspapers, but this notice makes it official.

MISSILE ELECTRONICS will merge with E.I. DU PONT & CO., INC., effective in 15 days.

MISSILE ELECTRONICS stockholders will receive one share of DU PONT stock for each share of MISSILE ELECTRONIC stock they now own.

In other words, those $1.00 Stock Certificates you now hold will be worth about $185.00 each!

Congratulations on a shrewd investment, and don't let those Stock Certificates out of your sight!

Sincerely,

Irving I. Missile

Irving I. Missile
President

You apply for a job, and the Personnel Director tells you he'll notify you of the firm's decision by the end of the week. So you wait—and nothing. You wait two weeks—still nothing. You're so mad, you write the Personnel Director:

Dear Mr. Clayton,
Well, Chum—the week I was supposed to wait is up, and so is the following week, and you didn't have the common decency to write me—even if it was to tell me I wasn't the right man for the job.
That's why I'm writing to you...to thank you for NOT hiring me!! Any company that has such little consideration for the feelings of others must be a rotten outfit to do business with. I probably would have been miserable working for such a two-bit firm anyway, so I consider myself lucky. As for my asking $150. a week salary---I just pulled that ridiculous figure out of my hat!
Give my deepest sympathy to whoever gets stuck with the job!

Still happy—
Arthur Mushbarker

You mail the letter, happy that you've given vent to your pent-up anger. But when you return home after another day of unsuccessful job-hunting, this letter is in your box:

From The Desk Of J. L. CLAYTON
PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
AMERICAN BUNGHOLE MFG. CO.

Dear Mr. Mushbarker:-

Sorry this letter with our decision is so late getting to you, but you accidentally listed your address as 3119 instead of 3191, and it wasn't until the letter was returned and we checked the phone book that we found your correct address.

Now to business...

We feel that you are the man for our firm. I like your honesty. And I was particularly impressed with your desire to start with a small company. As far as salary goes, we will meet your $150 figure.

Our answer is "Yes", Mr. Mushbarker. What is yours?

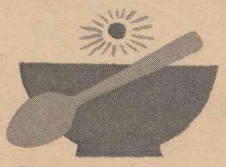
Sincerely,
J L Clayton
J. L. Clayton

You've entered a contest. The contest closed Nov. 1st and you were supposed to be notified of the winners. It's now January and you've heard nothing so you write the company:

Gentlemen:
I entered your ha-ha-ha contest. It was supposed to be judged after it closed on Nov. 1st... but I never heard anything more about it—and I never even saw a list of the winners. Well, I'd like to say that it's just as well, because I can't stand your cereal anyway. It tastes like wet shredded newspapers--and I assume that any company which makes a product that bad must advertise phony contests, too!

Disgusted,
Milton Finster

You mail the letter on your way to work, but when you get to your office, your wife telephones. There's an Air Mail letter from the Snappies Cereal Company! She reads it . . .



"SNAPPIES" CEREAL COMPANY
The Best To You Each Evening!
BOTTLE CREEK, VERMONT

Dear Mr. Finster:-
You've undoubtedly been anxious about the results of our contest. Although it was to have closed on Nov. 1st, a printer's error marked a good many "SNAPPIES" boxes: "Contest Closes Jan. 1st." So to keep our contest completely honest, we had to wait the additional time to make our decision. And that brings us to the happy news: Mr. Finster--YOU ARE TIED FOR FIRST PLACE in our contest!

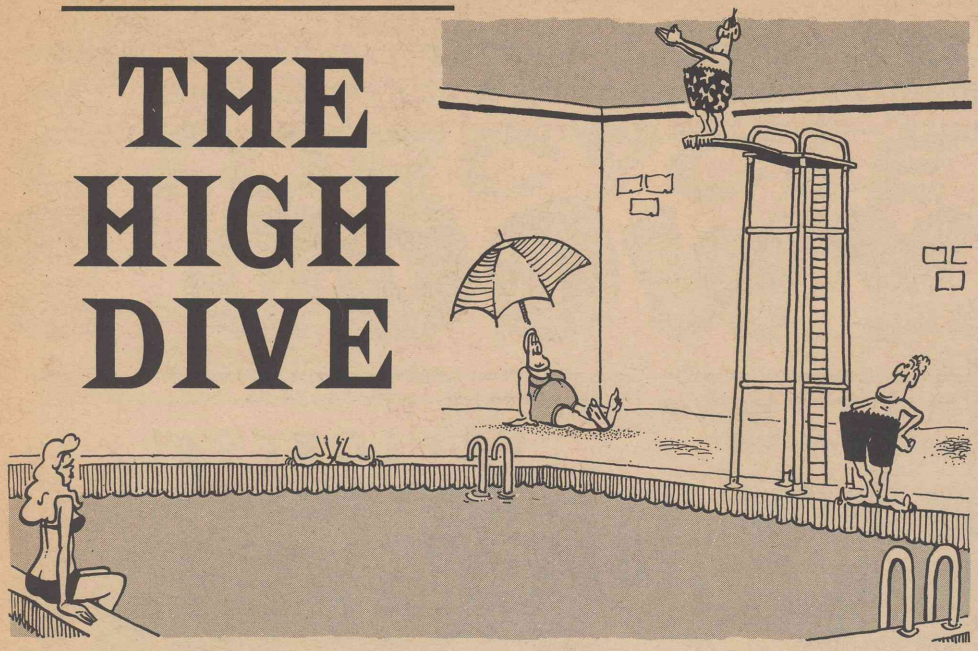
And so, as per our rules, "a 25-word essay on 'I like "SNAPPIES" because...' will be used as a tie-breaker." As you can see, the $25,000.00 First Prize is quite close to being yours. May we have your opinion of our cereal so that we can make our final decision.

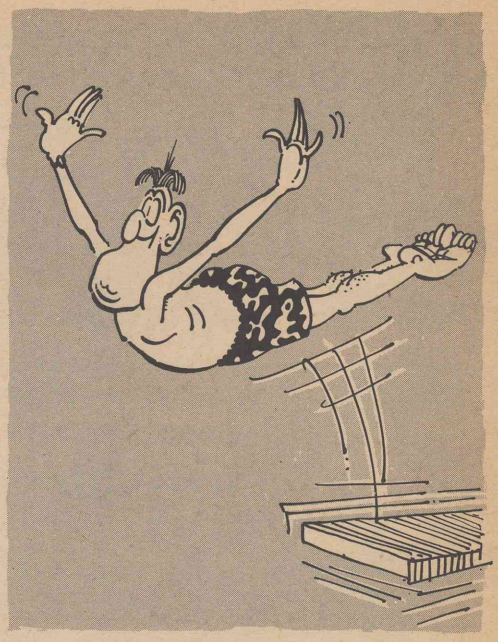
We'll be watching for a letter from you!

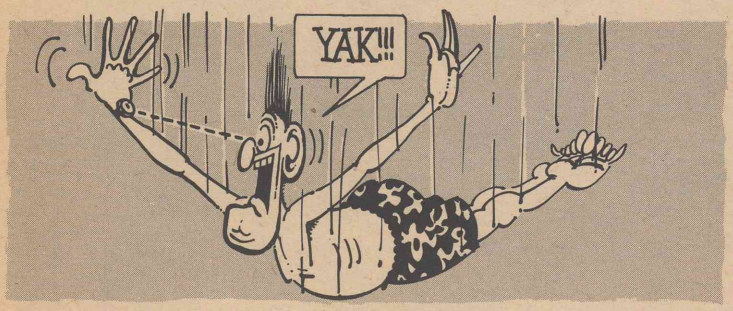
Sincerely,
Herman L. Snap
Herman L. Snap
President.

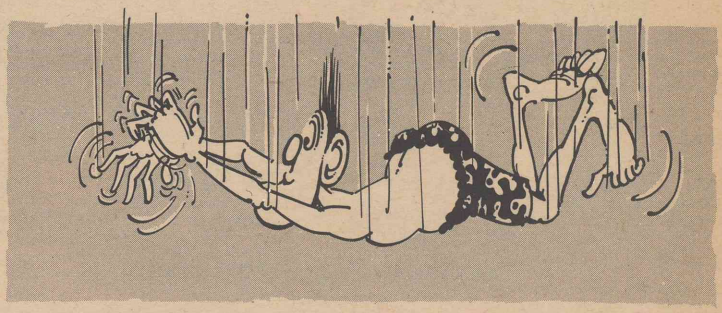
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART V

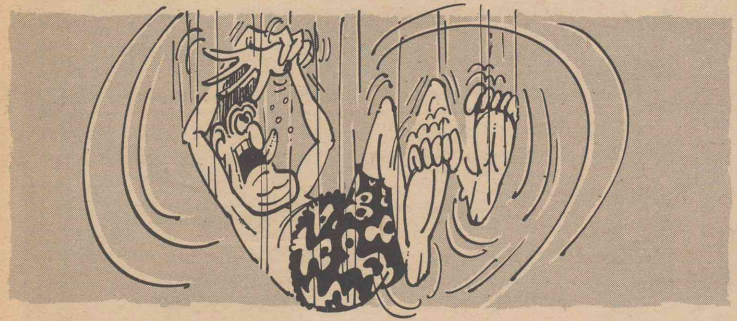
THE HIGH DIVE

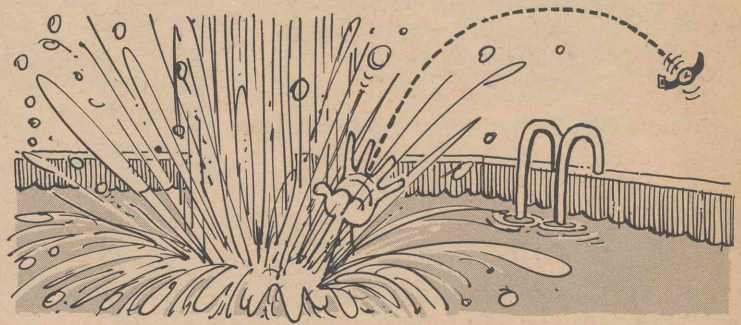


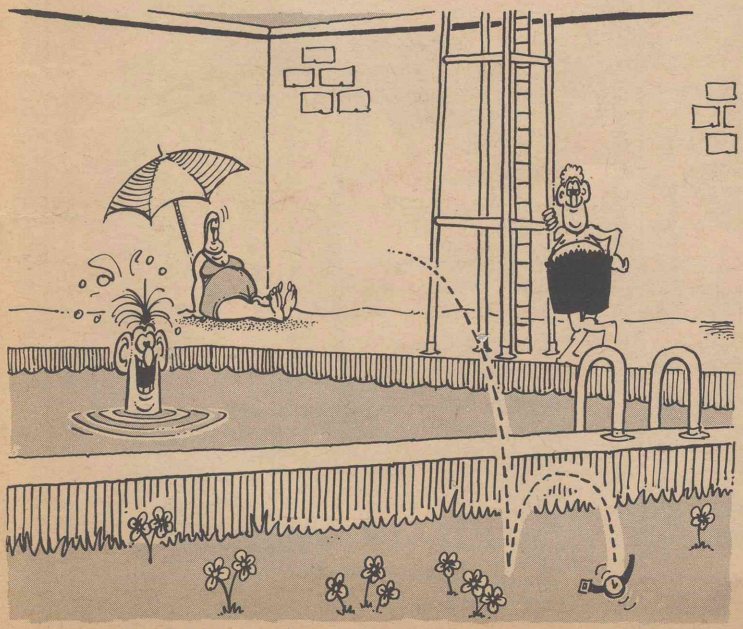


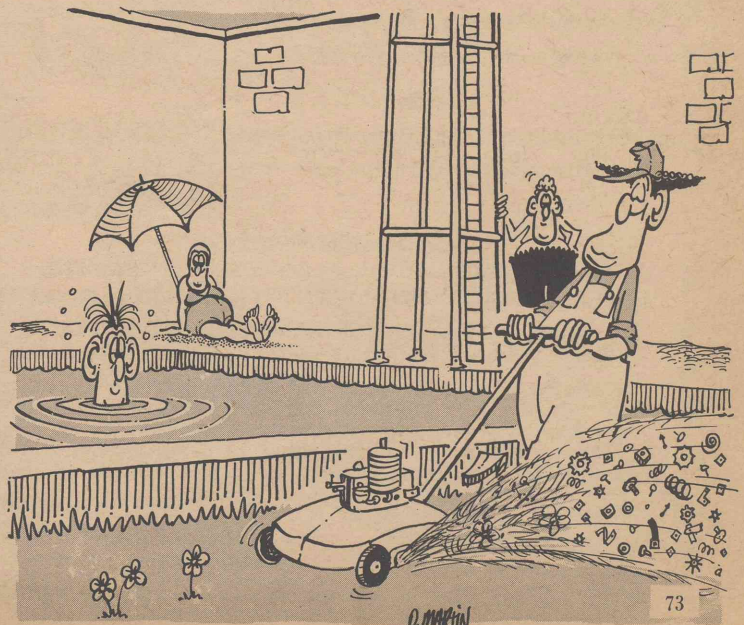












LIGHTS, CAMERA, AUCTION DEPT.

Recently, we read that 20th Century Fox, in order to recoup some of the huge expenses incurred by Marlon Brando while making "Mutiny on the Bounty", has offered to sell the "Bounty"—which was constructed especially for the movie.

HOLLYWOOD S

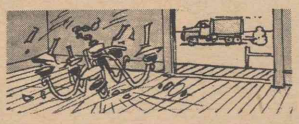
BARTENDERS! GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF WITH THIS

Authentic Western Saloon!

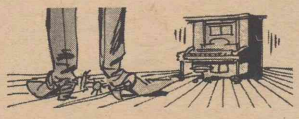
INCLUDING THESE EXCITING FEATURES:

- ***A Handsome 40-Foot Bar Mirror*** that shatters into a million pieces the minute somebody starts a fight

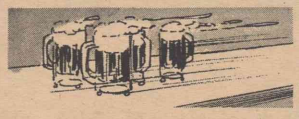
- ***A 350-lb Wrought-Iron Chandelier*** that crashes to the floor at the sound of gunfire—or even backfire



- ***A Rinky-Tink Player Piano*** that stops playing the minute anyone over 5'-7" opens the swinging doors



- ***A Complete Set of Beer Glasses*** that slide the length of the bar



- ***A Complete Set of Beer Drinkers*** that slide the length of the bar

REAR OF SALOON CONTAINS MANY ALCOVES AND CORNERS SUITABLE FOR CUSTOMERS TO BACK UP SLOWLY INTO!

COMES WITH MANY EXTRAS—THREE, TO BE EXACT: Sol, Irving and Tex! They haven't worked since "The Alamo"!

If you're handy with tools, this surplus Western Saloon can be turned into a profitable business with just a little work. For example: You can't lean against the balcony or it will collapse, and you'll fall through it onto a large round table which will also collapse, and you'll fall through that too!

COMPLETE FOR ONLY **$20,000.00**

WRITE: DEPT. BUSHWHACKED
HORSE-OPERA PICTURES, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

PET LOVERS!

2,152 SPECIALLY-TRAINED

CATS

These cats were specially-trained to knock over garbage can lids, ash trays, etc., — then freeze in the searchlight beam—at the sound of approaching low voices speaking in German or Japanese.

ONLY $10 EACH

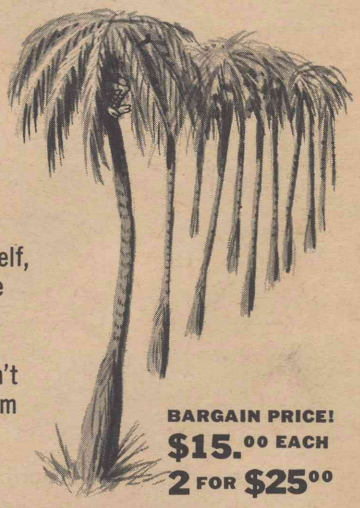
CLOSE CALL WAR PROPS, INC., Hollywood, Calif.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE!

2000 PALM TREES

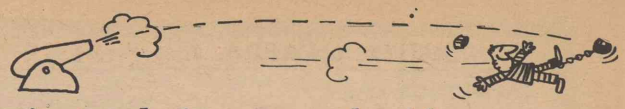
Simulate Florida or California in your backyard all-year-round! BUY SEVERAL PALM TREES TODAY!

Only one drawback! You'll have to come out here and get them yourself, as each one has a Jap sniper in it! We just can't convince 'em that the picture is over!!



BARGAIN PRICE!
$15.00 EACH
2 FOR $25.00

BANZAI FEATURES, INC.
Hollywood, California



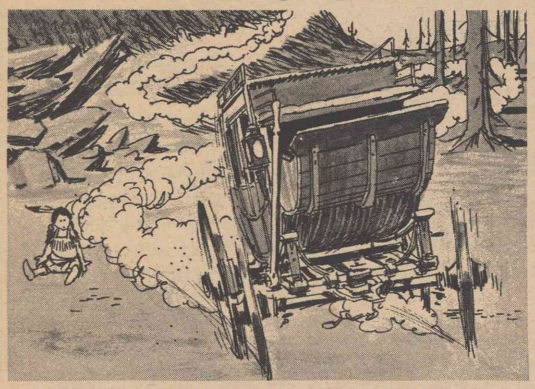
Maybe they should've offered to sell Marlon Brando instead. Anyway, the idea of selling old movie props to offset modern production costs could catch on — and then we'd be seeing ads like these in our newspapers, announcing another

URPLUS SALE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: EARLE DOUD

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS! DRIVE THIS...

AMAZING HORSELESS STAGECOACH

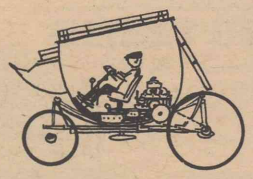


THE ORIGINAL "RUNAWAY STAGE" OF OVER 150 WESTERNS

Careens crazily down roads and trails at breakneck speed, yet always manages to miss those rocks and trees in its path. Drive one around your home town.

Cutaway drawing at right shows location of engine, brakes and steering wheel inside. Pretty neat, hah?

Coach needs work, though. The left rear wheel keeps falling off at high speed.



YOURS FOR ONLY $595

SHOOT'EM'UP FILMS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

ART LOVERS!

PUT A PORTRAIT OVER YOUR MANTEL!

Choose from this assortment of over 200 portraits used in famous horror movies!

Unfortunately, each one has the eyes cut out of it!

ONLY $50.00 EACH

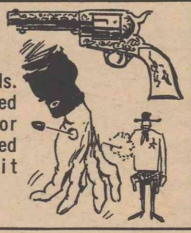
HAUNTED HOUSE PRODUCTIONS, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

NOW YOU CAN OWN ONE OR MORE OF THESE UNIQUE MOVIE GUNS!

HERO'S GUN

Shoots only hands. Even when pointed at head, neck or stomach and fired — will still hit only the hand.



VILLAIN'S GUN

Cannot kill anybody! Just point it at person two feet away — it will miss!

DETECTIVE'S GUN

Absolutely harmless. Only shoots locks and knobs off doors.

INDIAN WAR HERO RIFLE

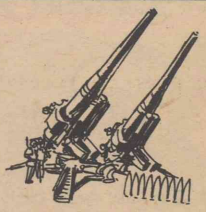
Absolutely fabulous. Each bullet kills five Indians at same time.

EARLY PIONEER WOMAN'S RIFLE

When pointed up in the air and fired with eyes closed, will kill Indian on fast horse 500 yds. away

GUNS OF NAVARONE

Only two available! Perfect for person who now owns two 400-ft. holsters!

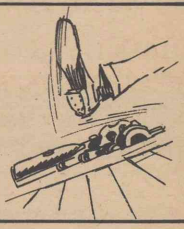


CLICK GUN

Made of rubber. Will not fire. Just clicks 3 times — then is used to throw at hero. Will not injure.

KICK GUN

Will not fire. Flat on one side. Perfect for kicking back and forth across floor during fights!



ONLY $18.00 EACH

EXTRA BONUS! With each order, we'll send absolutely free a genuine Police Dept. Gun. Not a Hollywood fabrication, but an actual gun like the one used by most city Police Departments. Only shoots innocent bystanders.

Murderous Props, Inc. Hollywood, California

YACHTING ENTHUSIASTS!

OWN YOUR OWN

HOLLYWOOD SUBMARINE

We have a limited number of submarines that do nothing but sit on the ocean bottom. Each has 4 torpedo tubes through which you can fire garbage, old clothes and pieces of wood. These subs are also capable of releasing oil.

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS WHO OWN SUB-CHASERS!

NAVY PRODUCTIONS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

$14,000 EACH

ATTENTION—HORTICULTURISTS!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN ONE OF THESE AMAZING

INSTANT SEASON PLANTS

SPRING ***SUMMER*** ***FALL*** ***WINTER***

You've seen them in the movies. Now you can have one for your very own. Changes seasons instantly. Wilts and blooms . . . wilts and blooms . . . 200 times a day.

WE ALSO HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER OF FORESTS AND LAWNS THAT DO IT TOO.

$8.95 PER PLANT

OUTSIDE-THE-WINDOW PROPS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

BOYFRIEND OVERSEAS?
LOVER FAR, FAR AWAY?

SEE HIM AND TALK TO HIM AGAIN WITH A

HOLLYWOOD LILY POND

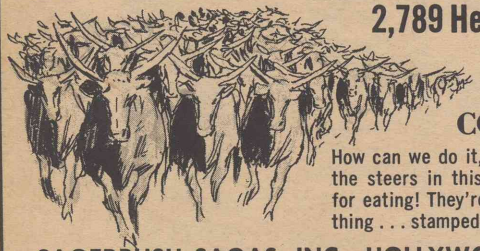
$39.95
PER POOL

Send for a genuine Hollywood Lily Pond today! When it arrives, put it out in your backyard! Then, kneel down beside it and brush lily pads away. Notice your reflection. Now notice that your loved-one's reflection has appeared over your right shoulder. Talk to him . . . but only about things in the past. Now, drop a stone in the water, and watch ripples make him disappear.

IMAGES FROM THE PAST PROPS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Also available: Hollywood Mirrors

FOR SALE—CHEAP!
ENTIRE STEER HERD



2,789 Head of Cattle

ONLY $57.95 COMPLETE

How can we do it, you ask? Because the steers in this herd are no good for eating! They're only good for one thing . . . stampeding through towns!

SAGEBRUSH SAGAS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

OPERATING TABLES

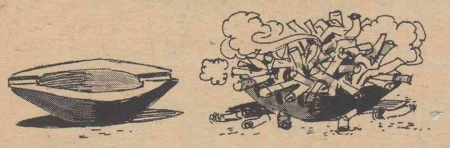
During electrical storms, these tables rise slowly to the ceiling. Perfect for hospitals with leaky roofs.

FREE EXTRA SPECIAL BONUS . . . with each order. Complete apparatus for monster-making. Construct your own Ben Casey!

$189.00
(Without extra free bonus—$289.00)

FRANKENSTEIN FILMS, INC.
TRANSYLVANIA, CALIFORNIA

MAGIC ASH TRAYS



$10.00

Now you can have one of those very same ash trays you've seen in the movies — in Board of Directors' meetings—hospital waiting rooms—card games—etc.

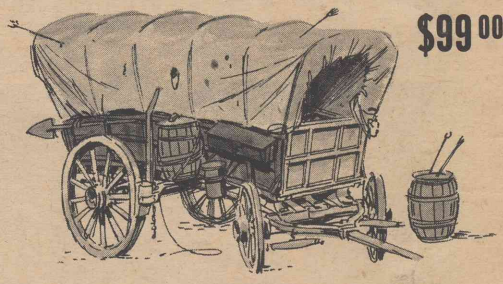
PLACE EMPTY ASH TRAY ON TABLE . . . TURN AWAY FOR 5 SECONDS . . . THEN TURN BACK! PRESTO! ASH TRAY NOW CONTAINS 400 CIGARETTE BUTTS!

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS — CUT DOWN ON SMOKING!

Hours Later Props, Inc., Hollywood, California

OWN YOUR OWN COVERED WAGON

$99.00



Now . . . for the first time . . . you can buy one of these 47 Authentic Western Covered Wagons that have withstood over 3,000 Hollywood Indian Raids. There is just one little thing wrong with each, however: These wagons are all curved slightly so they can only ride in a circle.

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR SOMEONE WHO PLANS TO RIDE AROUND THE BLOCK (OR LIVES ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE IN N. Y. C.)

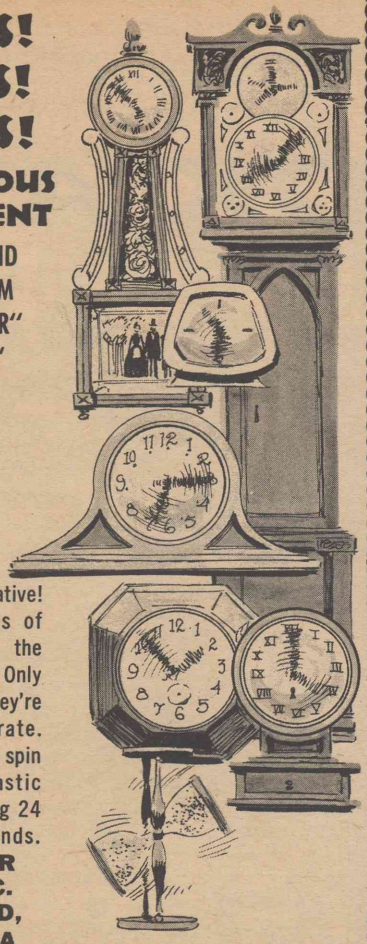
OATBURNER EPICS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

TREMENDOUS ASSORTMENT

ALL MAKES AND MODELS—FROM "GRANDFATHER" TO "ALARM"

ONLY **$5.95** EACH



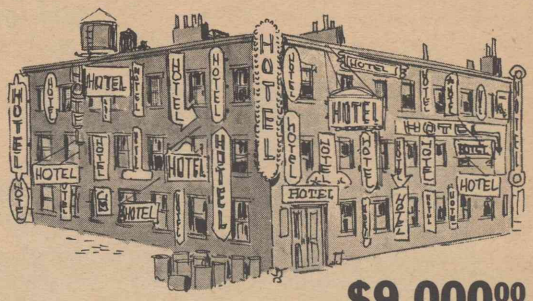
Handsome — Decorative! Used in hundreds of movies to denote the passage of time. Only one drawback. They're not terribly accurate. In fact, the hands spin around at a fantastic speed, registering 24 hours in 10 seconds.

DAYS LATER PROPS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

FOR SALE—CHEAP! SLEAZY HOTEL

78 ROOMS...

EACH WITH AN IRRITATING FLASHING NEON SIGN OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!

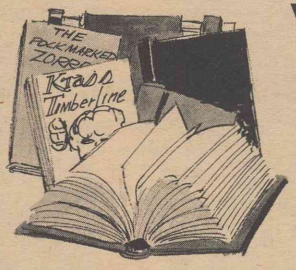


$9,000.00

Hideout Locations, Incorporated, Hollywood, California

BOOK LOVERS

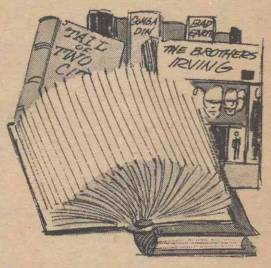
COMPLETE YOUR LIBRARIES WITH COPIES OF THESE



VALUABLE BEST-SELLERS

WITH AN EXTRA SPECIAL BUILT-IN FEATURE:

THEY TURN THEIR OWN PAGES!



All you have to do is sit there and read 'em! But read fast—the pages turn pretty quick!

Authentic Adaptation Props. Inc., Hollywood, California

EXCITING WALL CALENDARS

Available in every year from 1620 to the present

ONLY **$1.00** EACH

Handsome! Decorative! Used in hundreds of movies to denote the passage of time. Only one drawback. When you hang them on your wall, the dates fall off in rapid succession—one at a time!

YEARS LATER PROPS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Horseback Riding Enthusiasts

Love to ride — but have a small yard? Order one of these beautiful palomino

Indian Battle Horses

Now, you can ride around your small property to your heart's content — because these specially-bred horses fall down every 5 or 6 feet.

Only 100.00 Each!

KANYON-KWICKIE STUDIOS; Hollywood, California

OWN YOUR OWN AIRPLANE!

Only $19,000.00!

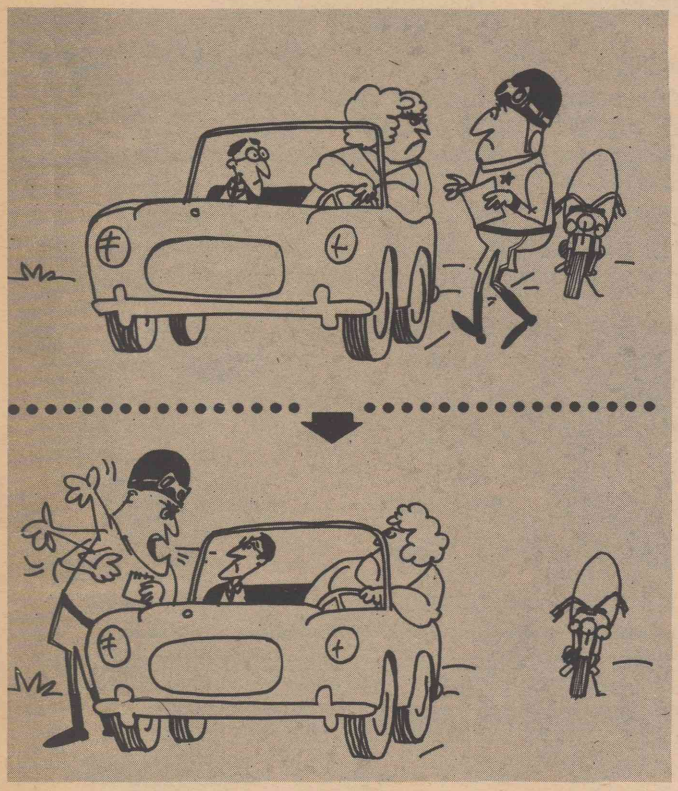
We have several models available: Bombers, Transports, Private Jobs. The only trouble is, these planes only fly in storms! And they can't fly forward, only up and down!

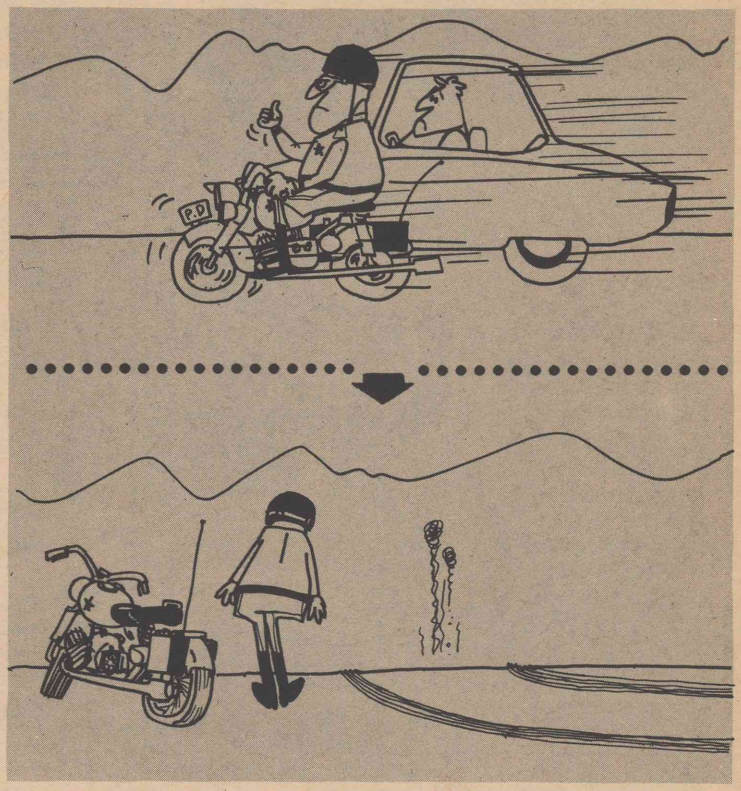
HIGH-AND-MIGHTY-BAD EPICS, Culver City, Calif.

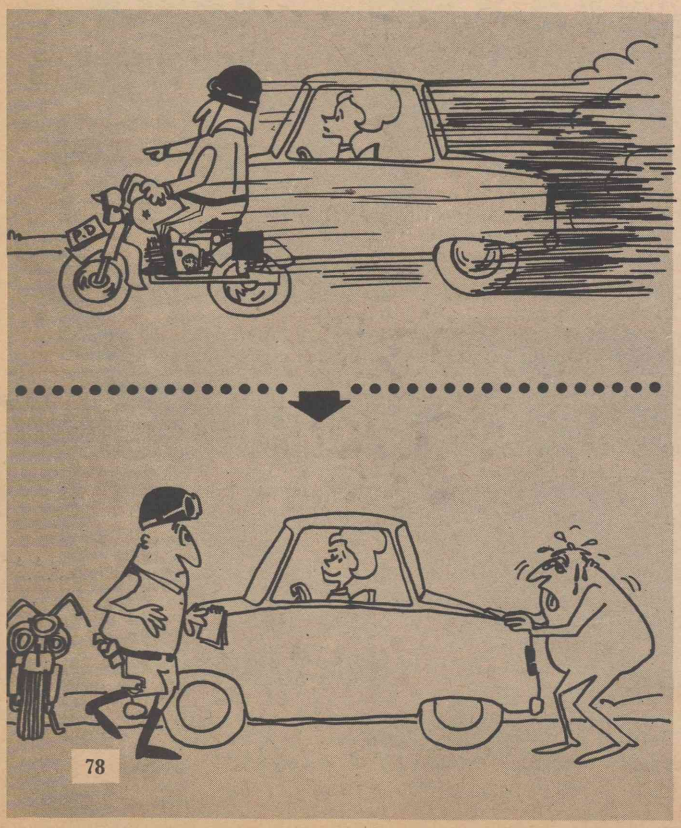
WHERE'S THE FIRE DEPT.

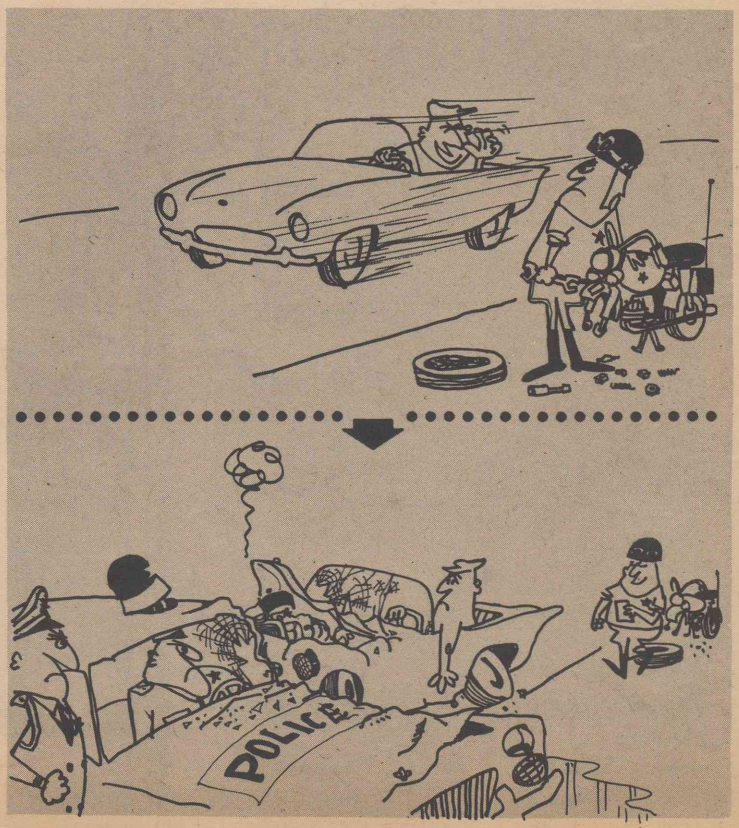
Sergio Aragones, who recently arrived at MAD from Mexico, made his début with the hilarious "A MAD Look at the U.S. Space Effort," and is currently

A MAD LOOK AT M



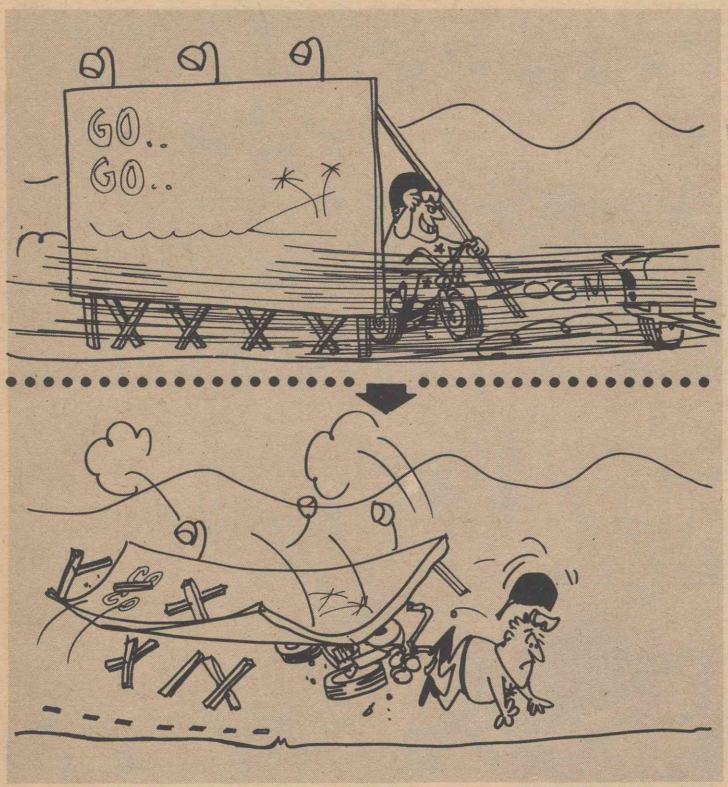


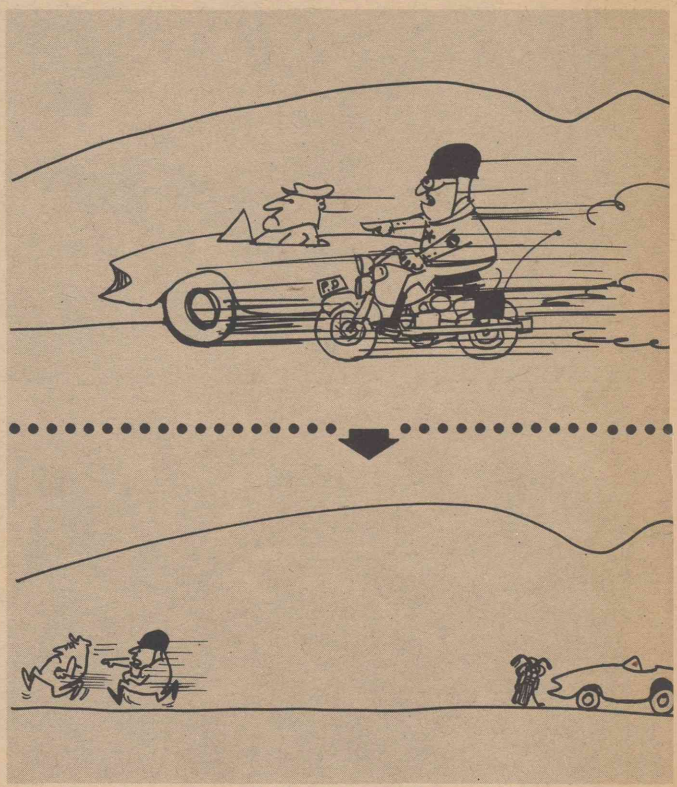


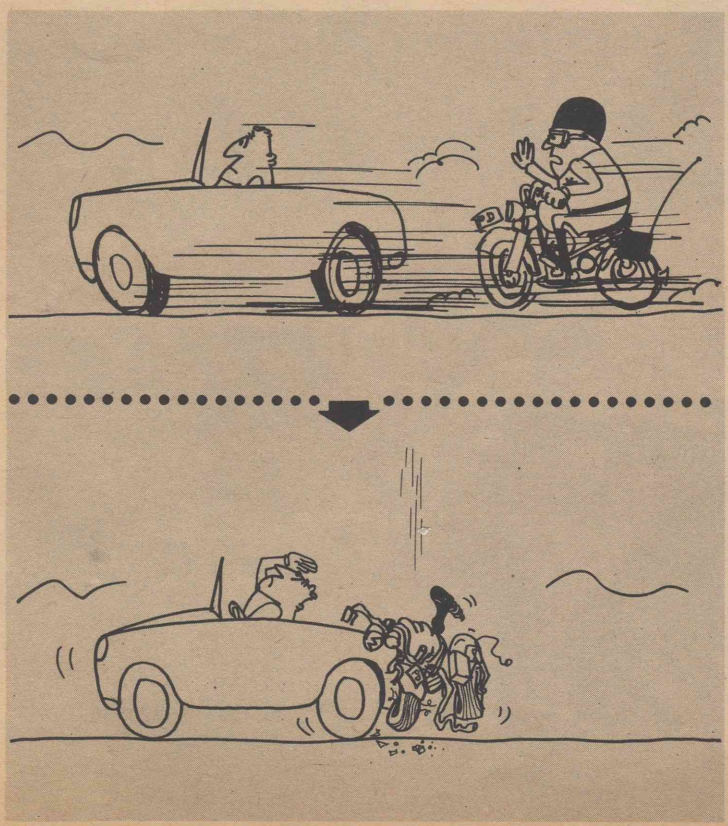


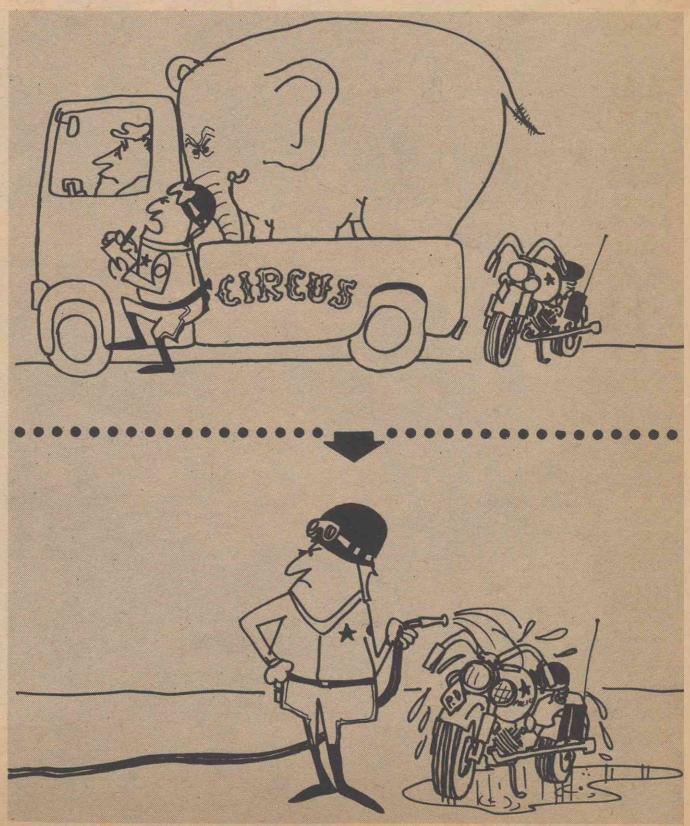
filling our margins with his delightful "Drawn-Out Dramas," now points his satirical pen at a usually un-funny U.S. phenomenon, and gives us

OTORCYCLE COPS



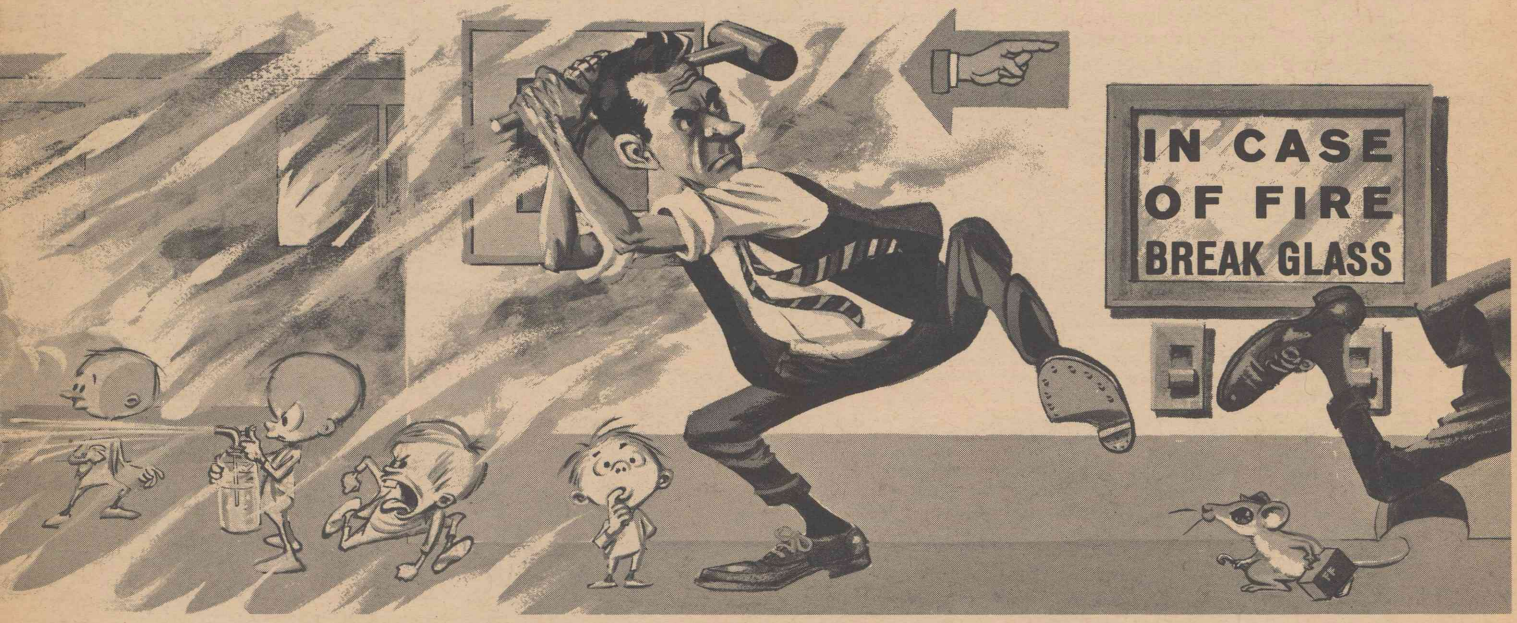


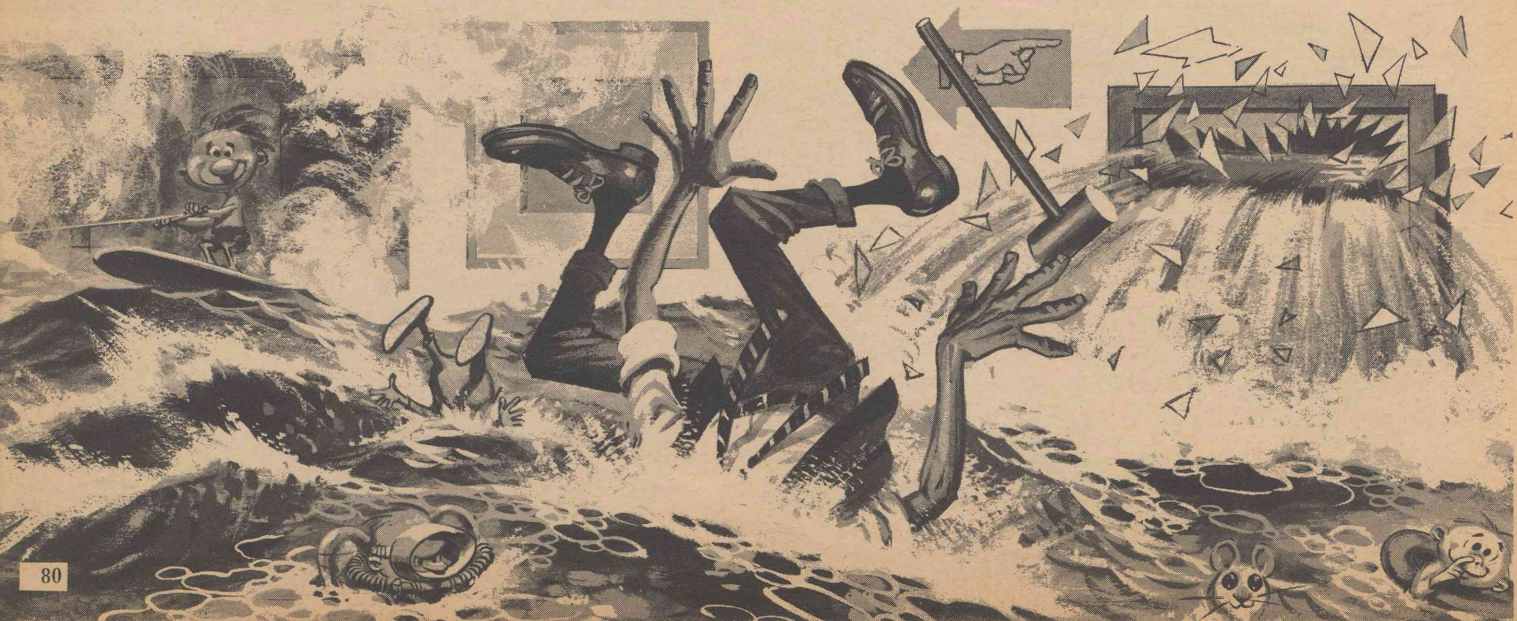




THE EMERGENCY

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD





HITCHCOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO DEPT.

Yes sir, you saw it advertised in magazines and newspapers, on billboards and TV—and you were scared! Then you saw it on the screen, and you were no longer scared—you were hysterical with laughter! Because even a movie with reams and reams of advance publicity can still turn out to be a bomb when it's got bad acting and a weak story! To paraphrase the ads, Alfred Hatchplot should have said, "It could be the most terrible motion picture I have ever made!" Mainly because his latest chiller is not only luke warm, it is strictly . . .

"For The Birds"

STARRING TV-REJECTS **ROD TAYLURE** **JESSICA CANDY** **SUZANN FLUSHETTE**

AND INTRODUCING A HATCHPLOT MISTAKE: **TIPSY HEADRINSE** AS "THE BIRD BATH"

WITH **Peter FINCH, Walter PIGEON, Tina ROBIN, Jean CRANE, Dean MARTIN, Howard HAWKS, Jeanne EAGLES** AND THE EVER-POPULAR **Jim CROW**

PLUMAGE BY **Edith HEAD**

UNEXPECTED ATTACK ON CREW BY **Washington Square PIGEONS**

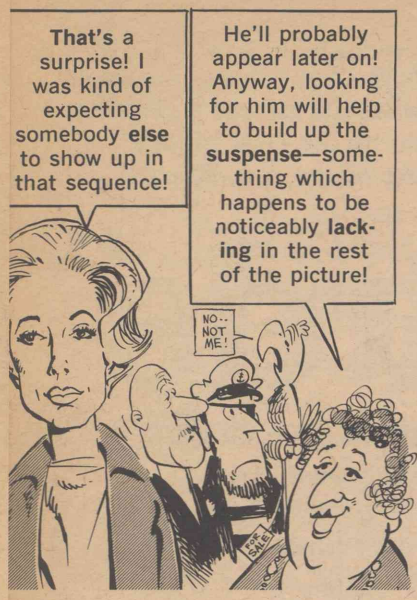
CHICKEN-FLICKINGS BY **Morris The BUTCHER**

SCREENPLAY BY **Irving HUNTER** ADAPTED FROM HIS JR. HIGH SCHOOL COMPOSITION

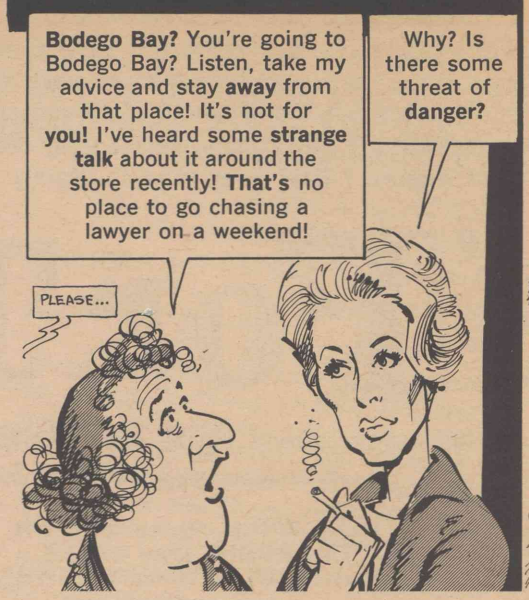
TETANUS SHOTS BY **Zina BETHUNE**

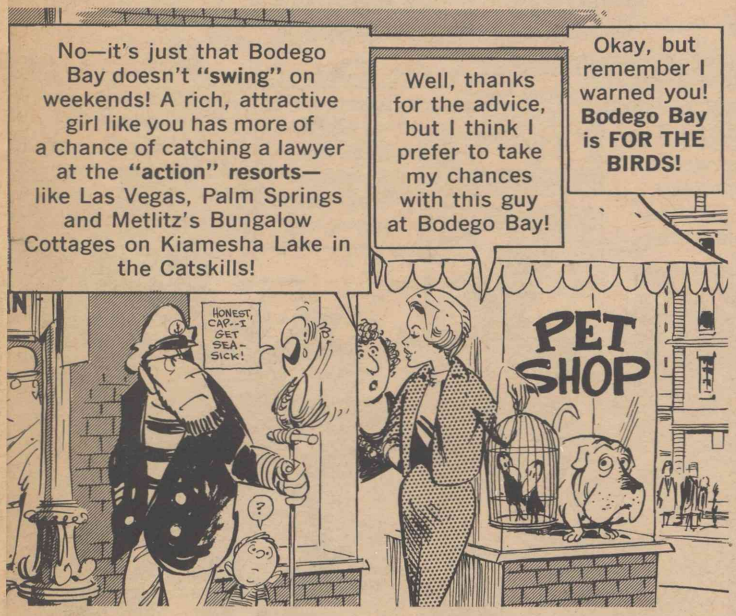
BASED ON **Daphy Du MAURIER'S** TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN CENTRAL PARK

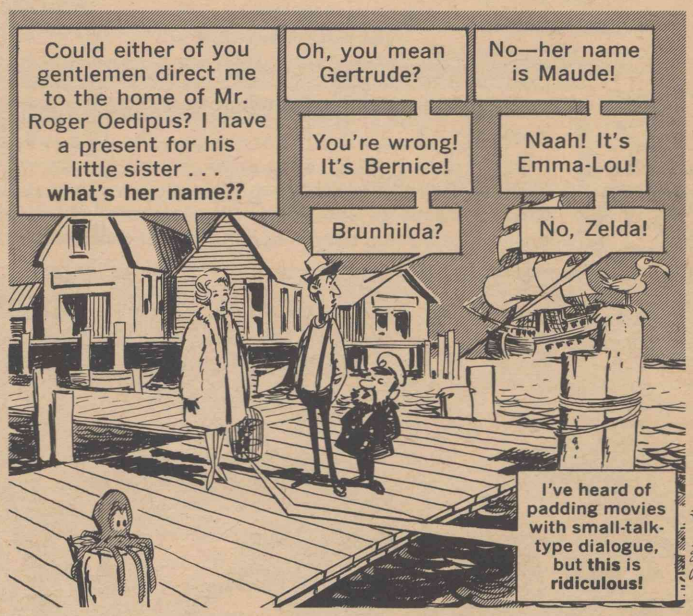
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN ADDITIONAL MATERIAL: LOU SILVERSTONE

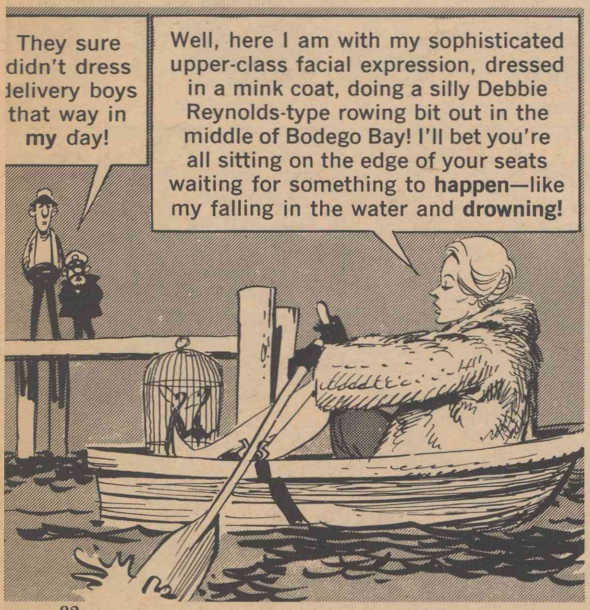

That's a surprise! I was kind of expecting somebody else to show up in that sequence!
He'll probably appear later on! Anyway, looking for him will help to build up the suspense—something which happens to be noticeably lacking in the rest of the picture!
NO-- NOT ME!
FOR SALE!

Now, what can I do for you?
I'd like to order two love birds! They're a gift for the kid sister of that lawyer who was just in here. I'm going to pay him an unexpected and completely contrived—but necessary to further the plot—surprise visit at Bodego Bay this weekend!
NO--

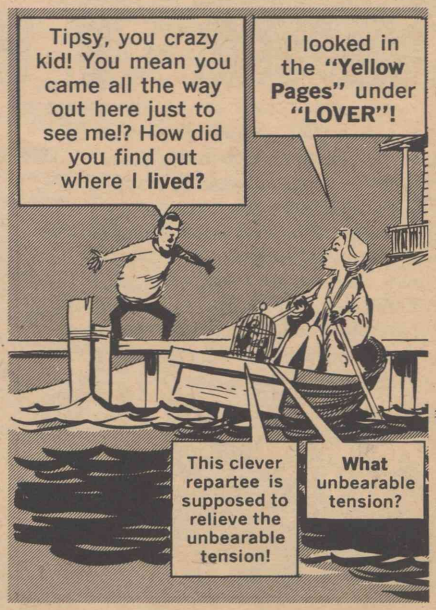

Bodego Bay? You're going to Bodego Bay? Listen, take my advice and stay away from that place! It's not for you! I've heard some strange talk about it around the store recently! That's no place to go chasing a lawyer on a weekend!
Why? Is there some threat of danger?
PLEASE...


No—it's just that Bodego Bay doesn't "swing" on weekends! A rich, attractive girl like you has more of a chance of catching a lawyer at the "action" resorts—like Las Vegas, Palm Springs and Metlitz's Bungalow Cottages on Kiamesha Lake in the Catskills!
Well, thanks for the advice, but I think I prefer to take my chances with this guy at Bodego Bay!
Okay, but remember I warned you! Bodego Bay is FOR THE BIRDS!
HONEST, CAP-I GET SEA-SICK!
PET SHOP

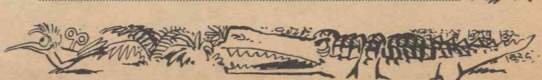

Could either of you gentlemen direct me to the home of Mr. Roger Oedipus? I have a present for his little sister . . . what's her name??
Oh, you mean Gertrude?
No—her name is Maude!
You're wrong! It's Bernice!
Naah! It's Emma-Lou!
Brunhilda?
No, Zelda!
I've heard of padding movies with small-talk-type dialogue, but this is ridiculous!


They sure didn't dress delivery boys that way in my day!
Well, here I am with my sophisticated upper-class facial expression, dressed in a mink coat, doing a silly Debbie Reynolds-type rowing bit out in the middle of Bodego Bay! I'll bet you're all sitting on the edge of your seats waiting for something to happen—like my falling in the water and drowning!

I mean, that was the first big shock in "Psycho"—wasn't it? When Janet Leigh was killed right in the beginning of the picture? Well, no such luck this time, gang! All that happens to me is this big sea gull comes down and bites the top of my head!


Tipsy, you crazy kid! You mean you came all the way out here just to see me!? How did you find out where I lived?
I looked in the "Yellow Pages" under "LOVER"!
This clever repartee is supposed to relieve the unbearable tension!
What unbearable tension?

FLORIDA



What happened to **you?**

I was attacked in the boat coming over.

By **whom?**

Sea gull!

Siegel!? Who would ever have thought that nice, quiet Mr. Siegel would attack a strange girl in a boat! Shows you—you never really **know** your neighbors!

No! No! A **sea gull**—a **bird**—swooped down and bit me on top of my head!

Really? So how come you're bleeding on the **side** of your **face?**

RECRUITING STATION

You're just a silly, hysterical kid! Now calm down and meet my family. This is my kid sister—and this is my jealous, possessive mother. Folks, this is wealthy Miss Headrinse who intruded on our weekend for the purpose of making a tremendous **play** for me!

THERE'S GOING TO BE AN INVASION, I CAN FEEL IT!

How do you do, Miss Headrinse? Is that **ketchup** on your face? Such a sloppy girl to come visiting us! I **don't like** her, son! **Send her away!**

That's **not** ketchup, Mother! That's **blood!** It's just that in **some** movies, it **looks** more like ketchup—and **this** movie happens to be **one** of them! Here—let me help you!

No, son! Don't hug her like that in front of me!

Here! **I'll** hug her instead!

Mother, PLEASE! I'd rather do it myself!

Roger, let's not argue in front of the new hired hand!

You mean that **fat man** over there? He looks familiar! Isn't that—? Yes, it is him! He's waiting for all his fans to get a look at him! He's the one from TV and Movies—the one who wants everything he does publicized! All that weird publicity!!

He's coming this way! Wait'll the audience sees him! They'll laugh and gasp in recognition!

Mmmm . . . you're an **old crow!**

Gee! **That** was a surprise! I thought it would be—you know—that **other** fat man we're expecting to see!

Look at those gulls! They're—they're acting **strangely!** They're diving at us! **Those gulls are acting strangely!!**

Believe me, **you're** not doing so well **yourself!** I've never **seen** such **strange acting** in all my life! Run, all of you! **Run for the house!**

YUK! YUK!

I wonder why they keep going for our heads?

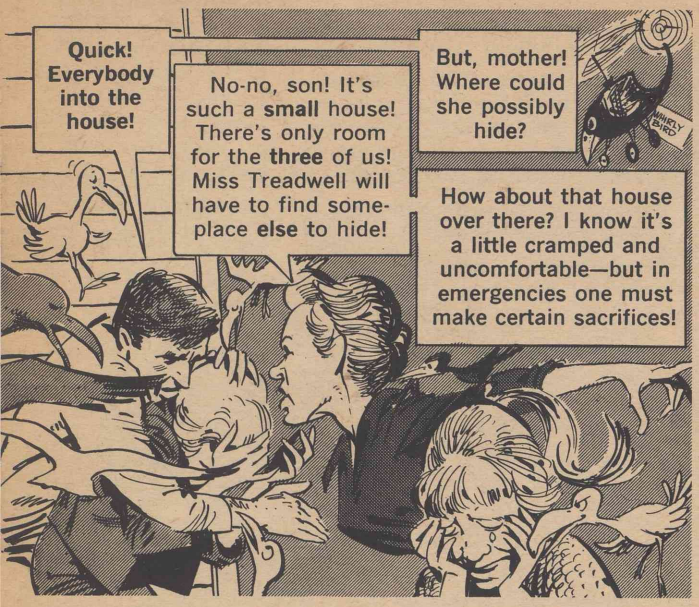
Do you think it has anything to do with those men with the cameras and lights who were putting **bread crumbs** in our hair before?

Could be! They gave me **whole wheat!** What did they give you?

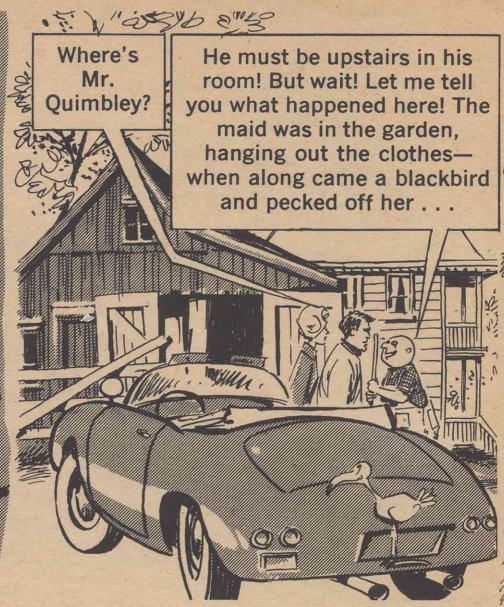
Pumpernickel!

MORE AIR COVER!

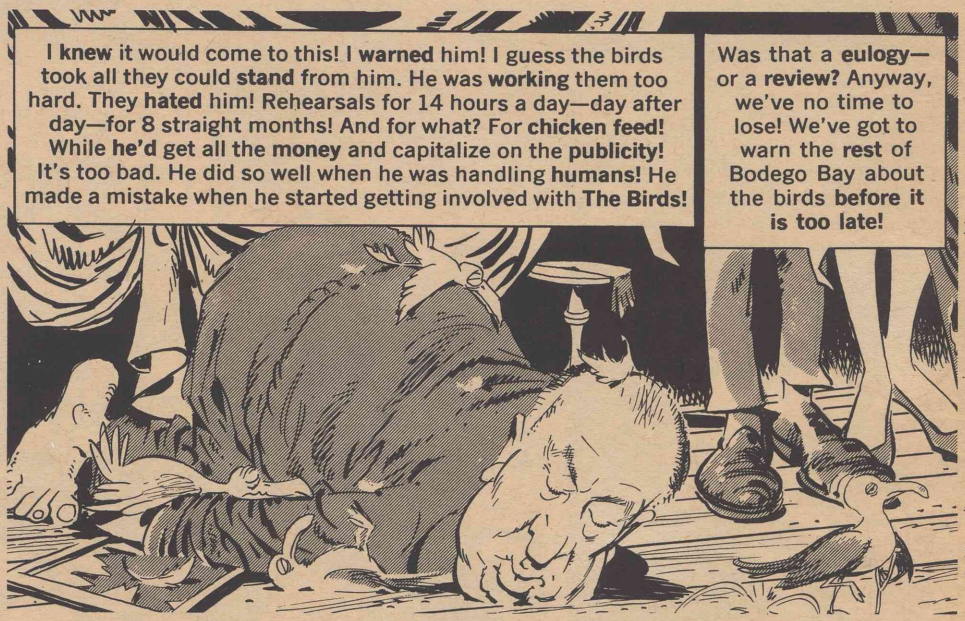
USS BIRD CARRIER

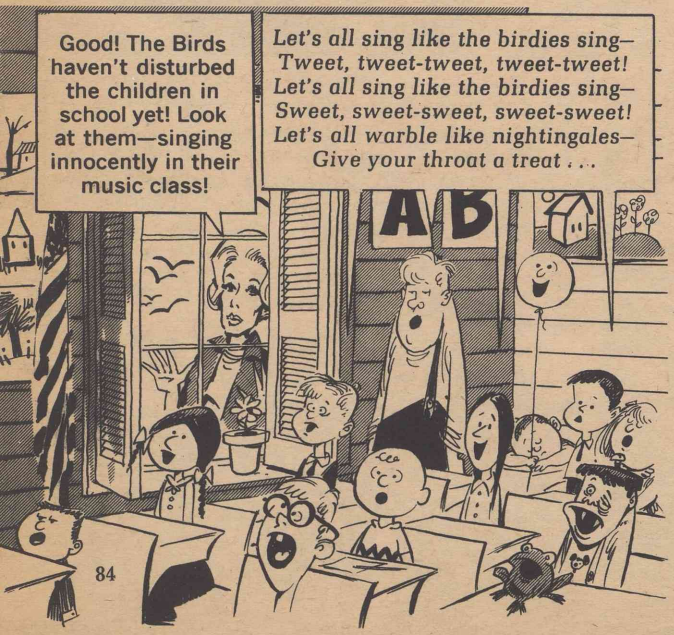

Quick! Everybody into the house!
No-no, son! It's such a **small** house! There's only room for the **three** of us! Miss Treadwell will have to find some-place **else** to hide!
But, mother! Where could she possibly hide?
How about that house over there? I know it's a little cramped and uncomfortable—but in emergencies one must make certain sacrifices!

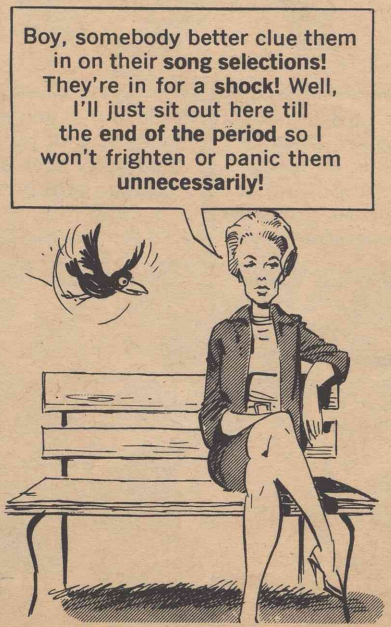
Don't be ridiculous, mother! That's the **bird house!**
Oh, never mind! Hop into the car, Tipsy! We'll drive to the Quimbley farm and see if we can get help!
VACANCY

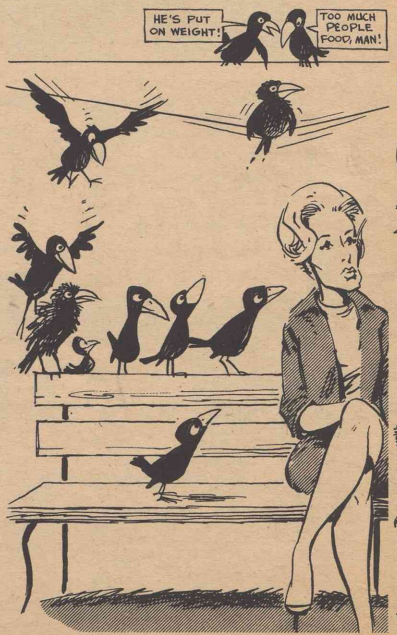

Where's Mr. Quimbley?
He must be upstairs in his room! But wait! Let me tell you what happened here! The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes—when along came a blackbird and pecked off her . . .

Ohh! It's too **horrible!** I can't **look!**


I **knew** it would come to this! I **warned** him! I guess the birds took all they could **stand** from him. He was **working** them too hard. They **hated** him! Rehearsals for 14 hours a day—day after day—for 8 straight months! And for what? For **chicken feed!** While **he'd** get all the **money** and capitalize on the **publicity!** It's too bad. He did so well when he was handling **humans!** He made a mistake when he started getting involved with **The Birds!**
Was that a **eulogy**—or a **review?** Anyway, we've no time to lose! We've got to warn the **rest** of Bodego Bay about the birds **before it is too late!**


Good! The Birds haven't disturbed the children in school yet! Look at them—singing innocently in their music class!
Let's all sing like the birdies sing—
Tweet, tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet!
Let's all sing like the birdies sing—
Sweet, sweet-sweet, sweet-sweet!
Let's all warble like nightingales—
Give your throat a treat . . .
A B


Boy, somebody better clue them in on their **song selections!** They're in for a **shock!** Well, I'll just sit out here till the **end of the period** so I won't frighten or panic them **unnecessarily!**


HE'S PUT ON WEIGHT!
TOO MUCH PEOPLE FOOD, MAN!

CHIRP!
SMOCK! SMOCK! HOW'S YOUR BIRD?
TWEET!
BOY, A FLOCK OF 'EM WENT OVER THAT TIME!
Hmmm! If it continues like this, I may have to warn those children before the period ends!
Now—quietly—without panic—in my calmest tone and utilizing my most subtle acting ability, I will warn the children . . .
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE BIRDS IS COMING TO EAT YOU UP AND KILL YOU! RUN! RUN! THE BIRDS IS COMING!!
Just one minute! Who do you think you are—barging in here like this—shouting orders in the improper tense! Either the birds ARE coming, or A bird IS coming!!
See for yourself!
THE PLOT THICKENS!
You're right! The birds is coming!!
Run for your lives, kids! IN SIZE PLACE!
What's the matter with you? Now see what you've done! You got yourself killed! Why didn't you run to safety like the others!?
I'm against Civil Defense drills of any kind! I refuse to participate in such idiocy!
Run for your lives! It's the birds!!
Calm down, lady! Tell us what happened!
There was an attack on the school! A teacher was killed!
Aw—it's just those crazy teenage students again! No use getting upset over 'em! Kids will be kids! They'll grow up someday!
SHUT UP AND EAT!
MUMMY-- THAT LADY IS FRIGHTENING ME!
Why don't you believe me? These are birds that are doing the attacking! Wrens, hens, geese, ganders, gulls, mockingbirds! They gather in the sky and wait—as if for some signal! Then they swarm down and attack! It's as if they were following some sort of plot created by a human mind!
Well that's more than you can say about this picture!!
Hey, look! That car is careening madly down the street! Now it's smashing into the gas station pumps! The whole town's gonna blow up!

See! **See!** What did I **tell** you?

Lady! That's a **car** that did that!

Yes, but did you see what **kind** of car! **A THUNDERBIRD!**

The birds is coming!

—AND GOOD GRAMMAR IN ADVERTISING HAS WENT!

Well, I'm **safe in here!** Boy, are those birds anxious to get in here **with** me! Maybe if I open the door a little, I can make a **break** for it . . .

Yaaaahhh! No-no! Oh—they're **getting in!**

TELEPHONE

What are you, **crazy?!** Pulling a silly **college prank** like that?! Seeing how many you can crowd into a **phone booth?!** Boy, you Skidmore-type girls are **all alike**—making humor out of any unpleasant situation! C'mon! Hop in!

There! I've nailed up every door and boarded up every window! **That** should do it! **Nothing** can get in here now!

Eeeeek! Roger! The chimney! **Something horrible is coming down the chimney!**

The windows! The doors, all boarded up! **There was no other way to get in!!**

Roger! I demand to know! Why did you lock me out?

I haven't the time to **explain,** Mother! We have to prepare for **another attack!** I can sense it coming! **Here it is . . . now! IT'S ANOTHER ATTACK!!**

It's another **asthma** attack!! Oh, Mommy, please don't let those awful birdies get me while I'm in this condition!

Mother will take care of her little bubbie! Here . . . drink your milk!

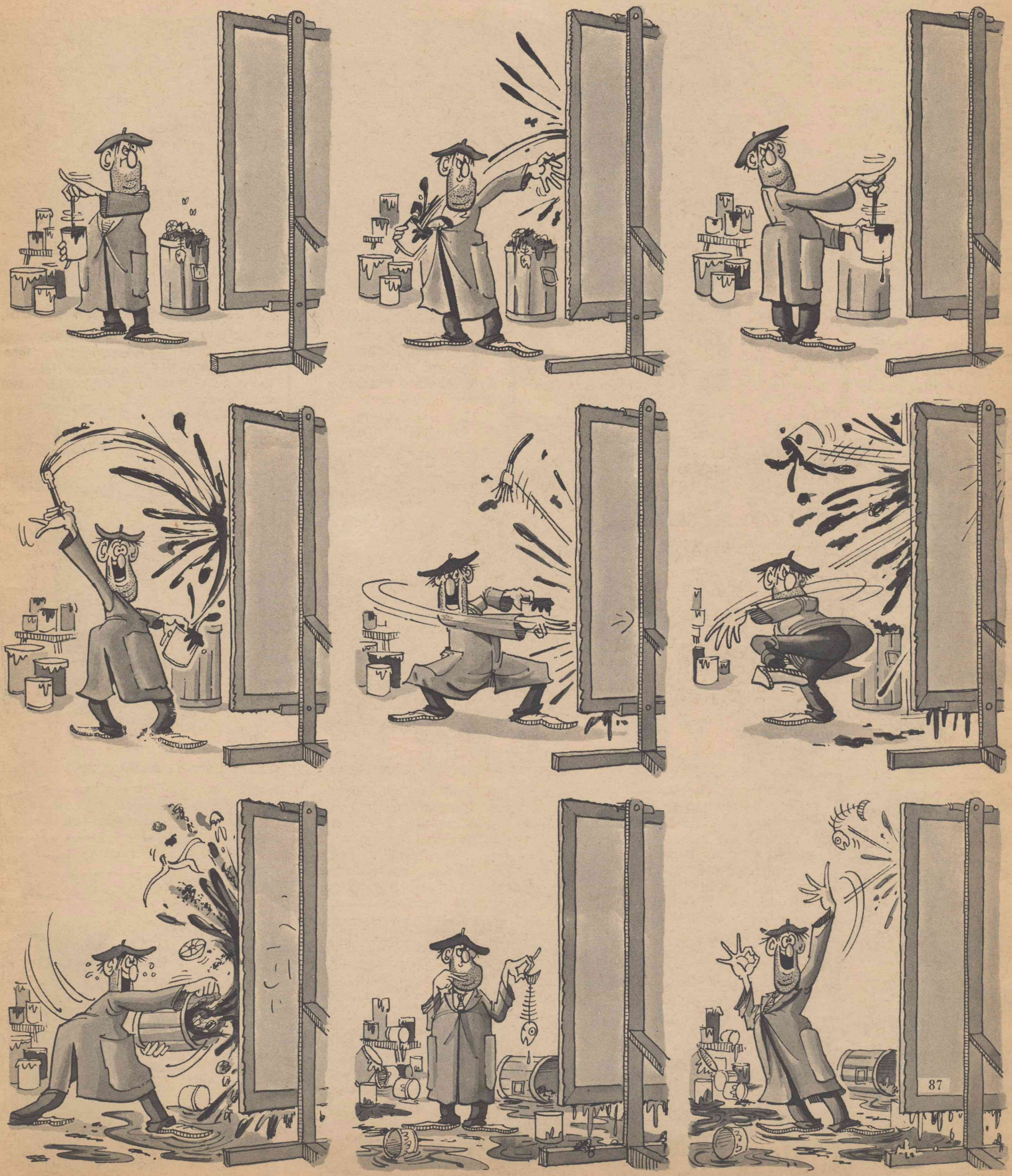
Roger! The birds! They're breaking through the walls, the doors—the roof!

There must be some **reason!** Some **motive!** What do they **want?** More crumbs? Status? Bigger bird baths? It's almost as if some human being were **controlling** the birds . . . **masterminding the attacks** . . . wanting **revenge** for something . . .

That's right! **Revenge!** And who has a better **right** to it than me! All those months in Alcatraz, learning, studying, rehearsing—to give a tender, sensitive tear-jerking performance without once gritting my teeth! Don't you think I **deserved** the **Academy Award?**

Revenge is right! Now me and my birds are headed south—to Los Angeles! If you think we terrorized **your** house . . . you should see what we've got lined up for **Gregory Peck!!**

THE MASTERPIECE



O. MARTIN

PHOTO BY BAREFOOT LESTER KRAUSS

"After 33 years, our Mayjag is a-workin' still"

"Yep, we got our Mayjag 33 years ago!" writes (or rather — dictates) Mrs. Alma Funk of Ozark, Arkansas. "Cousin Luke, who went to the big city an' made good, sent it to us! The only thing he fergot was — we don't have no 'lectricity up here in the hills!

"Which is why our Mayjag is a workin' still now! She jus' sat in the barn fer 29 years until Paw got the idea to use it fer makin' moonshine whiskey!

"Today, our Mayjag makes twice as much moonshine whiskey as that fool refrigerator Cousin Luke sent us, which we also rigged up to be a workin' still.

"Now if only Cousin Luke'd send us one of them dryin' contraptions! What a still that would make!!"

MAYJAG

the dispensable automatics

3.60

PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS, PENNIES BY PHILADELPHIA MINT

A penny can make your conscience feel better

Here's a helpful hint for making things right with the little woman next time you're out late, boozing it up with the boys:

As soon as you step up to the bar, ask the bartender for an empty glass and set it down beside you.

Now you can get down to business. Order your first drink, and drop a penny into the glass.

And every time you order another drink, drop another penny into the glass.

When you've spent all your money, and you're thoroughly soused, and you're ready to stagger home, you'll find you've put aside enough pennies to buy your wife a thoughtful peace offering—something to shut her up when you fall in the front door.

A corsage will do it. Try Three, maybe Four Roses!

Association Of American Florists